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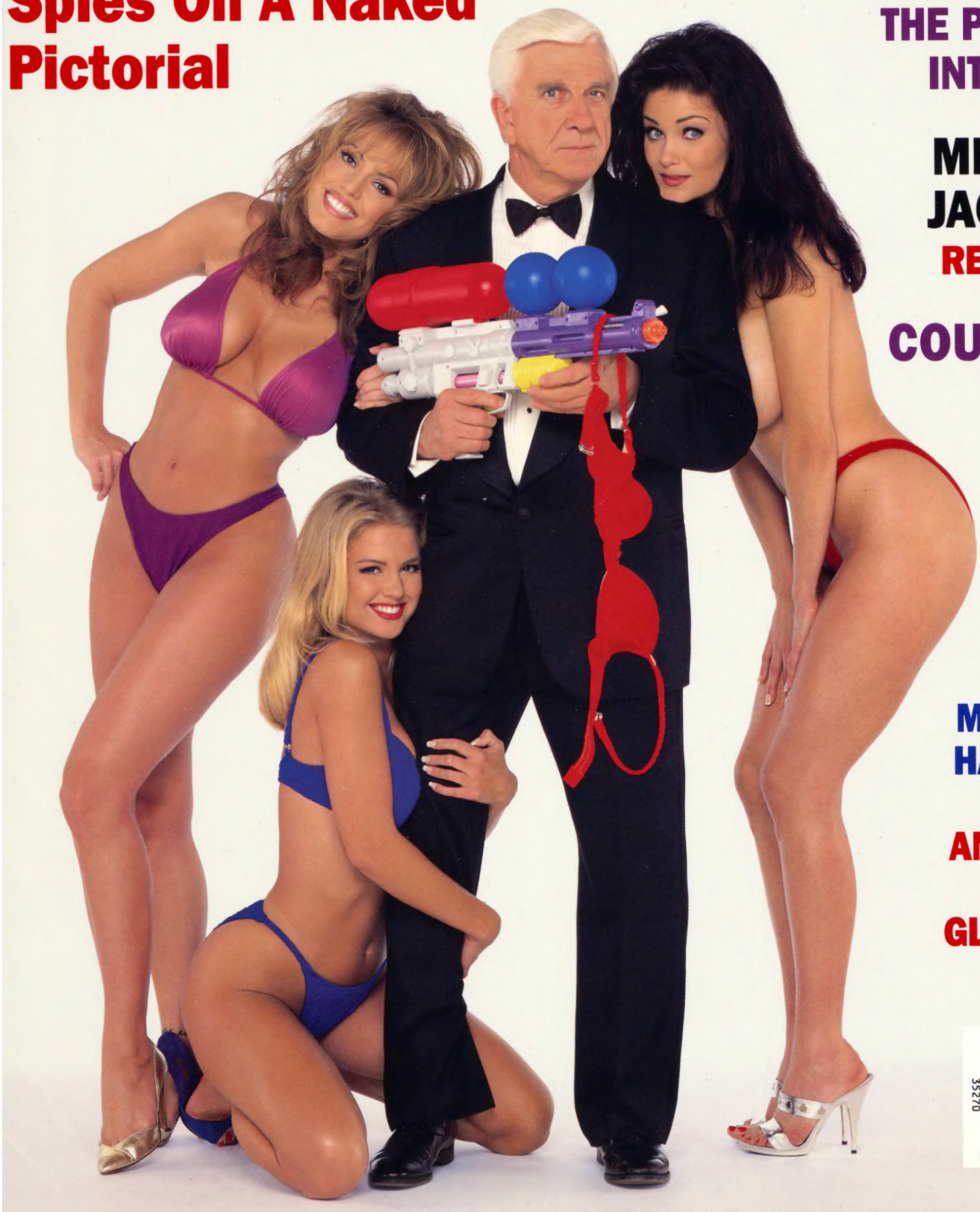
UNTAMED
THE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

MICHAEL JACKSON
REVAMPED

COURTNEY LOVE
ROCK AND RAUNCH

PLUS:
CHINA MAVERICK HARRY WU AND AMERICA'S SEXIEST GLADIATOR
Zap



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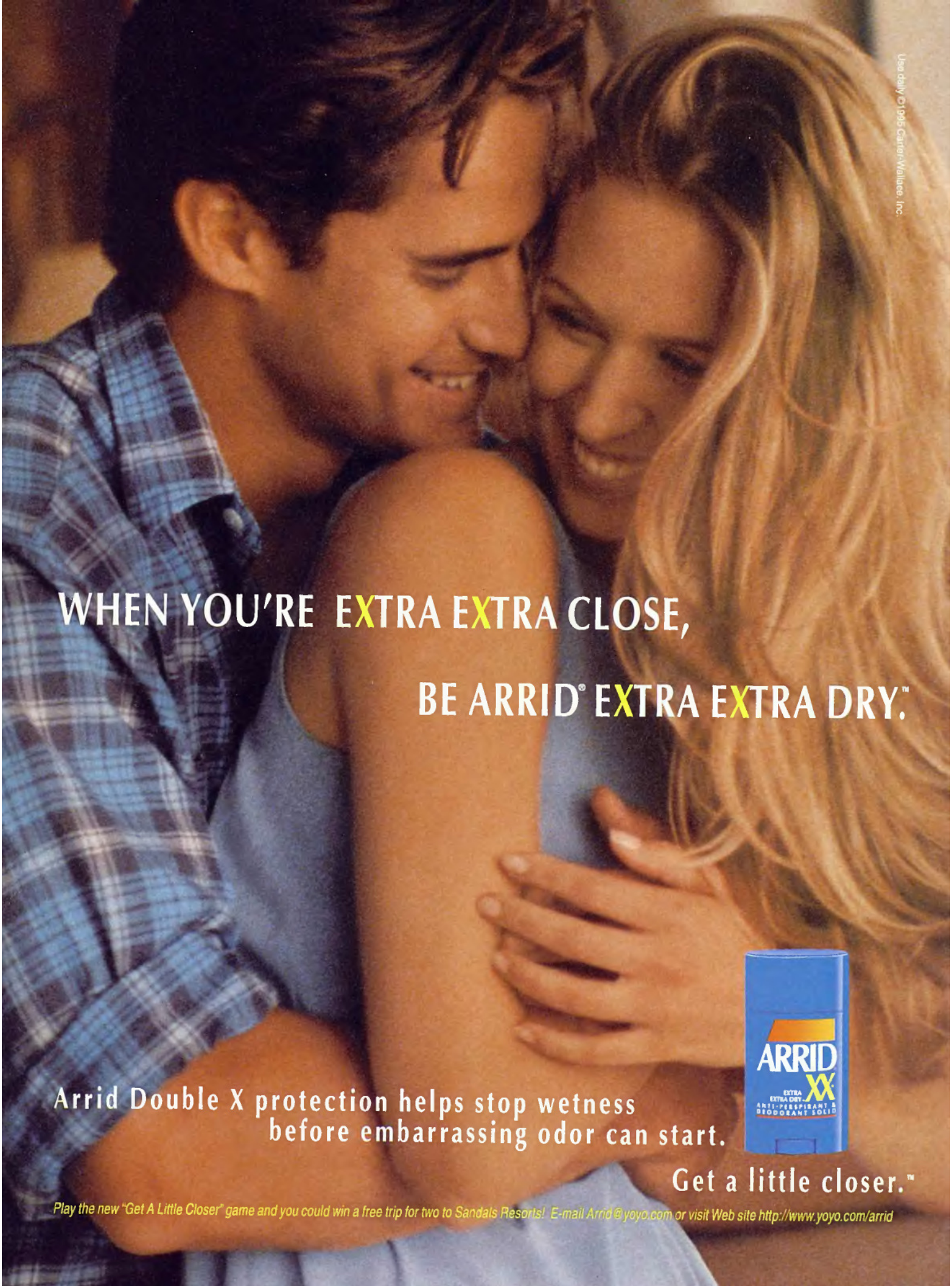
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IT'S TOUGH living in the public eye. Ever since TV's *Moonlighting* and the blockblaster *Die Hard*, **Bruce Willis** has hyped his image as a blue-collar guy who made it big, whether spicing up Republican rallies or tooting the harmonica at Planet Hollywood. Fact is, he's one of Hollywood's savviest actors, with a strong will and even stronger opinions. In this month's *Interview* with **David Sheff,** he has an uncensored conversation about poverty and crime, the hidden pressures on his marriage with Demi Moore and his own on-screen violence and nudity. So what's Love got to do with it? Well, when the spotlight swings onto **Courtney Love,** she takes a swing at it—or flashes her tit. **Neal Karlen** knew her before all that, and his profile *Love Hurts* presents snapshots of the merrily raunchy widow before, with and after Kurt Cobain. (Get ready to duck, Neal.) Then take **Michael Jackson.** First there was the skin thing and the rhinoplasty and sleepovers with kids. Then he got hitched to Lisa Marie Presley and *HIStory* tanked. Luckily, his PR guys weren't asleep at the switch. In his article—uh, *satirical* article—humorist **Joe Queenan** got a peek at their top-secret *Memo to Michael Jackson*. For her portrait of the oddest as a young man, **Janet Woolley** looked for Jacko's soul—and found Elvis.

Queenan suggests, among other ideas, that Jackson complete his image makeover with a sex change. The Gloved One might warm up with a vasectomy—Texas writer **Turk Pipkin** did and writes about making the cut in *Great Balls of Fire*. It's a hilarious look at a painful decision as Pipkin and a pal, **Harry Anderson** of TV's *Dave's World*, romp through preop and postop. Their doctor's name? Richard Chopp. True.

Writer **Pat Jordan** admits he runs in strange circles. So when a soldier of fortune known in Cuba as Big Fucking Gringo told him about ex–Delta Force operatives who rescue kidnapped American children overseas, Jordan checked it out. His article, *Rescue Impossible*, is a hair-raising diary of Icelandic prisons, rabbi commandos in Peru and a speedboat chase out of Tunisia. With less muscle but higher stakes, **Harry Wu** has taken on China's tyrants over human rights. Wu drew global attention when he returned to his homeland and was detained for secretly videotaping conditions at work camps. "Of all the people I've interviewed, including Yasir Arafat," says **Morgan Strong,** who conducted this riveting *20 Questions*, "Wu was the most intimidating because he is such a decent guy."

Life on the ledge: Mountaineer **Mark Jenkins** has faced danger on Mount Everest and in Siberia and Tombouctou. Then he discovered the new extreme sport of canyoneering in his own backyard and lived through one of his toughest challenges. His tale of the adventure, *Black Water, Deep Canyon* (**Guy Billout** did the art), is a tribute of sorts to his canyon companion **Mike Moe,** who recently died near Baffin Island when a bowhead whale tipped his boat. In our fiction this month, an excerpt from *Death in the Andes* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), literary superstar **Mario Vargas Llosa** takes us to the mountains for an encounter with bloodthirsty guerrillas. **José Luis Cuevas,** who has his own museum in Mexico City, did the artwork. American playwright and novelist **David Mamet** has a different kind of adventure—in a bottle. Mamet went to Scotland, participated in tastings and came back buzzing. Read *Scotch*.

Nudity is one way to boost a **Leslie Nielsen** rating. Don't miss *Naked Nielsen*, a sexy pictorial shot by **Mario Casilli** that spoofs such classics as *The King and I* and *Rear Window*. For a classic taste of Hawaii, try Kona—not the coffee, but surfer **Kona Carmack.** She's our Playmate of the Month from Oahu. If that's not enough, consider **Raye Hollitt,** known on *American Gladiators* as Zap. Everybody cry uncle!

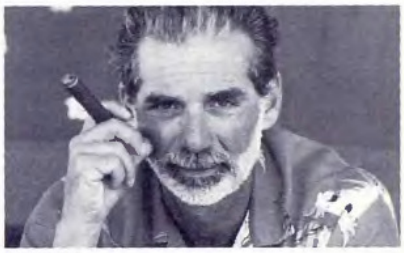
SHEFF

KARLEN

WOOLLEY

PIPKIN

QUEENAN


JORDAN

STRONG

JENKINS

BILLOUT

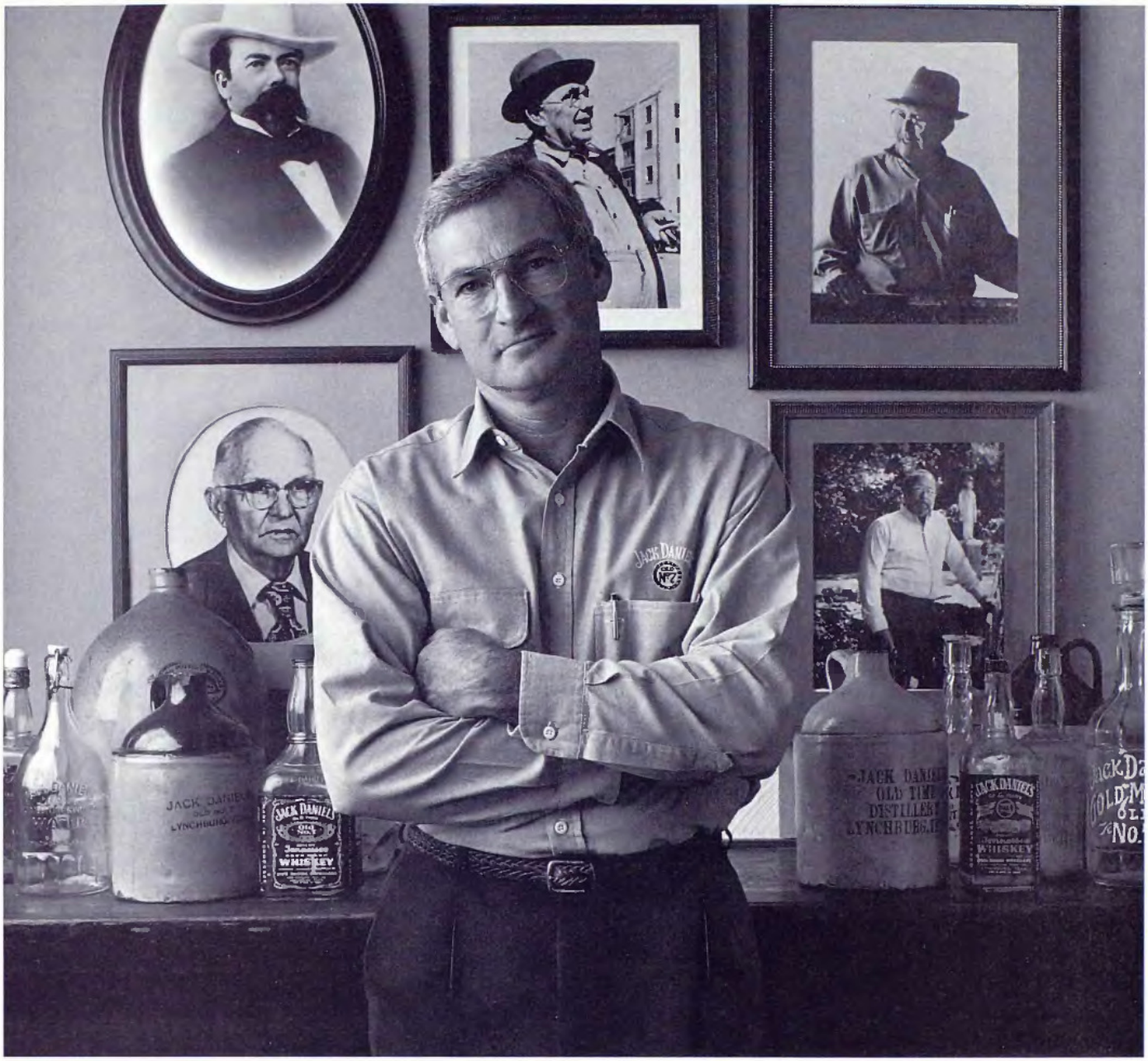
VARGAS LLOSA

CUEVAS

MAMET

NIELSEN, CASILLI

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), February 1996, volume 43, number 2. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007. E-mail: edit@playboy.com.



Clockwise from top left, that's Jack Daniel, Jess Motlow, Lem Tolley, Frank Bobo and Jess Gamble. (Jimmy's in the middle).

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COVER STORY

Actress Sondra Taylor (left), Playmote Traci Adell (right) and model Catherine Show (bottom) ore gunning for Leslie Nielsen, who envisioned film classics—whot else?—noked. Our cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Morilyn Grobowski. Danny Fine did Leslie's hair and Robert Ryon did his mokeup. Lone Coyle Dunn styled the cover, while Alexis Vogel and Michelle von der Hule did the women's hair and mokeup. Our Rabbit is always top gun.

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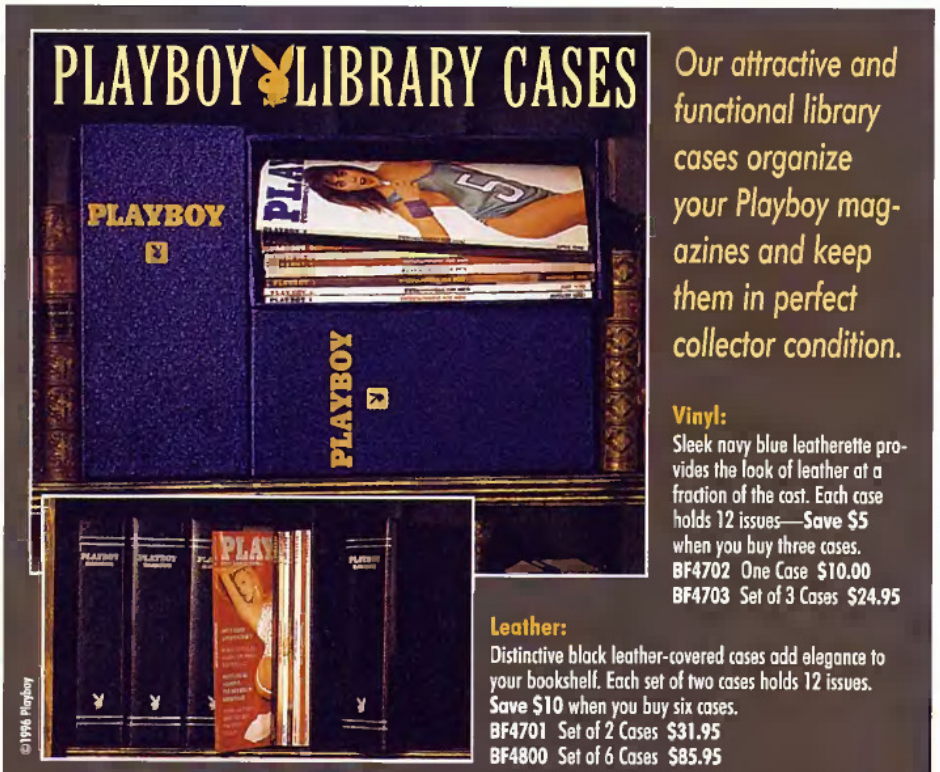
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HARVEY KEITEL

Thank you for probing the mind of one of the great actors of the century. As he has proven in his masterful performances in *Reservoir Dogs* and *Smoke*, Harvey Keitel (*Playboy Interview*, November) only gets better with time.

Andrew Golding
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Whether he plays a lead role in *Smoke* or a small one in *Sister Act*, Harvey Keitel has a commanding presence on-screen. Someday, there will be an Oscar with his name on it.

Jim Langton
Danbury, Connecticut

Films that evoke the human spirit and educate, such as *Lawrence of Arabia*, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Schindler's List*, inspire the most. To me those are masterpieces. *The Piano*? No way.

K.L. Berkshire
Encino, California

GORDON LIDDY

Thank you for choosing a journalist with persistence to keep after the G-man for an interview (*20 Questions*, November). I'm a 20-something conservative who finds G. Gordon Liddy a unique role model.

Steve Zasueta
stevezas@aol.com
Fairfield, California

Great Gordon Liddy *20 Questions*. His lighthearted answers revealed a little-known facet of Liddy's personality: a delicious sense of humor. Love him or hate him, there's no denying that Liddy is one hell of a man.

Darlene Colomy
San Francisco, California

Some years ago, I met Liddy in Toronto during a book tour. I always respected him because he was a good soldier who did what he believed to be right. Later, at the conclusion of the Watergate hearings, he displayed an abundance of internal fortitude. He took his jail time. That makes him a stand-up guy.

Walter Blunt
Toronto, Ontario

If Nixon resigned in 1974 and *Star Wars* came out in 1977, how come Liddy is known as "the Darth Vader of the Nixon administration"?

Carlo Panno
Reseda, California

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

Robert Scheer deserves a Pulitzer for his November *Reporter's Notebook* ("The Fed Fall Guys") on the foolishness of blaming government for everything. I recently said to a friend online, "Sure we have freedom of speech to criticize the government, but imagine what would happen if someone supported the government?" There was no reply. Scheer's comments are long overdue.

David Devore
walt@clubhouse.email.com
Austin, Texas

Scheer hit the mark when he said that the federal government has suddenly become the fall guy for everything wrong in our lives. The citizens who complain the most are the wealthiest. I've never understood the reason for cutting major programs that benefit the poor in order to provide tax cuts for the wealthy. Most rich people will never live long enough to enjoy all the money they have.

W.B. McLain
Yakima, Washington

Scheer contradicts himself when he says the real problems facing Americans have nothing to do with Washington, D.C. He attacks the Beltway politicians who do not enjoy his favor or whose propaganda he does not propagate. While I have never read Scheer before, I

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conclude from this strident piece that he is a writer who knows everything about the party line and nothing about liberty.

Ted Kraft
Cape Coral, Florida

Scheer makes a lot of valid points in "The Fed Fall Guys." I do not identify with Timothy McVeigh, but with one year of college, I can't make it on $20,000 per year at age 34. And Bob Dole wants to take away the only luxury I have: my $3 X-rated rental.

Christopher Kent
Bethesda, Maryland

Scheer needs to realize the feds are a good deal more than just fall guys. They are accomplices in the making of bad government. One need only mention a program and the words inefficient, wasteful and corrupt immediately come to mind. Americans are angry with the government because it has become obvious that we pay far too much for its services. Let's hope we can find the political will to destroy programs the government thinks are beneficial.

David Carl Argall
La Puente, California

HOLLY WITT

November Playmate Holly Witt (*Hello, Holly*) is the pinnacle of perfection. In fact, there's no reason to continue searching for a Playmate of the Year.

Bruce Eylmann
Millwood, New York

DAVID DUCHOVNY

The X-Factor Actor article (November) by Jack Hitt is as much fun as *The X-Files* series. I especially love Ed Paschke's painting of Duchovny covered in an eerie green and red tint.

Ruth Morgan
Elizabethton, Tennessee

AFTER HOURS

I found the etiquette lesson posted in women's rooms at *Cosmopolitan* (*Playboy After Hours*, November) very amusing. I wonder if *Cosmo* also needs an etiquette list for plumbers. "Funny plastic objects," indeed.

Lisa Cassera
Manchester, New Hampshire

TONY TAHNEE

I didn't think it was possible to top your Lisa Boyle cover, but you've outdone yourselves with November's. I would love to die and come back as a pair of fuzzy pink mittens on Tahnee Welch's hands.

Robert Fisher
Hamilton, Ontario

I've liked Tahnee Welch since *Cocoon*, so I was glad to see her on your cover and in a pictorial (*Totally Tahnee*). But I have to wonder why PLAYBOY thinks it's sexy to show a woman smoking. C'mon guys, the shots can be sssssmokin' without the subject doing the same.

Ken Meyer Jr.
San Diego, California

Tahnee's bare-bottom pose on the rug is something to behold.

Perry von Reich
Nanuet, New York

It must be the genes. Tahnee Welch is a fine successor to her mother's legacy.

Harold Dunn
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'm glad you found the daughter of a famous parent, who is not only a beauty but is also my age, to do a photo spread. The older daughters look good for their ages. Tahnee looks good for the ages.

Karl Morgan
Indianapolis, Indiana

My only disappointment is that Ms. *Cocoon* didn't take her skin off.

Paul Kasky
Boulder, Colorado

Your description of Tahnee Welch as adorable is not adequate. Please add exotic, erotic, intriguing, strong and smart.

Dick Sanders
Joshua Tree, California

In Tahnee's beautiful face, you can definitely see the resemblance to her mother. I hope to see her at my neighborhood theater soon.

John McLaughlin
Cincinnati, Ohio

REAL COPS

It's hard for me to understand why people would bother to read fiction about cops when they can read *Stone-Cold Cases* (November) by Bob Drury instead. For every Mark Fuhrman, there's more than one guy like Mike Palladino who keeps going when everyone else has quit. I salute him.

Roger Johnson
Boston, Massachusetts

SEX, HOME & VIDEOTAPE

All I can say about Dean Kuipers' piece (*Sex, Home & Videotape*, November) is that it saves the embarrassment of going to the video store and asking a perfect stranger for help.

Jane Lang
Los Angeles, California

My husband and I made a sex tape and it entertained us. But now we have to figure out where to keep it. I have this terrible feeling my parents will come over and my husband will accidentally shove the wrong tape in the VCR.

Mary Barnes
San Jose, California

My wife and I enjoyed Kuipers' article. In it, he mentions a distributor of amateur videos, Video Alternatives. Can you give us the address?

Brian Davis
San Diego, California

Sure: 2317 Markoe Avenue, Wentzville, Missouri 63385.

My girlfriend and I took Kuipers' advice. We had a lot of fun, but we also had a lot of laughs. For some reason this was a funnier experience than it was erotic.

Jack Martin
Providence, Rhode Island

SEX IN CINEMA

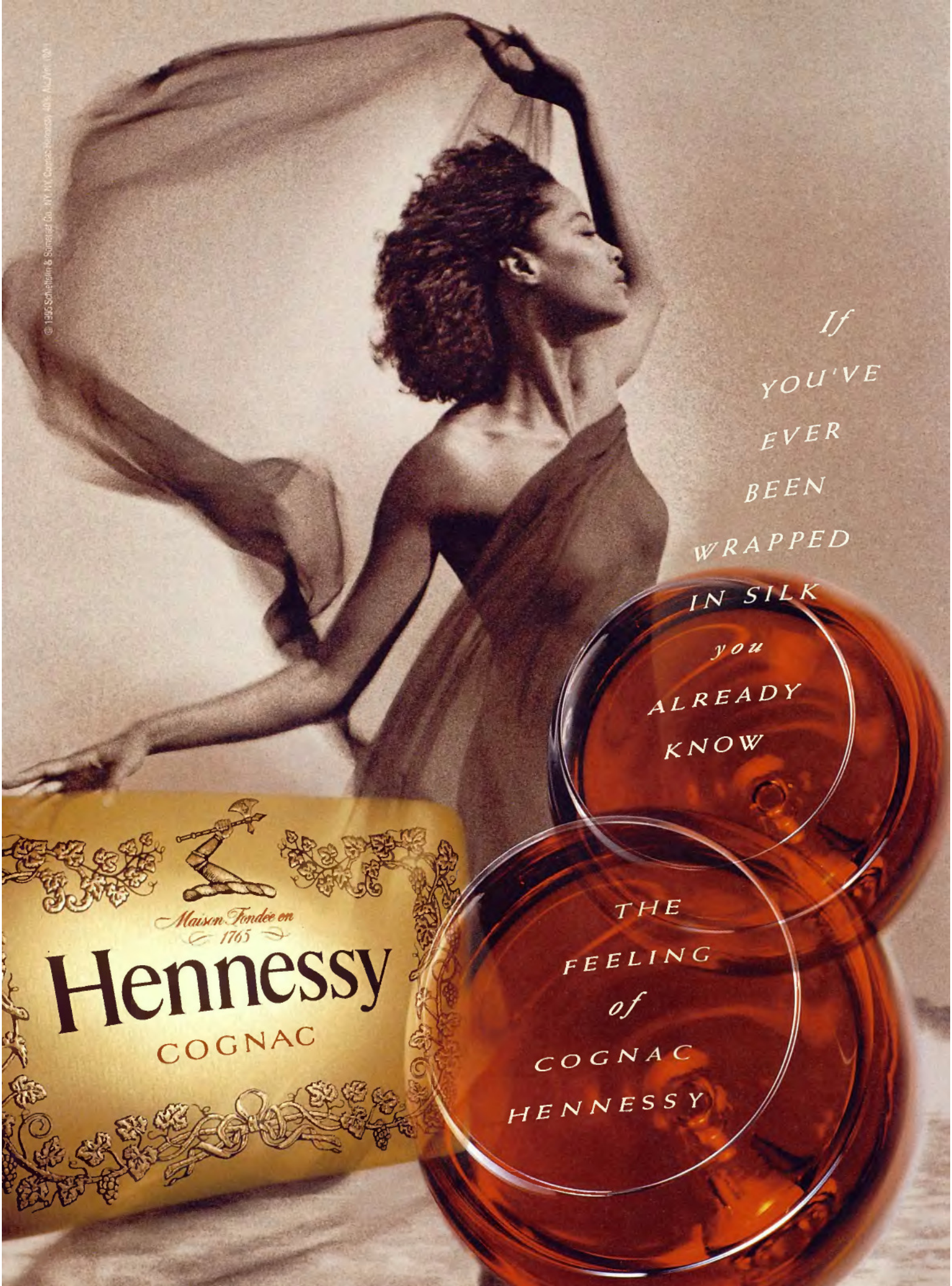
The only serious sex in cinema last year was in *The Last Seduction* (*Sex in Cinema 1995*, November). If Linda Fiorentino didn't turn you on and terrify you, I'll eat your celluloid.

Ron Randall
New York, New York

LIFESAVERS

I'm writing to thank PLAYBOY and the Hawaiian Tropic girls for saving my life and the lives of my two friends, Kevin and Bart. We work as subcontractors for a major oil company just outside Cody, Wyoming. One morning we were asked to carry out maintenance on a pumping unit. We were about to leave when Bart came in with his copy of PLAYBOY. Kevin and I admired the *Girls of Hawaiian Tropic* pictorial (April) and then got to work. As we pulled up to the location, the pumping unit crashed to the ground 15 feet in front of our truck. There was no way we would have survived had we arrived five seconds earlier. Had it not been for the Hawaiian Tropic beauties, we would not be alive today.

Ged Whelan
Cody, Wyoming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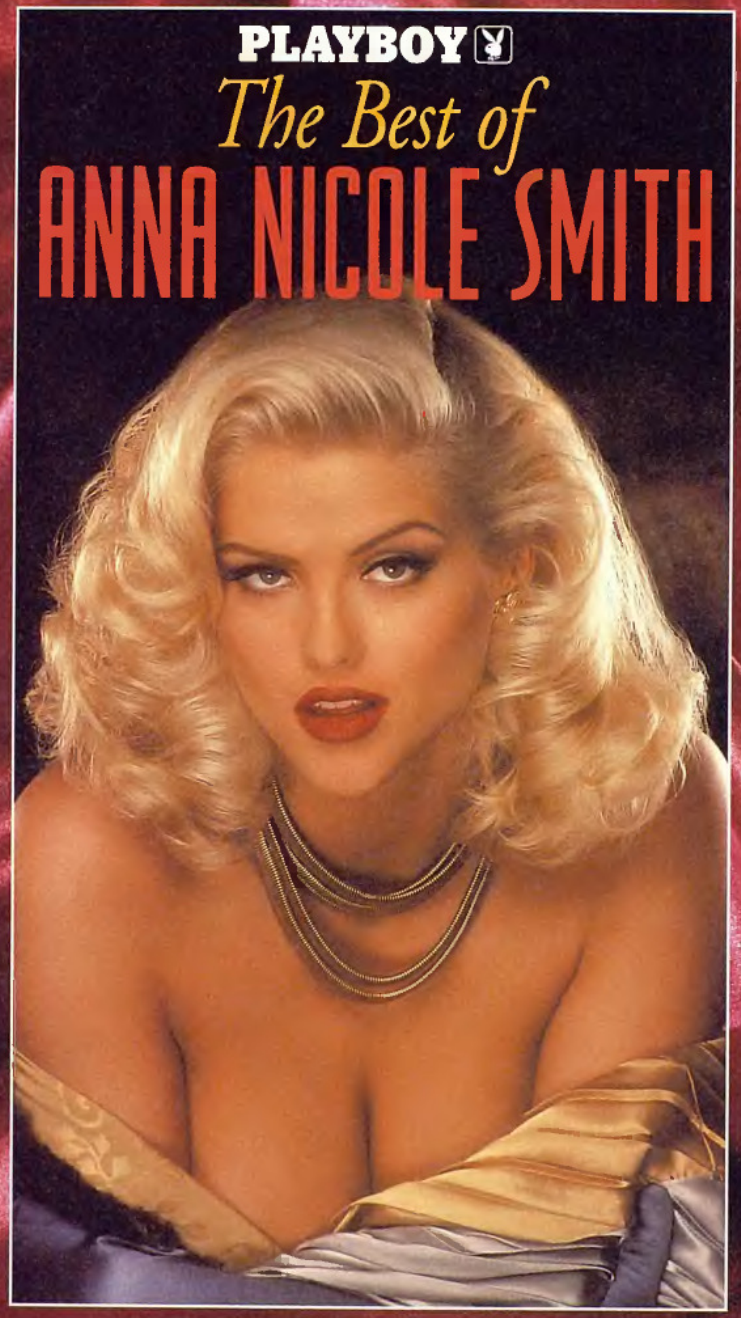

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

MODEL CITIZEN

It appears the call to public service runs in the genes. Hunter Reno is a spokesmodel for L'Oréal Hair Care. She is also Attorney General Janet Reno's niece. That may explain why she does volunteer work with the civic-minded organization DISHES—Determined Involved Supermodels Helping to End Suffering. We did not make this up.

TERRIER PERRIER

If you drink designer water but your pet drinks from the tap, Marc Duke, founder of the Original Pet Drink Co., thinks your behavior borders on animal abuse. To remedy the situation, his company makes two lightly carbonated beverages: beef-flavored Thirsty Dog and fish-flavored Thirsty Cat. A liter bottle of each retails for $1.79. Apparently, vitamin additives also make the drinks more healthy than tap water. Duke allows that some dogs may not immediately find the drinks to be to their liking, so he suggests that owners withhold other liquids until their pets develop a taste for them. This strategy, presumably, does not qualify as animal abuse.

SNAPPY PROSE

What, no wet noodle? Susan Orlean, a writer at *The New Yorker*, discovered that Kate Rankine of London's *Daily Telegraph* had appropriated some of Orlean's writing as her own. Orlean offered to *The New York Observer* this punishment: "I want to pull her hair, snap her bra and say, 'Don't do that.'"

YOU BET THEIR LIFE

This January, brokers, office workers and homemakers will participate in a fast-spreading game called the ghoul pool—a morbid cousin of the baby pool or football pool. The idea is to predict the deaths of the rich and famous. According to the *Los Angeles Times*, the pools go by such monikers as the Game (regarded as the most venerable) and Bet They Don't Make It. Shortly after New Year's, players compile lists of ten famous people they think will drop before the next ball in Times Square does. Some games offer straight points for each correct guess; others offer premiums based on the age of the deceased. The more actuarial-minded keep track of suddenly canceled concerts, lifetime achievement awards and similar foreshadowings of a visit by the Grim Reaper. Future husbands of Anna Nicole Smith should also qualify for special scrutiny.

A VERY SHORT CIRCUIT

Consumer Reports pointed out the cautionary directions for what must be an extremely specialized heating pad: "This pad is not to be used on or by an invalid, a sleeping or unconscious person or a person with prior blood circulation unless carefully attended."

FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS

Leave it to *The Wall Street Journal* to rip the lid off the seamy underbelly of nature recordings. Apparently, Americans spend $100 million annually on recordings of waterfalls and forest sounds, but what they hear may not come from nature at all. The *Journal* cites Bernie Krause, who lugged his tape recorder on a fruitless search through the woods trying to capture the gurgle of a stream for his first album of outdoor sounds. He wound up using the sound of his toilet bowl filling up. Such chicanery horrifies nature-recording purists. But critic Jim Cummings told the paper that while the purists' recordings may be more real, they're not as "riveting" or "dramatic." May we add we heard a fabulously riveting and dramatic recording of what was purported to be a bear experiencing a private moment in the woods. Naysayers, however, claim it could have been the Pope.

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

FOR A GOOD TIME, CALL SAL MINELLA

The GTE 1994–1995 telephone directory *SE Iowa Crossroads* ran an address and phone number under the listing "JABLOWMI, Haywood."

DUCT TALE

Turns out that the handyman's favorite all-purpose adhesive tape isn't right for every need. According to *101 Secrets to Winning Beauty Pageants*, a book full of inside tips for aspiring beauty queens, contestants should be cautious when applying tape to enhance their bustline. While mailing tape is best, and masking and surgical tapes are OK, the book warns: "Never use duct tape, because it will take your skin off." For reckless pageant hopefuls it adds, "That's dangerous!"

A DELTA DAWNING

According to *The Times-Picayune*, Representative John Travis of the Louisiana legislature said (in opposition to an apparently popular proposal), "I can't believe that we are going to let a majority of the people decide what's best for this state."

FUCKIN' A TO Z

We'll leave the heralding of the new lexicon *The F-Word*, edited by Jesse

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"Don't think of him as a Republican, think of him as the man I love. And if that doesn't work, think of him as the man who can crush you."—JOHN F. KENNEDY JR. ON HOW HIS COUSIN MARIA SHRIVER INTRODUCED ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER TO UNCLE TED KENNEDY

THE BIRD

According to claims made by emu ranchers, percentage of NBA teams that use the bird's oil to alleviate players' aches: more than 80.

THE BIG O NO

In a *Glamour* survey, percentage of female respondents who said that their male partners didn't know when they faked orgasms: 98. Percentage of women who said their partners would be devastated if they knew: 38.

SPITTING DISTANCE

Average distance between conversational partners in the U.S.: 18 inches; in Japan: 2 feet; in Mexico: 12 inches.

HOME BOYS

Percentage of women in their 20s who live with their parents: 35; percentage of their male counterparts who do: 45.

BID BUDGET

Estimated cost of winning a major-party presidential nomination in 1988: $30.7 million; in 1992: $37.1 million; in 1996: $44.7 million.

MUST BE THAT SLIDING POLE

Number of times firefighters in Syracuse, New York were injured putting out fires in 1994: 25. Number of times they were injured at the fire station: 28.

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a recent study by the Center for Lifestyle Management, the average couple devotes only four minutes per day (out of a possible 1440) to meaningful conversation—and often several of those minutes are spent deciding whether or not to have sex.

DUDES WITH DO'S

Percentage of teenage boys in U.S. who use hair spray: 36.

SELF-MADE MEN

In a recent study of 1000 male plastic surgery patients, the number who said they were entrepreneurs: 250.

BUTTER UP

Annual per capita consumption of butter in the U.S. in 1994: 4.2 pounds. The last year that butter consumption hit that level: 1977.

LONG LAYOVER

Number of years that Alfred Nasseri, one of the most famous residents of Paris' Charles de Gaulle Airport, has been detained while waiting for a resolution to his immigration problem: 6. Number of diary pages Nasseri has filled during that time: 6000.

TRUE FLU

Percentage of Americans who never call in sick for work when they aren't really sick: 76.

PRICKS

Number of acupuncturists who have been certified by the National Commission for the Certification of Acupuncturists since 1985: 4000. Estimated number who were certified in 1995: 1200.

FAT CITY

Average ratio of doughnut shops to people in the U.S.: 1 to 30,000. Ratio of doughnut shops to people in Los Angeles: 1 to 7500.

PAIN'S PEAK

The percentage increase of catastrophic skiing injuries since 1985: 300.

—LAURA BILLINGS

Sheidlower, to the guy who wrote the foreword, humorist Roy Blount Jr.: "When I was a boy you couldn't even find a book with *f**k* in it. Now we have an entire dictionary devoted to nothing but *fuck* and all its offspring, from my own personal least favorite, which would be (*pace* Robert Mapplethorpe) *fist-fucking*, to the one that pleases me most, which would be *Bumfuck, Egypt*. I am aware that many people won't see this as progress. Fuck 'em."

WAYNE'S WORLD

Next thing you know, Ross Perot will claim that he's descended from Dumbo. Wayne Newton, who over the years has made much of the fact that his grandfather was pure Powhatan, now claims to be a direct descendant of Pocahontas. He wants to have the bones of the Indian princess, who died in England in 1617, dug up and reburied in her native Virginia. In which case, we hope to see Russell Means sing *Danke Schoen* to the Waynester.

KUNG FU: GESUNDHEIT

American movies may be big in China, but their titles don't fare so well. Consider the following films and their new Chinese names: *True Lies* was turned into *Devil Emperor True Lies*, *Kindergarten Cop* to *Devil King of Children*, *Under Siege* to *Devil Warrior General*, *Indecent Proposal* to *Peach-Colored Transaction*. *The Shawshank Redemption* was inexplicably changed to *Excitement 1995*.

LOVING SPOONFULS

A Musical Feast (Global Liaisons) is a cookbook featuring the favorite recipes of more than 100 pop stars. The project is definitely earnest—proceeds benefit homeless people—but we couldn't help wondering about the missed opportunities for wordplay. For example, while Seal is on the menu, it's for his special penne—not an Arctic meat dish; Vince Gill avoids fish; Roy Rogers' chicken is anything but fast food; Meat Loaf forgoes the obvious and does a cheese grits number; Live bakes broccoli instead of boiling lobster; and Sponge does salsa, not cake. Hootie didn't bring his blowfish, but the saccharine peanut butter swirl bars seem apt enough. At least nothing is Rancid. The only artists who fulfill our expectations are Madonna, who lends her name to a cherry torte, and sexy Salt-N-Pepa, who offer tantalizing, well-seasoned jerk chicken.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE

We think he would enjoy the irony: The same week the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame opened in Cleveland, it was announced that a six-foot-tall statue of Frank Zappa will be erected in the central park of Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE SEETHING sexuality that England's proper Victorians kept hidden gives ***Angels & Insects*** (Samuel Goldwyn) plenty of emotional sting. Director Philip Haas, co-adapter with his wife, Belinda, of a novella by A.S. Byatt, presents a tantalizing family drama about love, lies and lurid secrets. Patsy Kensit stars as Eugenia, a well-bred beauty who sets her sights on a penniless explorer named William (Mark Rylance) as he works with her father on his collection of rare bugs. Even after William marries the fair, socially superior Eugenia and they begin raising a brood of children in the family mansion, he never ceases to be amazed at having won her. The goings-on in an ant colony bear symbolic relevance as we watch base, instinctive human behavior erode the foundations of a rigidly ordered society. *Angels & Insects* makes its points without overstating them as a hypnotic, hot-blooded period piece aptly described by one of the performers as "Merchant–Ivory meets Tennessee Williams." ¥¥¥

•

A fictional movie inspired by the grisly facts behind the now-famous headline in *The New York Post*, ***Headless Body in Topless Bar*** (Northern Arts) throbs with intensity. Director James Bruce's insidious thriller, written and co-produced by Peter Koper, features six people held at gunpoint by a crazed ex-con (Raymond Barry) who subjects them to torture, humiliation and truth games. The hostages include a lawyer (David Selby) whose briefcase is full of high-colonic paraphernalia; a stripper (Jennifer MacDonald), braless and daring throughout; a neighborhood braggart (Taylor Nichols) forced to dance in the nude; and a wheelchair-bound voyeur played by composer Paul Williams. The others are a pizza deliveryman (Rustam Branaman) and the stripper's friend (April Grace), an unlucky lesbian who is compelled to decapitate the dead bartender. It's probably too stomach-churning for the squeamish, but *Headless Body*'s trashy terror still rattles the schlock meter. ¥¥

•

Who is human and who is a human replica programmed to kill? That's the question posed by ***Screamers*** (Triumph), an apocalyptic science fiction epic starring Peter Weller (the first Robocop). Director Christian Duguay's physically spectacular production compensates for some familiar aspects of the script, adapted by Dan O'Bannon from a story by the late Philip K. Dick (whose works also inspired *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*). Jennifer Rubin shows style as the beautiful woman essential to a hero trying to survive on another planet. In the end, everyone but Weller gets zapped in a pop thriller designed to play like a gigantic video game. ¥¥½

Rylance and Kensit give *Angels* a lift.

Proper Victorians exposed, bar patrons held hostage and innocents doomed to die.

•

Jack Nicholson works hard to pull ***The Crossing Guard*** (Miramax) out of the doldrums. He plays Freddy Gale, a man obsessed with vengeance toward the hit-and-run driver (David Morse) who killed his young daughter six years earlier. Writer and director Sean Penn shows glaring weaknesses as a filmmaker—with arch dialogue, jumpy camera work and a dark pretentiousness throughout. Earnest performances by all—including Anjelica Huston as Freddy's former wife, and Robin Wright as the marked man's girlfriend—are allowed to wallow in a morass of depressing mediocrity. ¥

•

Cry, the Beloved Country (Miramax), adapted from Alan Paton's novel, is set in South Africa in the Forties—back even before apartheid became law. Paton's poignant story of racism, forgiveness and reconciliation describes how a black minister (James Earl Jones) and a white landowner (Richard Harris) come together when the minister's wayward son is condemned to hang for robbing and murdering the white man's son. First filmed in 1951, with newcomer Sidney Poitier in a supporting role as a sympathetic priest, *Beloved Country* subsequently became a stage musical. This new version, directed with stolid conviction by Darrell James Roodt and shot at South African locations, has a sluggish pace but a potent message. Both Jones and Harris ooze nobility as neighbors separated by color until they are bonded in anguish over their dead sons. Here is cinema of the old school—sentimental, simplistic and every inch a classic. ¥¥¥

•

How to get rid of family members, romantic rivals and annoying strangers is the gist of ***The Young Poisoner's Handbook*** (Cinepix Films). Inspired by an actual case, director Benjamin Ross' black comedy is a walk on the wild side. The movie follows the career of teenager Graham Young (played with wide-eyed wickedness by Hugh O'Conor), whose penchant for murder makes him famous. Adjudged criminally insane, he serves time in prison before being released and presumably rehabilitated by a loopy psychiatrist (Antony Sher) who has problems of his own. This amoral study of obsession treats its dark deeds as seriocomic social satire. ¥¥½

•

Youngsters are kidnapped by the henchmen of a mad scientist named Krank (Daniel Emilfork) who taps into his captives' dreams because he can't dream on his own. A circus strongman known as One (Ron Perlman) and a precocious nine-year-old, Miette (Judith Vittet), join forces to fend off evil, which is sometimes represented by a set of Siamese twin sisters called the Octopus. You still with us? ***The City of Lost Children*** (Sony Classics) is a surreal fantasy co-directed by France's Marc Caro and Jean-Pierre Jeunet, who made *Delicatessen*, a 1991 cult comedy that scored a hit with audiences hungry for something different. *Lost Children* fills the bill as a movie of fairy tales and mind-bending adventure. ¥¥

•

South Philadelphia circa 1933 looks oddly golden throughout ***Two Bits*** (Miramax), a tearjerker virtually smothered in its Depression-era atmosphere. With occasional narration by Alec Baldwin, the story concerns a dying old man (Al Pacino) on the last day of his life. He promises to bequeath a quarter—two bits—to his young grandson (Jerry Barone) so the kid can go to the movies. Pacino, who obviously can't resist the chance to portray a grizzly old geezer, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, who plays the boy's forlorn mother, have seen better

Demme: Happy to say uncle.

OFF CAMERA

On a break from editing his third feature, *Beautiful Girls*, moviemaker **Ted Demme** looks back with mixed emotions at *The Ref*, his droll comedy about a dysfunctional family held hostage during the holidays. "A Christmas movie that opened in the spring," says Demme, adding gratefully, "I think PLAYBOY was the only publication that had *The Ref* on that year's ten best list."

Now 32, Demme is a veteran of seven years in production at MTV—which led him to make his first film, "an over-the-top, silly-ass comedy called *Who's the Man?* featuring dozens of rap stars." But he had other career plans when he attended State University of New York at Cortland. "I expected to become a phys-ed teacher and football coach, but I blew out my knee playing ball." Must have been fate, or maybe heredity. As the Long Island–bred nephew of Oscar-winning director Jonathan (*Silence of the Lambs*) Demme, Ted has a strong role model. "He's my mentor. Imagine that you're a baseball player and your uncle is Babe Ruth. I admire his style."

Ted is doing fine on his own, though, with *Beautiful Girls* ("It's what guys do, obsess about women") and is planning a movie called *The Year of Frank Sinatra*. "Nothing to do with Sinatra. It's a character-driven piece about a divorcing couple with a 13-year-old son. The mom is in denial, the dad is a DJ who plays a lot of Sinatra." Enjoying a multipicture deal with Miramax, Demme aims to steer clear of "that bullshit Hollywood shuffle. So many major studios now are run by bullies who don't know dick about movies. The system used to work—before making movies became more like marketing, with stars and titles promoted by Burger King. Can you imagine seeing Marlon Brando on a cup from McDonald's?"

days. Director James Foley's previous credits include *Glengarry Glen Ross*, and screenwriter Joseph Stefano wrote Hitchcock's classic *Psycho*. All these talents seemingly intend a heartwarming rehash of something like *Cinema Paradiso*, but they're not even close. ¥

•

Disaffected young adults are examined in ***Nobody Loves Me*** (CFP Distribution) by German director Doris Dörrie. Her heroine is Fanny Fink (Maria Schrader), who works frisking passengers at the Cologne airport and squanders her spare time brooding about self-esteem and attending evening classes devoted to something called Conscious Dying. Her life changes when she meets a gay black psychic named Orfeo (Pierre Sanoussi-Bliss) in the elevator of her apartment building. She also stumbles into a misbegotten affair with the building manager. As droll social comment, *Nobody Loves Me* remains German to its roots—an original black comedy that succeeds in making misery look like bright, offbeat fun. ¥¥¥

•

Set in the court of England's Charles II, ***Restoration*** (Miramax) is a brainless comedy that sabotages a promising cast with bad jokes. Robert Downey Jr. presides over the revels as royal physician to the king (Sam Neill), but loses the appointment after trying to mount the king's mistress (Polly Walker). Director Michael (*Soapdish*) Hoffman moves overzealously from costumed fun and frolic to the plague. Hugh Grant, as a foppish court painter, David Thewlis, as a medical colleague, and Meg Ryan—entirely off as an overburdened mental patient—all struggle in vain to pump some life into a screenplay that should have been left for dead. ¥

•

In writer-director Julianna Lavin's ***Live Nude Girls*** (IRS Releasing), five California women in their 30s behave as if their perceptions of life, love and lingerie were gleaned from a Victoria's Secret catalog. The hostess of this bachelorette slumber party is a bisexual named Georgina (Lora Zane). Her lesbian girlfriend (Olivia d'Abo) lies in bed upstairs and sulks while Georgina's more or less straight chums (Dana Delany, Kim Cattrall, Cynthia Stevenson and Laila Robins) gossip, giggle and swap stories about sex with a delivery boy or a housepainter, threesomes and masturbation fantasies. Much of it is spelled out in flashbacks, with flashes of nudity in which all the actresses look exceptionally fit. *Live Nude Girls* is entertaining bitchery that makes women seem entirely preoccupied with their psyches or their suntans and never answers one question: Is that all there is? ¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

The American President (Reviewed 1/96) Douglas and Bening find love inside the Beltway. ¥¥¥

Angels & Insects (See review) Bugging some improper Victorians. ¥¥¥

Carrington (12/95) British bohemians leap into the Roaring Twenties. ¥¥¥

The City of Lost Children (See review) *Delicatessen* fans should eat it up. ¥¥

The Crossing Guard (See review) Penn's folly—even Nicholson can't save it. ¥

Cry, the Beloved Country (See review) From South Africa, with love. ¥¥¥

Frankie Starlight (1/96) Pure blarney about a dwarf hero in Ireland. ¥¥

Georgia (1/96) Jennifer Jason Leigh acts up a storm as a god-awful singer and her talented sibling's rival. ¥¥¥

Get Shorty (12/95) Crooks go Hollywood in a wry take on Elmore Leonard's book—featuring Travolta, Hackman and company. ¥¥¥¥

Headless Body in Topless Bar (See review) Grisly but done to a turn. ¥¥

How to Make an American Quilt (12/95) A totally girlish get-together. ¥¥

Last Summer in the Hamptons (1/96) Mr. Jaglom stages a country weekend. ¥¥

Leaving Las Vegas (12/95) Cage and Shue win big as two born losers. ¥¥¥

Live Nude Girls (See review) Chitchat galore at a slumber party. ¥¥½

Mighty Aphrodite (1/96) A Greek chorus and Mira Sorvino are the mainstays of Woody's wacky romantic comedy. ¥¥¥¥

Nobody Loves Me (See review) The perils of being young, German and unhappy. ¥¥¥

Reckless (1/96) Marked woman Mia flees her home for the holidays. ¥¥

Restoration (See review) Plague kills comedy in the court of Charles II. ¥

Screamers (See review) Another science fiction fast move for *Robocop*'s Weller. ¥¥½

Shanghai Triad (1/96) Beautiful Gong Li vs. ruthless Asian bad guys. ¥¥¥½

Things to Do in Denver When You're Dead (12/95) Crooks fall out when a simple caper goes dead wrong. ¥¥½

Two Bits (See review) As a dying old codger, Pacino is shortchanged. ¥

When Night Is Falling (1/96) A woman recruits a woman to replace her man. ¥¥½

Wild Bill (1/96) Jeff Bridges rides high as the celebrated gunslinger. ¥¥¥

The Young Poisoner's Handbook (See review) Lethal British comedy. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Peter Falk recalls few videos by title, but he's great at giving clues: "What's that picture set in a Berlin hotel with Garbo and that guy from *Tugboat Annie*?" he rasps at a Columbo-like cadence. *Grand Hotel*? "Yeah—that's the one. Just terrific." Falk still savors the screen thrills of his youth: "Ingrid Bergman's back was a real turn-on for me as a teenager," he confesses (*For Whom the Bell Tolls*, maybe?), "and I love that one with Cagney dancing" (*Yankee Doodle Dandy*?). But the forgetful TV cop names John Cassavetes as all-time best director (for *Love Streams*), with Peter Yates as a runner-up. "What's his picture—the one about the kid with the bicycle, thinks he's Italian?" *Breaking Away*? "Yeah, that's the one." Case closed. —DAVID STINE

VIDBITS

Tycoons, POWs, married couples and the man of steel all show up on this month's tube-to-tape list. Classic TV now available for rewind: ***Dallas, Hogan's Heroes*** and ***The Adventures of Superman*** (Columbia House, 800-638-2922); ***The Honeymooners Lost Episodes*** (12-volume set, MPI); and ***The Lucy & Desi Comedy Hour*** (four tapes, CBS). . . . Speaking of Cubans, ***Cigars: From Seeds to Smoke*** (Time-Life) is a 43-minute history of the stogie, from tips for the novice puffer (e.g., the thicker the roll, the cooler the pull) to a crop of factoids (forget the Caribbean—wrapper leaves are often from Connecticut). Call 800-TIMEVID. . . . For gloom with a view, Home Vision has added four titles to its impressive Bergman collection. The quartet—three doleful, one up-tempo—includes: ***The Rite*** (1969, three actors are tried for obscenity), ***The Virgin Spring*** (1959, Max von Sydow avenges his daughter's death), ***Summer Interlude*** (1950, an aging ballerina looks back) and ***The Magic Flute*** (1973, Ingmar meets Amadeus).

H_2O VIDEO

If *Waterworld* (see Mood Meter) didn't float your boat, rest easy. You can always dip back into Hollywood's memorable sea fare, all available on vid:

The Poseidon Adventure (1972): A special-effects Oscar went to this tale of a luxury liner gone south. All-star ballast includes Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine and Shelley Winters—who did her own underwater stunts. Yikes.

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954): James Mason as Captain Nemo welcomes Kirk Douglas and crew to his oceanic kingdom. Disney's Oscar-winning effects add pizzazz to Jules Verne's subtext.

The Day of the Dolphin (1973): Buck Henry provides the voices for two talking porpoises that help George C. Scott scrub an assassination plot. Off-the-deep-end premise (Buck also logged the script), but still compelling.

A Night to Remember (1958): Brit remake of Hollywood's *Titanic* proves the ultimate downer (in this case, a plus). David McCallum, Kenneth More and doomed companions make the film a classic.

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935): Skip the Brando–Howard pairing of 1962—as well as the 1985 Gibson–Hopkins outing—and get back to basics: Gable's earnest Fletcher and Laughton's bellowing Bligh spark this deserving best-flick winner.

Leviathan (1989): Peter Weller and Richard Crenna play deep-sea hide-and-seek with *Alien*-type critter in bathtub caliber. Better to stick with 1989's ***The Abyss***, starring Ed Harris as an oil rigger salvaging a sunken sub.

The Incredible Mr. Limpet (1964): Combo cartoon–live action tale features Don Knotts as the titular wimp-turned-superfish who takes on the Nazis. Good for kids, great for adults.

Jaws (1975): This fish-eats-man story still has teeth 20 years later. Shark-slayers Scheider, Dreyfuss and Shaw try to keep the small-town tourist biz alive. By the way, steer clear of sequels *2*, *3-D* and *The Revenge*. They bite. —DAVID STINE

X-RATED

VIDEO OF THE MONTH

Talk about living up to a title. ***Every Woman Has a Fantasy 3*** (VCA), the latest in director Edwin Durell's saga of a horny housewife on a quest for satisfaction, boasts head-spinning sex and an endless lineup of knockouts. But the jaw-dropping turn by newcomer Juli Ashton gives the flick its fire. How does she do all that nasty stuff and still look so sweet? Guess we'll have to watch again.

LASER FARE

The fashionably funny Britcom ***Absolutely Fabulous***—all about England's flakiest duo—made its way to the States via cable's Comedy Central. Now the cult hit is on a 12-episode, three-disc set ($100 from CBS/Fox). But be warned: The accents get pretty thick. . . . MCA/Universal's homage to old horror continues with the boxed set ***The Golden Age of Science Fiction Thrillers II*** ($100). Plumbing the high-anxiety, low-tech, crank-'em-out age of science fiction, the fearsome foursome includes *Land Unknown* (1957), *Monolith Monsters* (1957), *Monster on the Campus* (1958) and *Leech Woman* (1960)—all of them cheesy, but nicely aged cheese, thank you. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Waterworld*** (Costner's *Mad Max o' the Sea*—a briny-not-brainy floodfest that wasn't the *Fishtar* critics expected), ***Under Siege 2: Dark Territory*** (terrorists hijack train, but former Navy Seal Seagal isn't fazed; dumb fun).
DATE FLICK	***Something to Talk About*** (Southern belle Roberts finds out Quaid is two-timing her; feel free to root for Dennis—but silently), ***Clueless*** (*90210* meets *Heathers*; clever breakout vehicle for Aerosmith-video–nymph Alicia Silverstone).
SUSPENSE	***The Net*** (hacker terrorists target Bullock when she gets hold of their disc; makes you think twice about going online), ***Dolores Claiborne*** (half-crazy Maine cop Plummer accuses Bates—wrongly, she says—of murder; creepy sleeper).
COMEDY	Two from Hugh-know-who: ***Nine Months*** (Grant knocks up girlfriend—hems, haws, weds her), ***The Englishman Who Went Up a Hill But Came Down a Mountain*** (Welsh villagers con cartographer Grant into fudging the numbers; charming fluff).
DOCUMENTARY	***A Great Day in Harlem*** (Oscar nominee zooms in on famed 1959 group photo of jazz stars, including Bosie, Mingus and others), ***Unzipped*** (behind the scenes with wired fashion domo Isaac Mizrahi—his work, his übermodels, his shtick).

MUSIC

FOLK

WITH THEIR jangly, slightly jazzy, alternative approach, Indigo Girls are as close to a phenomenon as the folk circuit can boast. They've sold 6 million albums domestically, and they're now consolidating their success with a double-CD live set, ***1200 Curfews*** (Epic), that conveys the pure essence of Indigo better than any of their studio albums. Emily Saliers and Amy Ray—with their acoustic guitars and backup musicians—appeal with their stirring harmonies. Like many of their folkie contemporaries, the Indigos are a shade earnest and are given more to straightforward aphorisms than to wordplay. Their detractors might describe them as PC, but I am not one of their detractors. You could live next door to them and be their friend, if you're not Newt Gingrich. That's good enough for me.

Since the late Sixties, Leo Kottke has wowed acoustic-guitar aficionados with his highly musical acrobatics. Less well known is his wonderfully absurd sense of humor, an injustice remedied on ***Live*** (Private Music/On the Spot). His monologs are guaranteed to crack you up, and his guitar still dazzles.

As long as we're on the subject of acoustic guitar, I want to rave about Preston Reed's ***Metal*** (Dusty Closet Records). Of all the guys who came up in the wake of Kottke (and John Fahey), Reed has taken the genre in the most innovative directions, both with technique and with composition. The title track, an acoustic tribute to heavy metal, will drop your jaw. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Indigo Girls make *Curfew*.

Newman's *Faust*,
rare Dead, technomania
and acoustic folk.

ROCK

The Bo Deans are one of the great unrecognized pop-rock bands of the Nineties, and ***Joe Dirt Car*** (Slash/Reprise) is a two-disc set of 24 finely crafted heartland songs. Is the record company taking a chance releasing such an expansive chronicle of a cult band? Repeat listening provides the answer.—DAVE MARSH

Randy Newman's ***Faust*** (Reprise) ain't Goethe. It ain't Sondheim or Rodgers and Hammerstein either—it's more earthy and more cynical, respectively. Newman's musical-comedy rewrite of the soul-selling tale revels in the high-spirited irony that has been his specialty over nearly three decades as Hollywood rock's most respected songwriter. And although he may hit Broadway, he will never match the CD's cast: himself as the devil, James Taylor as God, Linda Ronstadt as the good girl, Bonnie Raitt as the bad girl, and Don Henley in the title role. This Faust is a freshman at Notre Dame who signs the contract sight unseen because he never reads on his own time.

Newman's book is haphazard, but these songs are rich. They mock rock, religion, musical comedy, classics and American culture all at once. God is a palavering politician, the devil a midlife whiner and Faust a bigger creep than both of them put together. Newman takes so much pleasure in his own artistic hubris that his satiric vision never turns cheap. The love songs he gives Ronstadt and Raitt are his warmest ever. Musical comedy is the perfect medium for his unique synthesis of soundtrack grandeur, blues-savvy studio rock and general Americana. If he ever does reach Broadway with this thing, he'll put *Hair* and *Tommy* to shame, and maybe even Sondheim.

☥, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince, isn't as far gone as some think. This is not to predict that ***The Gold Experience*** (Warner Bros./NPG) will completely revive his commercial identity. But it is to insist that the strongest tracks here—*P Control* and *Endorphinmachine*—are funk and rock as outrageous and original as anything he's ever recorded.

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

It's been said that the Grateful Dead aren't the best at what they do—they're the only ones who do what they do. They stretch country blues into free form without dissolving into chaos. But even the band members admit it rarely works in the studio. Fortunately, just before Jerry Garcia's death, the band inked an agreement to distribute many of their rarer, mostly live recordings through their label, Arista. The first of these, ***Hundred Year Hall***, captures their unique live chemistry better than any album since 1970's *Live/Dead*. This two-CD set is a near perfect blend of their traditional and weird sides, which bleed together effortlessly. The second disc begins and ends with intense versions of *Truckin'* and *Sugar Magnolia* that are both earthier and looser than the studio takes. Sandwiched in between is *Cryptical Envelopment*, which ebbs and flows without losing its footing.

If any band is poised to take the Dead's place, it's Vermont's eclectic Phish. While the Dead's foundation is built on blues, bluegrass and bebop, Phish is anchored in funk, fusion and hard rock. The group's first concert release, ***A Live One*** (Elektra), highlights its blissful harmonies and absurdist lyrics. The high-energy ensemble playing enters the zone where song structure and improvisation mesh. —VIC GARBARINI

R&B

Maxwell's ***Urban Hang Suite*** (Columbia) showcases the breathy, velvet vocals of a young New York singer. With the aid of Sade's Stewart Mathewman and other cool R&B music makers, Maxwell premieres a smooth 11-song collection. For the romantically inclined, her *Sumthin' Sumthin'*, *Whenever Wherever Whatever* and the hooky *'Til the Cops Come Knockin'* will provide perfect accompaniment.

—NELSON GEORGE

The 22 tracks on ***Bobby Byrd Got Soul: The Best of Bobby Byrd*** (Polydor Chronicles) conclusively prove that James Brown's perennial sidekick is a soul-funk genius. In addition to the basic Flames stuff, he takes on Sam & Dave and Stevie Wonder and damn near beats them at their own game. —DAVE MARSH

TECHNO

Moby's most recent album established that you can listen to techno as well as dance to it. Now, techno pioneer Rik Davis of Cybotron has made ***Cyber Ghetto*** (Fantasy) using a techno style and technique that's so moody and arty the results are all but undanceable. However, Davis contributes plenty of groove to chew on, and tracks such as *Cyber Jesus (Tales of the D'Trexian Mythos)* have plenty of drive. The main concern of *Cyber Ghetto* is creating an atmosphere in which

various stories can be told, often in a voice reminiscent of Sun Ra. Like Ra, Davis' concerns are spiritual and musical, and they share fundamental messages: peace, harmony and possibility. If Davis' music seems undanceable, maybe that's because he's trying to teach a few new steps. —DAVE MARSH

RAP

LL Cool J, a hip-hop hero since his debut ten years ago, is at a career crossroads. His previous album was a commercial disappointment. And he's become a sitcom star, which is a sure way for a rapper to lose credibility.

Yet LL's latest, ***Mr. Smith*** (Def Jam/Polygram), is a solid return filled with sharp, witty rhymes, entertaining boasts and variations on the rapper's trademark vocals. *Hey Lover*, a duet with LL and Boyz II Men, is an ingratiating rap ballad that uses Michael Jackson's *Lady in My Life* for its instrumental bed. Equally pop but much funkier is *Doin' It*. Built around a sample from Grace Jones' *My Jamaican Guy, Doin' It* features LL trading sexy lines with female rapper LaShaun. It's LL's best dance track since *Jingling Baby*. For those who are looking for hard-edged rhymes, *I Shot Ya*, both in the original and the album-ending remix, is full of clever verbal gymnastics. *Mr. Smith* shows this is a rap star whose skills are maturing as he does. —NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

George Gershwin enjoyed a reputation as a grand pianist, and ***The Piano Rolls, Volume 2*** (Nonesuch) offers proof to modern listeners. In the Twenties, Gershwin preserved nearly 100 songs on player-piano rolls. Now transferred to a computerized playback piano, the songs capture Gershwin's spirited rhythms and two-fisted virtuosity. The real treat comes in hearing Gershwin apply his musical trademarks—distinctive harmonies and melodic turns—to songs written by his contemporaries. Who could ask for anything more?

Yesterday's hit parade continues with a dual-CD anthology from the first great tenor saxist in jazz. ***Coleman Hawkins: A Retrospective: 1929–1963*** (Bluebird) contains classics as well as Hawkins' cross-generational 1963 meeting with Sonny Rollins.

You ought to find a good postholiday sale on ***Blues, Boogie and Bop*** (Mercury), a seven-disc treasury of soulful sounds from the Forties. Packaged to look like a plastic vintage radio, its more than 170 tracks chronicle the roots of modern rhythm and blues with such diverse artists as boogie-woogie giant Albert Ammons and pioneering pianist Mary Lou Williams. —NEIL TESSER

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Cybotron *Cyber Ghetto*	4	6	8	8	8
Grateful Dead *Hundred Yeor Holl*	6	9	9	2	7
Indigo Girls *1200 Curfews*	5	7	7	6	7
LL Cool J *Mr. Smith*	6	6	8	7	7
Randy Newman *Faust*	10	8	8	8	10

MOTHER OF GOD DEPARTMENT: A New York jewelry firm is suing **Madonna** to prevent her from marketing jewelry under her first name. The company has been using the name Madonna since before the star was born. Its lawyers further claim Madonna doesn't have the right to use her name as a trademark "particularly because it has attained stature as the name of the mother of Christ." Mama mia.

REELING AND ROCKING: Rhino films is developing the **Bob Wills and the Texas Playboys** story for a film bio. . . . **Annie Lennox** is co-director of a music documentary about her current tour. . . . **Vanessa Williams'** next role will be as **Arnold Schwarzenegger's** leading lady in *Eraser*. . . . **Liv Tyler** is up for a part in **Tom Hanks'** movie *That Thing You Do*. Hanks' script is about a Sixties rock band. He also plans to direct. . . . **Robert Duvall's** film company is making a movie about **Merle Haggard's** years as a teen outlaw. Haggard plans to write and perform songs for it. . . . **China Kantner,** daughter of **Paul Kantner** and **Grace Slick,** has been cast in the sequel to *Terms of Endearment*. . . . **Penny Marshall** will direct **Whitney Houston** in a remake of *The Bishop's Wife*, called *The Preacher's Wife*, co-starring **Denzel Washington.**

NEWSBREAKS ☥ and **Lenny Kravitz** are discussing joint tour dates. . . . **Live** is working on a new CD. . . . **Peter Gabriel** is recording a new album and has 40 pieces of music to choose from. . . . It was only a matter of time: **David Lee Roth** has a Vegas-style revue that played in Las Vegas, of course, with **Edgar Winter** on sax. . . . **Lou Reed's** next album was cooked up in his home studio. Expect it to be released in the spring. . . . Two separate film crews were on hand to shoot documentary footage of what **John Lee Hooker** described as his last live performance. Hooker, at 75, plans to continue to record. . . . **Sammy Hagar** has developed a new guitar—an acoustic-electric one called the Red Rocker—with Washburn guitars. Hagar says he was frustrated playing *Where Eagles Fly* because he needed both sounds. The guitars will be available in retail outlets, and the initial three models will range in price from $899 to $1899. . . . **David Coverdale's** next album will not be a collaboration with **Jimmy Page,** but Page will play on it. . . . Although Hollywood has shown considerable interest in the murder of Seattle rock singer **Mia Zapata** (and in the female private investigator hired to find her killer), band members are wary. The **Gits** want the story told without show business flourishes. In that vein, a friend of Zapata's is writing a screenplay. The **Gits–Joan Jett** CD collaboration, *Evil Stig*, will raise money to keep the investigation going. . . . The dates for the 1996 New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival are April 26 to May 5. Mark your calendar. . . . **Counting Crows** is recording the follow-up to *August and Everything After*. . . . **Phil Collins** has recorded *Somewhere* from *West Side Story*. . . . The drummer and bassist for **Creedence Clearwater Revival, Doug Clifford** and **Stu Cook,** are back on the road as **Creedence Clearwater Revisited.** It may not make **John Fogerty** happy, but their fans are. . . . Zappa Records has been reactivated to issue unreleased recordings from **Frank Zappa** and new music from **Dweezil** and **Ahmet.** . . . Lastly, **Dolores Fuller,** who worked on the scores for some of **Elvis'** movies, claims she has hired his illegitimate son to sing on a soundtrack she is working on. Fuller says that **Elvis Aron Presley Jr.** has court-certified proof that he is Elvis' son. And I have some swampland in Florida to sell.

—BARBARA NELLIS

IMMIGRATION STARTS CARDING

Lines at immigration may be a thing of the past. If you're an American citizen who travels abroad at least three times a year, you can now obtain an ATM-type card called an Inspass (it stands for Immigration and Naturalization Service Passenger Accelerated Service System) that will get you through airport immigration at JFK, Newark or Toronto's Lester Pearson International in a breeze. It works this way: Upon arriving at one of these airports, the cardholder proceeds directly to an Inspass kiosk. With one swipe of the card, a machine verifies the person's citizenship and admissibility. As a double check, the traveler places his hand on a screen so the system can read his palm geometry. (All this information was recorded when the person registered for the pass, free of charge, at any one of the three participating airports.) The entire verification process takes about 20 seconds. The kiosk then spits out a receipt for Customs. Look for an Inspass kiosk at every U.S. point of entry sometime in the future. Meanwhile, United Airlines' new electronic ticket program, called E-Ticket, has all but eliminated messy paperwork. When you reserve a flight—either through a travel agent or with United—your name, credit card number, Mileage Plus number and flight information are stored in United's computer system. At the airport, you check in, produce a photo ID, receive your boarding pass and get on the plane. At LAX and San Francisco International Airport, ticket customers have it even easier: They can get their boarding passes through ATM-like machines. Southwest Airlines also offers ticketless travel. It's only a matter of time before other airlines follow suit.

JERRY MCDONALD

NIGHT MOVES: RIO DE JANEIRO

If luck sets you down in the samba capital this Carnaval month of February, you won't need anything other than your best cutoff jeans—and maybe less. Carnaval happens any place two people hear the scratch of the *reco-reco* or the hiccup of the *cuíca* and begin to shuffle their feet and sway their hips. To witness moist ruling-class flesh spilling out of show-all tangas, ask your hotel concierge for help in getting into the Hawaii Ball at the Yacht Club on Botafogo Bay or the Night in Baghdad Ball at the Clube Monte Libano in Lagoa. The top samba-school parades at the Sambadromo are expensive but worth every penny. Also, watch for the winner's parade on the Saturday night after Fat Tuesday, when up to 5000 dancers, singers and musicians participate; or catch the Blocos and the Ranchos, the more modest Carnaval organizations, parade on Avenida Rio Branco. When things quiet down about six A.M., the locals do not go home. They go to the beach. Try the one opposite the country club in Ipanema, or head for youthful, surfing Barra. Eat like a pig at Mariu's or Porcão (which means "big pig"). At the Academia da Cachaça in Leblon, you can enjoy cocktails made from local rums and tropical fruits and berries you've never heard of (such as cupuaçu and jaboticaba). Hippopotamus, on Barão da Torre Street, is the ruling disco. Lord Jim, on Paul Redfern, is where local girls who are studying English go to meet boys who speak it as a birthright. And if you miss Carnaval, the other 51 weeks of the year are barely a twist of the dial down in intensity.

GREAT ESCAPE

THE AMERICAN ORIENT EXPRESS

The American Orient Express, a private luxury train operated out of Seattle, is bringing back the romance of transcontinental rail travel. From March through April the 11-car train will make six nine-day cross-country runs along the southern route. Each car is elegantly appointed with mahogany and brass, and each sleeping compartment features a large picture window and a private bathroom. Meals in the paneled dining car are exceptional, and a pianist plays nightly in the lounge. Stopovers include Charlottesville, New Orleans, San Antonio and Santa Fe. Price: $5000 to $7500 per person, one way. From May through October, the American Orient runs between Denver and Santa Fe on ten-day National Parks of the West trips that include visits to the Grand Canyon, Rocky Mountain National Park and Zion National Park. The price for this journey is $4000 to $6500 per person. Call 800-727-7477 for more information or to book.

ROAD STUFF

Think of the Credit Card Companion (pictured here) as a toolbox that fits in your wallet. Inside its Zytel credit-card–size case are a stainless steel knife, a can-and-bottle opener, an awl, a screwdriver, tweezers and a toothpick, plus a compass and an 8X lens. And the $24.95 price is almost as small as its 1.3-ounce weight. • To keep you dry on business trips, Totes has introduced a man-size (46 inches in diameter) collapsible umbrella that opens and closes at the push of a button. Colors include black, navy, khaki, gray, crimson, teal, wine and forest green. The price is about $25. • The travel alarm clock from Swiss Army Brand is the perfect backup to a wake-up call. Its black clamshell case opens to form a stand, the analog display is easy to read and the alarm tone is effective yet won't yank you out of dreamland too abruptly. Price: $65.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

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IT'S ALL ROCK AND ROLL

With the celebrity hype surrounding the opening of Cleveland's Rock and Roll Museum, you probably missed all its cool uses of technology. A wall of TV monitors inside, for example, plays an endless stream of music videos. You can view films that trace the roots of rock in one of two state-of-the-art movie theaters. Interactive listening stations provide the opportunity to hear, among other things, sound bites from the nation's top radio disc jockeys. There's a re-creation of Sun Records Studio, where Elvis cut his first sides—complete with authentic recording gear. And that's just for starters. Next fall, AT&T plans to unveil a new interactive wing that will resemble a stack of 45-rpm records suspended atop a 55-foot spindle that rises out of

STEVE BOSWICK

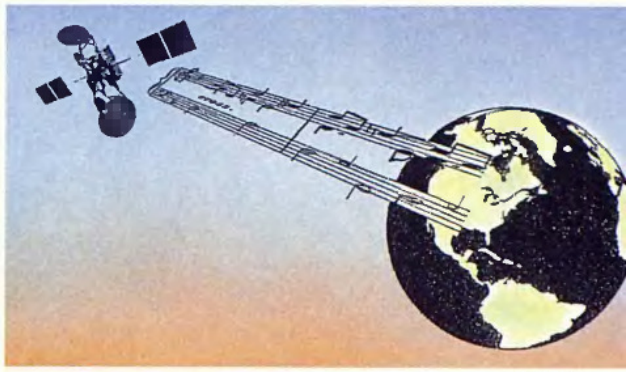
Lake Erie. There, visitors will learn about AT&T's role in the evolution of the music industry, with inventions such as LP recording techniques and the laser beam. If you can't get to Ohio, AT&T plans to bring the party to you with an online virtual Rock and Roll Museum. While this offering is still under conceptual construction (read: no details yet), you can check out the Rock and Roll Museum's Web site at http://www.rockhall.com/.

SEGA TURNS PC

Computer gamers who have been begging for better arcade-style action on their PC will get their wish. Sega is delivering on its promise to begin offering select Genesis and Saturn video games to the IBM-compatible market. Among the first Sega crossover titles are *Tomcat Alley*, an aerial combat adventure; *Virtua Fighter Remix*, an updated version of the arcade bruiser; and, yes, *Sonic CD*. But there are some hitches: First, you'll need a Pentium-based PC that runs Windows 95. Saturn ports require a PC equipped with Diamond Multimedia's Edge 3D accelerator (a $250 board based on a special-effects chip by a company called Nvidia). And unless you're buying a new Pentium computer, you'll have to wait a few months to take Sonic for a spin. Initially, the popular hedgehog is being bundled exclusively with special Intel-enhanced computers.

SATELLITE SOUNDS

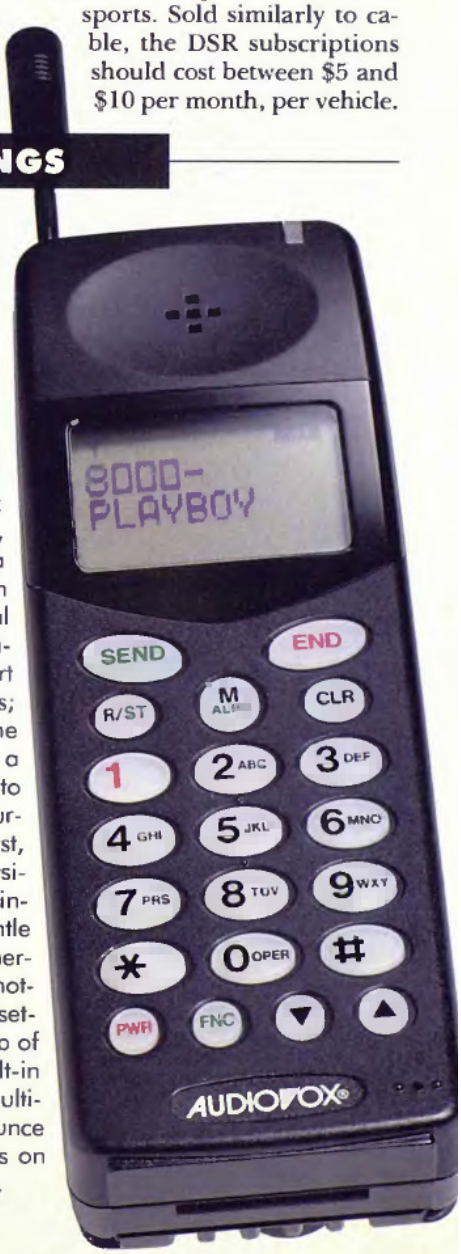
Of the many new technologies promised by the year 2000, one of our favorites is digital satellite radio. Besides beaming CD-quality digital music to your car, DSR allows you to drive cross-country listening to the same commercial-free station. According to David Margolese, chairman of CD Radio, a future DSR provider, the service will debut in 1998. At that time, you'll be able to purchase an automobile with a car stereo that features AM/FM and satellite bands as well as a silver-dollar-size satellite dish stamped onto the roof. (You'll also be able to buy aftermarket DSR car stereos, but it's too soon to speculate on prices.) Programming will consist of a variety of music stations, including rock, jazz, classical and country, as well as 20 niche stations that will provide news and sports. Sold similarly to cable, the DSR subscriptions should cost between $5 and $10 per month, per vehicle.



CATHY HULL

WILD THINGS

The incredible shrinking cellular phone has now reached lilliputian proportions with the introduction of Audiovox's new digital MVX-800. Pictured here (a tad larger than its actual size), the $800 portable has one-touch speed dialing, an LED light that flashes to alert you to incoming calls (there's also a ringer) and a personal identification function that prevents illegal use of your cellular number. Other features include a nickel metal hydride battery that offers one hour of talk time with 11 hours of standby and a three-line, 30-character LCD display. • P22 Type Foundry, a company that develops computer fonts based on artists and art movements, recently added several interesting selections to its library. Among our favorites are De Stijl, inspired by the geometric art and design of the Dutch movement of the Twenties; Acropolis Now, featuring fonts that resemble the decorative arts of ancient Greece; and Daddy-O, a typeface commissioned by the Whitney Museum to coincide with its Beat Culture in America exhibit currently on display. Each costs about $20. • Ice first, heat later is the advice commonly given by physicians for treating minor muscle-related sports injuries. Now you can do both—while getting a gentle massage—with Ultratherm. Using a patented thermoelectric heat-pump technology, this handheld hot-and-cold massager lets you alternate between settings of 40 degrees and 115 degrees with the flip of a switch. The price: $195, including a built-in rechargeable battery. • Datasonix' Pereos is the ultimate way to free up hard-drive space. The ten-ounce PC peripheral stores as many as 100 gigabytes on postage-stamp-size digital cassettes. Price: $649.



MULTIMEDIA REVIEWS & NEWS

ON CD-ROM

Call it a shameless plug for ourselves, but ***PlanIt Playboy*** remains among the most comprehensive and entertaining personal information managers on the market. Aside from offering key features—daily, weekly and monthly planners, to-do lists, address book, etc.—this CD-ROM greets each day with beautiful images of PLAYBOY Playmates. There are hundreds of photographs, gleaned mostly from Nineties Playmate pictorials. In initial shots, models appear clothed, but with a double click of your mouse on the image, you can instantly link to a full-screen nude. PlanIt Playboy also features excerpts of popular *Playboy Interviews*, which change daily, along with *Party Jokes*, selections from the *Playboy Advisor* and more. And there are video clips: A tutorial starring 1990 Playmate of the Year Reneé Tenison helps you navigate the interface, while a video Playmate advises you of your daily schedule. You can even enjoy footage from *Playboy Home Videos* in a simulation of the Playboy Mansion's private screening room. And for those rare occasions when you would rather see your own photos on-screen, PlanIt Playboy allows you to replace the Playmate shots with files imported from photo CDs. (By Anomaly, for Windows, about $30.)

CYBER SCOOP

We were bummed by the loss of ***The World Wide Web Dating Game,*** a Web site where Netheads were invited to participate in a love match loosely patterned after the former TV game show. Apparently, Sony threatened to sue the site's creator, so she was forced to pull the plug on her online version.

Seventh Level has signed a deal with Quincy Jones to create ***Q's Jook Joint,*** a CD-ROM chronicle of the history of American music. Look for it in stores later this year.

Biting the dust in Dust

Take the Enterprise's captain's chair and engage in one hell of a wild, cinematic science-fiction adventure with ***Star Trek: The Next Generation—"A Final Unity."*** Care has been taken to make every aspect of this CD-ROM faithful to its TV counterpart. Original cast members lend their likenesses and voices, and all of the great *Star Trek* gadgets come complete with sound effects. You also have full control over the Enterprise's engineering and weaponry systems. For example, during Away Team Missions, where the main adventuring and puzzle-solving aspects of the game take place, you can either let the computer select your crew and equipment or assemble your own team and gear. What's more, control of the Enterprise during navigation and battles can remain in the capable hands of crew members La Forge and Worf, or you can use a full-fledged space-flight simulation. A Final Unity is highly interactive, has lush graphics that are a real grabber and is a solid adventure for the gaming crowd as well as a virtual episode for those of us who haven't yet made it into the Academy. (By Spectrum Holobyte, for DOS, about $60.)

Not for Trekkers only

From the moment the Stranger struck a match in the opening sequence of ***Dust: A Tale of the Wired West,*** we were hooked. In fact, we racked up more than 20 hours exploring the nooks and crannies of Diamond Back, New Mexico, the setting of this Wild West adventure. Created by Cyberflix, developers of the award-winning Jump Raven and Lunicus, Dust pits you—as the Stranger—against a cast of some of the most memorable miscreants to hit the computer screen. Buick Riviera, for example, is a scheming Frenchman in a bad plaid suit who bums cash one minute and pushes you down a flight of stairs the next. There are also Jackalope Jones, a lovestruck cowpoke with a Lyle Lovett do; Oona Canute, a bawdy madam in need of a makeover; and Doc Hillary Rodham, the town M.D., whose face looks strangely familiar. You'll encounter these and other residents of Diamond Back as you spend five digital days searching for clues and solving puzzles that ultimately lead to a lost Indian treasure. Dust's intriguing computer-rendered environment captures your attention—and the characters and quest keep it. Whether you're wandering around town, playing blackjack at the Hard Drive Saloon or checking out Diamond Back's other curious haunts, be sure to talk with everyone. But be cautious. The reception you get often depends on the questions you ask. Some characters are honest, some are deceitful and others are plain clueless. It may take hours, and some nasty encounters, to distinguish between your allies and enemies. But the payoff is sure worth it. (For Mac and Windows, $50.)

If you're wasting time and cash searching the Web for cool and useful sights, check out ***Cybersearch.*** This handy CD-ROM lets you use key words to scrounge around offline through more than half a million Web locations. Search results come instantly and abundantly, and unlike online services, this option is never too busy. Subscribe to Cybersearch and you'll receive an updated disc every month. The CD-ROM comes bundled with a powerful Web browser that lets you organize your online life like a card file. And when you find a place on the disc worth visiting, a mouse click takes you there pronto. (By Frontier Technologies, for Windows, about $60 for a six-issue subscription.)

DIGITAL DUDS

Multimedia Celebrity Poker: This title offers three good reasons for sticking to solitaire—Joe Piscopo, Morgan Fairchild and Jonathan Frakes, its Hollywood B-team stars. Piscopo's mugging is particulorly grating, which makes us wonder: What's next after he bombs on CD-ROM?

The Joy of Sex: There's nothing joyous obout this translation to CD-ROM. Read the book.

Mirage: Hallucinotion would have been a better name for this lukeworm desert mystery, which features bizorre imagery and inaudible audio thot feel like someone's bad trip.

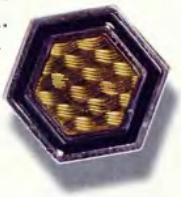
See what's hoppening on Playboy's Web Page at http://www.playboy.com.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

STYLE

ON THE CUFF

With the return to sophisticated menswear, cuff links are more stylish than ever. Here are some of our favorites: Alfred Dunhill's hexagon-shaped sterling silver cuff links ($220) have a two-tone enamel finish. Colors include the blue-and-yellow combo pictured top right, as well as other mixes of red, yellow, blue and green. For something more subtle, Elizabeth Locke has combined 18-kt. gold and Venetian glass to create the elegant cuff links pictured top left and below right. Priced at $1775 and $2000 per pair, respectively, they feature a man-in-the-moon design carved in either smoky or clear glass. Cartier's collection of classic links includes knots in pure yellow, white and pink gold (about $3100). Mignon Faget goes classic as well with sterling silver or gold cuff links in crown and column motifs ($75 to $900). For architechies, Emily Brooke Designs creates cuff links of finely etched sterling silver that resemble buildings. And Tino Cosma gives the accessory a whimsical spin, creating the navy enamel model with white pin dots ($80) pictured at bottom left.



HOT SHOPPING: MIAMI BEACH

It's no secret that South Beach is a mecca for supermodels, but you may not be aware that it offers great guy shops, too. Area 51 (935 Washington Ave.): Club clothes for cyberpunks, including a line of Label items embossed with the PLAYBOY logo. • Magazine (229 8th St.): High-end fashion and accessories from Prada, Helmut Lang and Dries Van Noten. • Il Libra (629 Lincoln Rd.): Fine lines of boxers, terry bathrobes and silk pajamas. • Post (836 Lincoln Rd.): French and Italian denims and leather Rugby brand bags from Canada. • Delano (1685 Collins Ave.): Hotelier Ian Schrager's urban beach resort features the Blue Door, a restaurant co-owned by Madonna.

CLOTHES LINE

Judge Reinhold, star of NBC's *Raising Caines,* is a retro freak. His favorite suit is a vintage Fifties white linen model that his mother found at a Palm Beach estate sale. When he wears it with his father's brown-and-white wing tip shoes, friends say he resembles "an alcoholic doctor from a Tennessee Williams play." Reinhold is also a big fan of Armani suits. "I would bathe in them and wear them to the gym if I could," he says with a laugh. Oddly, he also goes for the "tacky tourist look." One of his favorite combinations, for example, is a red, white and blue Bermuda-short-and-shirt set with black socks. "I call it high tack and make no apologies."

CORDUROY IS HOT

Eddie Vedder's penchant for corduroy seems to have rubbed off on fashion designers—the fabric is this season's top alternative to denim. Lucky Brand Dungarees offers a five-pocket relaxed jean in a thin-wale corduroy (about $70) as well as a peacoat in such colors as black, eggplant, gray and burgundy ($220). Diesel takes the retro route with its Italian-made version of button-front fitted corduroy jeans in black, white and a variety of pastels and bright colors ($120). Mossimo offers lightweight Bedford cord jeans in a fuller-cut, button-fly style ($54) and a zip-fly, slim-cut one ($50). Both are available in stone, tobacco and black. Marithé & François Girbaud's Brand X jeans (about $80) come in plush corduroy that has been stonewashed for softness. Colors include forest green and off-white. There's also a matching baseball jacket ($90). Nautica offers a long-sleeved thin-wale corduroy shirt in a navy-and-hunter black-watch plaid (about $80). And the J. Crew catalog has its own entry—a corduroy snap-front jacket in moss or antique, a variation of khaki (about $100).

EAU D'AMOUR

When shopping for Valentine's Day gifts, consider one of the hot new women's fragrances that are described as "transparent." These light and fresh scents are subtle and often colorless. One inviting example is Acqua di Giò, a soft floral fragrance by Armani that's newly arrived in the States. There's also Spring Fever by Origins, a blend of fruit and floral notes, and Princess Marcella Borghese's Profumo di Montecatini, a woodsy, floral fragrance inspired by a tiny spa in Italy. Also from Borghese, Il Bacio (the Kiss) is a warm, sexy scent that hints of violet and sandalwood. For something more potent, Karl Lagerfeld's Sun Moon Stars is an exotic mix of peach, freesia, jasmine and sandlewood in a decorative cobalt-blue bottle. And Elizabeth Arden has just come out with True Love, a heady floral perfume with wedding bands on the bottle. Think of the message that will send.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SUITS	IN	OUT
STYLES	Two- and three-button single-breasteds and six-button double-breasteds nipped at the waist	Sloppy, oversize sock-style jackets; triple-pleated trousers with billowing legs
COLORS AND PATTERNS	Navy; chorcoal gray and rich shades of brown; stripes and glen plaids	Hues such as teal blue, green or burgundy; large ploids
FABRICS	Lightweight wool blends that can be worn ten months out of the year	Heavily textured fabrics such as bouclé or wool meltons; drapey crepes

Where & How to Buy on page 151.

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

AT THE BEGINNING of ***The Web*** (Bantam) the pace is so leisurely that a reader could begin to wonder if Jonathan Kellerman has lost it. Not likely. His story about Dr. Alex Delaware's visit to a Micronesian island is drawn with such skilled ease that it seems churlish to mention that there's no real crime to grapple with until halfway through the book—just lots of ominous hints. But when Kellerman does spring the trap, the reader is ensnared in a web of intersecting story lines that have snuck up around him.

On a whim, Alex and his wife, Robin, accept the invitation of a Dr. Moreland to travel to Aruk, an island near Guam, to help the doctor organize a lifetime of research and clinical work. In addition to tending to the native population, Dr. Moreland has a large insectary of predatory insects. He reveals to Alex that a murder took place on the island that had connections with ritual cannibalism. Other visitors to the island reveal mysterious personal details that make them sound as if they belong at a stormy castle in an Agatha Christie novel. When a native girl is murdered on the beach (and Moreland's assistant is the prime suspect), Alex has to reconsider his illusions about this tropical haven.

Although Kellerman specializes in stories that concern child psychology or childhood revelations, in this 11th novel he focuses on the adult mind. The vicious murder hits this story with a real jolt and then Kellerman never stops pushing the suspense.

The impressive lineup of new crime fiction this month also includes Nancy Taylor Rosenberg's newest book, ***Trial by Fire*** (Dutton), her fourth legal thriller featuring a strong female protagonist. In this case, she is Stella Cataloni, the rising star in the Dallas district attorney's office. After winning an important murder conviction, Cataloni herself is accused of murder. Someone has shot Tom Randall, Stella's high school sweetheart, whom she held responsible for the arson that killed her parents 16 years earlier. Randall told authorities that Stella had set the fire. He would have been the lead witness at her trial, but the case was dropped when he suddenly disappeared. When Randall turns up dead, the investigation into Stella's past reopens old wounds.

Drawing on her background as a cop and probation officer, Rosenberg moves her plot along with velocity and verisimilitude. Particularly fascinating is a virtual-reality re-creation of the night of the fire, made via a technique called forensic animation. Stella has blocked most of her memories of the blaze. In an effort to remember, she dons a pair of goggles equipped with teleprocessors to walk through a computer-generated reenactment of that experience.

JOHN LA ROSE

Kellerman spins *The Web*.

Intrigue in the tropics, an erotic movie palace and a fateful journey *Into the Wild*.

Although subtitled "a novel of suspense," Jack O'Connell's ***The Skin Palace*** (Mysterious Press) is more an intense psychological study than a crime story. In front of Herzog's Erotic Palace, a porno theater in a seedy section of a New England city called Quinsigamond, a four-way clash occurs among televangelists from Families United for Decency, mace-spraying feminists, a crowd of tomato-throwing locals and the police. Sylvia Krafft, a young photographer, is nearly trampled. She is rescued by egomaniacal X-rated movie director Hugo Schick, who also owns Herzog's. Fascinated by the bizarre intersection of sex, film and crime, she finds herself drawn to Jakob Kinsky, the movie-loving son of the local syndicate boss. Like the noir classics that are the reference points for this novel, *The Skin Palace* explores a peculiar aesthetic derived from the thrill of fear and the unknown.

Michael Connelly established his credentials as a crime novelist with four books featuring LAPD detective Harry Bosch. Now he turns to Jack McEvoy, a *Rocky Mountain News* crime reporter whose twin brother, a Denver homicide detective, is found dead, with a supposed suicide note written on his windshield. McEvoy discovers that his brother is just one of a series of cop suicides, each connected by a quotation from Edgar Allan Poe. ***The Poet*** (Little, Brown) is a deadly game with a serial cop killer that accelerates rapidly.

Two different journeys are described in new nonfiction books. Jon Krakauer's ***Into the Wild*** (Villard) is the story of a young man named Chris McCandless, who abandoned a comfortable life in Washington, D.C. to experience nature at its most rugged. In April 1992 he entered the Alaskan wilderness alone, on foot, with a .22 rifle and a backpack containing ten pounds of rice. Inspired by the writing of Tolstoy and Thoreau, he wanted to live simply by hunting and foraging. Four months after he embarked on his journey, his partially decomposed and emaciated body was found by moose hunters.

After writing a magazine article about McCandless, Krakauer (who also wrote PLAYBOY's *Fitness* column for two years) found himself fascinated by the young man's obsessions and spent more than a year reconstructing the steps that led to his death. By sharing revelations about his own youth and his feelings for the wilderness, the author takes readers into the mind of McCandless. The book makes sense of the dreams and idealism behind a seemingly senseless death.

Playing off the Rail (Random House) by David McCumber is the colorful tale of three-and-a-half months on the road as stakeholder for a professional pool hustler named Tony Annigoni. From the September afternoon when McCumber demands $15,000 in cash from an incredulous teller at his bank to the end of an all-night game in January when they divide $13,200 in winnings, the two go on a pool-shooting tour across North America. This is the nonfiction version of *The Hustler* with a cast of players and railbirds whose private jargon would have made Damon Runyon proud.

Annigoni plays in tournaments that attract the best players, and in downtown pool halls, while McCumber sweats and counts the money. Despite considerable effort and skill, McCumber and Annigoni divide only modest winnings after a long stretch of train rides and late nights. But McCumber emerges with a book destined to become a classic.

BOOK BAG

The Encyclopedia of Beer (Henry Holt), edited by Christine Rhodes: Nine writers celebrate beers and brewing with more than 900 entries that cover traditions, terminology, festivals and trivia.

MEN

By ASA BABER

Some of you remember Jack Webb as Sergeant Joe Friday on the TV show *Dragnet*. "Just the facts, ma'am," Webb would often say, looking like a bloodhound on tranquilizers as he interviewed a witness or suspect.

Just the facts? Let's start with some facts, my fellow bloodhounds, but let's skip the tranquilizers. I would like you to be awake for this one, because it is an important subject.

Please read the facts listed below. Read them carefully and absorb what you read. Take it into your gut and heart as well as your brain. Then string these facts together and ask yourself what they mean for us, our children and our future:

No other country in the world has a higher divorce rate than the U.S. Today, 40 out of 100 first marriages end in divorce (compared with 16 out of 100 first marriages in 1960).

The U.S. is the world's leader in fatherless families. We took over first place from Sweden in 1986.

Some 40 percent of America's children do not live with their biological fathers.

It is estimated that 55 percent to 60 percent of all children born in the Nineties will spend part of their childhood living apart from their fathers.

In 1960 the number of children living in single-parent families was about 5 million. Today, the number is 18 million. (The total number of children has grown from 63.7 million in 1960 to 66.9 million in 1993.)

In a study of living arrangements for both black and white children from 1960 to 1993, the number of children living with only their fathers was 3.5 percent.

Some 40 percent of the children who live with their mothers have not seen their fathers in at least a year. More than 50 percent of those children have never been in their father's home.

One fifth of divorced mothers see no value in a father's contact with his children. Of that number, many try to sabotage the father's attempts to see his children (by sending the children away before the father arrives, insisting the child is too ill to see him, claiming the child has homework to do, etc.).

Twenty-six percent of absent fathers live in a state different from their children's place of residence.

STEVE TURK

JUST THE FACTS

Seventy-two percent of adolescent murderers grew up without fathers.

Sixty percent of America's rapists grew up without their fathers.

Seventy percent of the juveniles in state reform institutions grew up in single-parent or no-parent situations.

Fatherless children are twice as likely to drop out of school as their peers who live with both parents.

Children who exhibit violent behavior in school are 11 times as likely not to live with both parents.

Children from low-income, two-parent families outperform those from high-income, single-parent homes. Almost twice as many high achievers come from two-parent homes.

Some 1.6 million children ages 5 to 14 return from school to a home that is absent of adults.

Children, particularly boys, from divorced families score lower on average on reading and math tests.

Between 1960 and 1988, the teenage suicide rate tripled.

Three out of four teen suicides occur in households where a parent is absent.

Fatherless children are at a dramatically greater risk of suicide (as well as mental illness, drug and alcohol abuse, poor academic performance, pregnancy and criminality).

Children living apart from their biological fathers experience more accidental injuries, asthma, headaches and speech defects.

Eighty percent of adolescents in psychiatric hospitals come from broken homes.

A study of preschool children admitted to New Orleans hospitals as psychiatric patients found, again, that nearly 80 percent came from fatherless homes.

Fatherless children are five times more likely to live in poverty than children living with both parents.

One of every four children growing up in the Nineties will eventually enter a stepfamily. It is estimated that nearly half of all children in stepfamilies will see their parents divorce again by the time they reach their late teens.

In America's most distressed neighborhoods, more than 40 percent of families are headed by single women.

In 1960 5.3 percent of all live births were to unwed mothers. In the Nineties 30 percent of all live births are to unwed mothers. By the year 2000, 40 percent of American children will be born out of wedlock.

Only one in six children of divorced or separated parents sees the father at least once a week. Ten years after divorce, only one in ten children has weekly contact with the father. More than two thirds of these kids have no contact with their fathers.

Roughly 75 percent of American children living in single-parent families will experience poverty before they are 11 years old.

More than nine of ten stepchildren live with their biological mother and stepfather.

When asked to name the "adults you look up to and admire," 20 percent of children in single-parent families named their fathers (compared with 52 percent of children in two-parent families).

Those are some of the facts. If we do not change them for the better—and soon—we will not have a society worth living in.

My special thanks to Dr. Wade Horn, director of the National Fatherhood Initiative in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for his publication *Father Facts*. That booklet was the primary source for this column.

Before it's too late, let's bring fathers back into the American family.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MY LIFE AS A MAN

I went shopping today. It was heaven. Such a relief, going into a giant department store, combing through tights, feeling the different textures of scarves between my fingertips, trying on jackets and dresses slowly and deliberately, doing my world-famous Marilyn-Monroe-on-acid poses in front of the mirror.

It's way more fun than being on testosterone.

I don't see how men do it, having such a hormone pumping through their bodies day and (especially) night. How do guys ever think? Or choose, or ponder, or find underwear?

Why only yesterday afternoon, I almost committed girl felony. I was at my close friend Lucy's for tea and ended up next to her husband, Paul, on the sofa. It is a small sofa. I have always known theoretically that Paul is an attractive fellow—beautiful greeny-blue eyes, thick brown hair shot with red and gold, tall, muscular—oh my God. Paul sat inches from me. He was watching football. It took all my strength to keep my hand from running over his thigh. Fantastically detailed sexual fantasies went straight from my brain to my groin. I believe I began panting.

By now I have every confidence that you are asking yourself, "What the fuck?"

I'm glad you asked. I was on a book tour—buy my new book, please, please, please, so the dogs won't starve—and a few months ago I was in Australia, where I met some fabulous lesbians who told me about the joys of taking testosterone. They said it made you all horny and aggressive and, well, manly. I was riveted. Who knew that people could take testosterone? Naturally, I wanted some immediately. I could find out what makes guys guys. Have the kind of brain that can actually understand what a carburetor does. Differentiate my right brain from my left. Be the sort of person who says he's going to call and then doesn't.

Back in Los Angeles my doctor said that a day or two of wearing a testosterone patch would not cause me to grow a beard or anything. And he gave me a prescription for testosterone patches. Yes!

The pharmacist looked at me kind of funny. I paid her and took the patches home, went into the bathroom, applied them to my skin and heated them up, as directed, with a hair drier and waited.

The stuff hit me while I was sitting at the computer. Suddenly the screen was all bright and the rest of the room looked darker. I shook my head, confused. Shook it again. Everything still looked weird. I wondered if I had a brain tumor. Wherever I looked, things were either bright or dark. No modulation, just high contrast, very weird.

Then the guys came over to watch football. Forced me to drink beer, eat those horrible orange corn chips. The beer bored me, but the football game was infinitely more interesting. My gut twitched sideways when the quarterback was sacked. My quarterback. He was my guy, part of my gang. Nobody had better fuck with him. And when my team won, I couldn't recognize myself. Normally, when they show the losing team on TV I worry about them. I want them to feel better. Not now. Now I wanted them annihilated, even more.

We went out to a nightclub to see if I suddenly wanted to pick up broads. I didn't. All my mounting lust was directed toward men.

I was quite fabulous at that bar. Everything I said was smart, witty, important, cogent. I had many fascinating stories to tell. I knew that everyone was interested, that my perceptions were more fascinating than anyone else's. In some deep cavity of my brain I wondered if this was simply the testosterone, but it couldn't be. I was just too brilliant, that's all.

I drove home and wanted anyone who cut me off on the freeway immediately dead. I reveled in the power of my truck. I was bigger and faster than anyone.

I got home and phoned my son.

"Call me Dad," I said.

"Get a life," he said.

The next morning I was really surly. Nobody could do anything right. The cellular phone company tried to fuck with me. They didn't get away with it. I wasn't in the mood to cuddle the dogs. I was tired of my new weird eyesight, bored with everyone phoning and asking if I suddenly had the hots for girls. Everything was pissing me off.

And my lust was growing. Usually I feel lust when there is reason to feel lust: during sex. Watching Dennis Quaid in *The Big Easy*. Eating large carrots. But now my lust was constant, just sitting there in my body, waiting for something to attach it to. The guy doing the weather on TV looked great. The UPS man, a weedy little weirdo, took on an interesting vibe. And then Paul, my friend's husband, put me over the top.

I tore myself away from Paul. Drove home sweaty and nauseated. Knocked over a couple of my neighbors' trash cans as I swung my truck into the driveway. Ran into the house and sat down on the floor as a wave of dizziness careened through my head.

Horrible stuff! Not funny anymore. No wonder teenage boys go goofy and violent, with this drive suddenly coming upon them. This stuff needs major micromanagement. It's something that swings your mind around, whether you want it to or not. All women should try it for a day to see what men deal with. All men should try estrogen once or twice, maybe when they decorate their houses.

I pulled up my skirt, ready to rip off those pesky patches. (Maybe I shouldn't have used three when I was told to use one. I was never any good at following drug directions.)

But I stopped. I had one more thing to do. I went into the bedroom and masturbated. A harsh, really short orgasm. Like ten seconds instead of a minute or so.

Ten seconds. What's the point?

PLAYBOY TV: MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED

The Best of PAMELA ANDERSON

Playdates: January 1, 5, 11, 13, 17, 27

Your Playmate Hosts for January

Victoria Fuller
Miss January

Kona Carmack
Miss February

Cheers to a January filled with sensual excitement on Playboy TV. Take a warm break from winter with *Wet & Wild: Hot Holidays.* Explore sexuality in the video age with the premiere of *Private Liaisons,* Playboy TV's erotic new series from France. Follow a modern-day Casanova obsessed with *Other Men's Wives* in Playboy's World Premiere Movie. And see what happens when a naked housewife confronts an unsuspecting handyman in *Playboy's Really Naked Truth.* Playboy series, specials and motion pictures are the perfect way to ring in 1996... 24 hours a day, all year long!

PLAYBOY TV

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DirecTV or PrimeStar dealer.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

If I had a dime for every time I've been told "You're the nicest guy I've ever met" or "You'll make some woman very happy someday," I'd be able to retire the national debt. Once you're labeled a nice guy, it's like you have a disease. Why do women prefer jerks who treat them badly? Even worse, who do you think they complain to about Jerk Man? You guessed it. Help!—L.M., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Take heart. Nice girls do fuck nice guys. They're only toying with Jerk Man, who will die angry, bitter and heartbroken (say that aloud—it feels good). Nice guys, on the other hand, are like annuities: We pay off in the long run. So when does a nice guy's luck turn? The moment he stops being a schmuck. If you're hot for a woman and she doesn't respond except to bend your ear, find a smarter woman. Many nice girls share your frustrations, by the way, wondering why guys drool over bitchy bimbos at the bar while ignoring the adventurous, sexy woman who lives next door. There's probably a nice girl in the wings of your life waiting for you to stop whining about all the women who think you're a nice guy.

I've heard that sex and chocolate produce the same chemical reaction in the brain. Is that true?—P.C., Boise, Idaho.

If she's naked, walking toward you and drenched in the stuff, you bet. Chocolate contains an antidepressant (phenylethylamine) that's also found in the pleasure center of the brain (it's the chemical responsible for that euphoric feeling you get when you fall in love). During orgasm, your PEA level rises sharply—even if you haven't just downed a handful of green M&M's. Inspired by surveys that reveal that many people crave chocolate more than sex, cosmetics companies have marketed chocolate body paint and chocolate-scented perfume and bubble bath, among other sensual products. Not that any of this is news. Centuries ago, the Aztec emperor Montezuma II supposedly consumed 50 cups of chocolate a day because of its reputation as a sexual stimulant. We doubt it gave him more than a massive headache. Still, play it safe and take along condoms when you deliver that heart-shaped box.

My boyfriend keeps telling me he's going to give me a pearl necklace for Valentine's Day, but I don't think he means jewelry. Is this a sexual reference?—K.M., Upton, Massachusetts.

Sounds like you snagged quite the romantic. In sexual slang, a pearl necklace refers to what happens when a man comes on a woman's neck, either after fellatio or while sliding his erection between her breasts.

We've heard there's birth control that can be taken after sex. Is that true? My girlfriend and I had a scare after a condom broke, so we're curious about any safety valves out there.—R.W. and P.G., Oakland, California.

Given our culture's reliance on pills to battle everything from tension headaches to lackluster personalities, it's surprising that we haven't embraced more drugs that combat the serious social problem of unwanted pregnancy. Last year, six reproductive-health experts published "Emergency Contraception: The Nation's Best-Kept Secret," which explains three little-known but legal methods. The first, a combination of birth control pills taken within 72 hours after unprotected sex, can improve a woman's chances of not getting pregnant by at least 75 percent (the drugs prevent the fertilized egg from implanting in the uterus). The other two are a copper-T intrauterine device inserted by a doctor within seven days after intercourse, and minipills—birth control that doesn't contain estrogen. These methods are not well known, the authors say, largely because drug companies aren't eager to market products that stop pregnancies after fertilization occurs. The irony is that widespread use could cut the need for abortion considerably. The book identifies 1500 physicians and clinics that provide legal morning-after contraceptives (to order a copy of the book, call 800-721-6990). A list of providers is also available on the World Wide Web at http://opr.princeton.edu/ec/ec.html.

My girlfriend loves oral sex, but I don't like the taste of her vaginal fluid. I once left the bedroom to clean up after she reached orgasm and she got upset. I don't know why I'm so squeamish. Is this sort of reaction abnormal?—L.M., Boston, Massachusetts.

No, but most men get over it the moment they elicit that first moan of pleasure. Before we offer a practical suggestion, reconsider your attitude toward a natural substance that is mostly water, low in calories and was once revered in the Far East as an elixir. (You may not live forever licking her clitoris, but you can make time stop.) We can understand your girlfriend's reaction to your skipping out of the room as if you had eaten a bad oyster. Who wouldn't be offended? Next time down, place a warm, wet washcloth under or near the bed. Dive into cunnilingus enthusiastically, and after she reaches orgasm and falls back on the pillow to collect herself, discreetly wipe your mouth and chin. This method works all the better if you're still under the covers—and she's busy thanking you.

After a recent lovemaking session, I told my girlfriend that her vagina seemed warmer than usual and that it left my penis feeling very hot. She poured a glass of ice water (we were in the kitchen foraging for food) and said playfully, "Let me cool it off for you." She then reached inside my boxers, took out my cock and submerged it in the glass. I shivered like a madman but immediately got another erection. I lifted her onto the counter and reentered her. She said her pussy felt like an oven that was melting me. After a few minutes, I withdrew and gave myself another dousing. We kept going for a good 20 minutes before she came. What do you think?—J.M., Buffalo, New York.

We've always loved sex on the rocks. Why not add a chill to foreplay as well? Have your girlfriend lie on her back, then draw an ice cube gently across her body. Touch the ice to her nipples, to her vulva, to the bottoms of her feet. Place a small cube between your teeth and tease her clitoris. When she can't take anymore, hand over the reins. Years ago, one female reader told us that she enjoyed putting crushed ice in her cheeks before giving her boyfriend a blow job. As the ice melted, the water cascading down his erection caused quite a sensation.

A year after graduating with an advanced degree, I'm living with my parents and working as a temp. My friends have urged me to move to a larger city and hit the bricks. I know many people my age have done this, but what kind of plan do you suggest?—L.J., Louisville, Kentucky.

If you've been living at home, you probably have a cash cushion to tide you over for a few months. If not, get cracking. Make finding a decent apartment your first priority. A serious job search can take time and energy (sometimes more than a job itself), and having a comfortable place to relax will help keep your spirits up. Because you're already

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

working as a temp, ask your agency if it has a branch in the city where you're relocating. Someone may be able to schedule an assignment for you. That will provide rent money, and you'll probably have access to a fax machine, a computer, a phone and a network of co-workers who have overcome the same challenges you're facing.

Because I'm in a long-distance relationship, I use a vibrator nearly every day. Will overuse desensitize my vulva?—D.P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Most women find that the more they use a vibrator, the more challenging it can be to reach orgasm with one. You can remedy the situation by varying your routine. Bring yourself to the brink of orgasm with the vibrator, then use your hand to take you over the edge. Or start with your hand, finish with the vibrator. Change your position (walk around, sit in a chair, roll to your knees). Call your boyfriend and ask him to tease you by taking control of your pleasure: At his command, you have to turn off the vibrator and stimulate yourself some other way; when he says so, you can rev it back up.

Can you get herpes if someone who has a cold sore gives you head?—O.D., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Yes. The strain of herpes that causes cold sores has also been identified as the root of 20 percent to 30 percent of genital herpes cases, suggesting these viruses were contracted through oral sex. The good news, if you can call it that, is: Research indicates that genital herpes contracted through oral sex reactivates far less often (if ever) than herpes spread through intercourse. While not every fever blister or canker sore is a sign of herpes, hold off on oral sex until it heals. Open sores or cuts in the mouth are also a route by which the AIDS virus can spread.

My past relationships have been sensual, long-term affairs. I definitely push the envelope in bed. However, nothing I do seems to inspire my new boyfriend. I rent videos, but he doesn't want to watch them. I buy books and they sit on the shelf unopened. I've asked him to perform cunnilingus on me, but he has only half-attempted twice. I try to talk to him about it, but he just waves me off. I know he's from the Midwest, but give me a break. He never seems to protest the fast and furious blow jobs or two-hour massages I give him. I'm trying to save this one. What's a liberated woman to do?—T.R., Houston, Texas.

Move on.

In March, a buddy will celebrate 40 years of marriage. We would like to recreate the bachelor party we threw for him in 1956, complete with some black-and-white stag films. Is there any way I can get these classics?—N.A., Topeka, Kansas.

There sure is, and the reels are as grainy and unerotic as you remember. A wide variety of vintage stag films have been collected and transferred to video. For starters, sample a later volume of Video Specialists International's "What Got Grandpa Hot" (717-675-0227) or Something Weird Video's "Grandpa Bucky" series (206-361-3759). If the blue bug really bites, Filmfare Video Labs stocks 70 similar tapes (800-344-2992). As we explained here last month, however, many mail-order distributors will not ship adult videos to certain federal districts for fear of harassment by overzealous prosecutors. Unfortunately, this includes Kansas.

What are the differences among VS, VSOP and XO cognacs?—J.S., Fresno, California.

The higher the grade of cognac, the older the blend; the more flavor and color it absorbs from the oak barrel, the smoother it tastes. Although French law sets minimum standards for the aging required in each grade, the four major cognac houses raise the bar higher. In general, the cognacs used to create Very Special blend have been aged an average of five years, those used for Very Superior Old Pale 10 to 12 years, Napoléon 20 to 25 years, eXtra Old 35 to 40 years and premium brands such as Hennessy's Paradis 55 to 60 years.

I've noticed in adult magazines that oral, anal and vaginal penetration is almost always blocked out with a black dot. Why is this?—P.T., Dayton, Ohio.

When a magazine places a black dot over penetration, it's covering its ass. There are no specific federal regulations that require this censorship, but in many locales a dot, a star or even a red circle around the word Gulp! means the difference between harmlessly erotic and illegally obscene. Because the defense against an obscenity charge is to argue that a work has some literary, scientific, artistic, political or social value taken as a whole, a photo excised from a magazine or film for use in an advertisement loses the benefit of that context. That makes it all the more difficult to defend. Who needs the hassle, especially when censorship can be an effective marketing tool? No matter what's under it, the dot leaves the impression that you're missing out on something very, very naughty.

I have always longed to be able to have my husband suckle my breasts, but I would prefer to avoid the inconvenience of having a baby. Can it be done?—L.L., Baltimore, Maryland.

Some women can achieve lactation with constant and prolonged manual and oral stimulation of the nipples, but few have the patience, and the results (besides leaving you sore) will probably be disappointing. Long ago, nannies served as wet nurses for other women's newborns, but they did this by continuing breast stimulation after weaning their own infants. Your desires are not unusual: Many women become aroused during breast-feeding. But forcing lactation for someone who doesn't need the milk sounds like more trouble than it's worth.

A visiting client suggested we have lunch at a strip club. Is this a good place to take a client, or should I have suggested an alternative?—L.H., Dallas, Texas.

It depends on what you plan to talk about. Many clubs cater to executives, and the distractions they provide can encourage quick decisions ("let's get this over with. . . "). On the other hand, we can think of easier places to make a sales pitch—if you think he's distracted when the restaurant bar has a game on TV, wait until a topless dancer grinds her navel in his face. Half the salesmen surveyed recently by "Sales & Marketing Management" magazine said they had entertained a client at a topless club; most said it wasn't their idea but that they considered it part of doing business.

Last night when my husband and I were opening responses to our ad in a swingers' magazine, he went pale as a ghost. One letter included a photo of a nude woman, and it was his sister. We had no idea she and her new husband were swingers and we don't think she knows we are (we use a pseudonym in our ads). My husband says we should return the letter and photo marked "not interested" and say nothing more. I argue that we should discuss the situation with them, because our paths are sure to cross and that would be more uncomfortable. I'm not suggesting that we swing with them, but perhaps they could benefit from our experience. What do you think?—M.J., New York, New York.

Small world, eh? Acknowledge the letter for exactly the reason you state. Rather than send a written reply, invite your sister-in-law and her husband to dinner. Don't reveal your shared lifestyle with the idea that they might benefit from your experience—who says they're beginners? Simply explain that you wanted to acknowledge the unusual situation in a comfortable, familiar setting rather than after rounding the corner at a party. Then have a good laugh. It's a great story, after all, and your husband couldn't buy a better opening line than "Say, do you know my sister?"

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Send all letters to the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions on the World Wide Web at http://www.playboy.com/faq/faq.html.*

THE COMPUTERS HAVE EYES

how private is private in the digital age?

Privacy has always been a vital issue in American social and political life, and the widespread use of computers has made it even more so. We asked André Bacard (abacard@well.com), author of *The Computer Privacy Handbook*, to discuss the state of privacy in the digital age. The exchange took place via electronic mail, so millions of you may have already read this.

PLAYBOY: What is your definition of privacy?

BACARD: Privacy is the ability to control what, when and how your personal data is given to other people. Powerful institutions believe their right to privacy has a bona fide basis (for instance, "national security" or "trade secrets"), while the individual's claim to privacy is suspicious and subject to these institutions' veto. For me, privacy is a necessary part of democracy. That's why we vote with secret ballots.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that most Americans share your concerns about privacy?

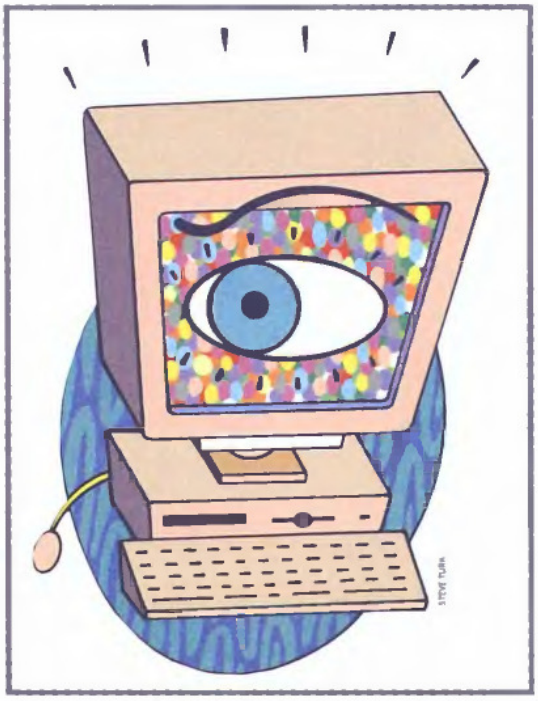
BACARD: I think Americans place a high value on privacy. They just don't know how to protect themselves. Movies such as *The Net* show people how easily their privacy can be invaded but offer no solutions.

PLAYBOY: Yet many people reading this may be thinking, So what? I have nothing to hide.

BACARD: Show me someone who has no financial, sexual, social, political or professional secrets to keep from his family, neighbors or colleagues, and I'll show you someone who is either an exhibitionist or a dullard. Show me a corporation that has no trade secrets or confidential records, and I'll show you a business that isn't very successful. Discretion and tact are pillars of civilization.

PLAYBOY: Do Americans have a double standard about privacy?

BACARD: Many do. Dan Quayle was upset when *Business Week* obtained his credit report. Is he equally upset when his family's newspapers investigate the finances of public figures? George Bush complained bitterly that the press snooped into his family affairs. Yet, is Bush, a former director of the CIA, as morally repulsed when that agency intrudes into people's lives? President Clinton criticized the tabloids for exposing his sexual affairs. But at the same time, he supported the clipper chip, which would have given the government access to all online communications and was a huge threat to privacy. Most of us feel it is our natural right to search our children's closets, but we are shocked when our children snoop through our belongings.



PLAYBOY: If you were Big Brother and wanted to create a surveillance society, where would you begin?

BACARD: I would start by creating dossiers on kindergarten children so that the next generation could not comprehend a world without surveillance. I'd also scare the public with stories about terrorists, pedophiles and drug dealers. In fact, that's exactly what's going on right now.

PLAYBOY: But Americans want Uncle Sam to protect them from criminals. How do we balance these two expectations—that the government will catch bad guys and won't violate anyone's privacy in the process?

BACARD: Government surveillance is justified when there is evidence that someone is planning or has committed a serious felony, such as a bombing. At the same time, police agencies have always used private data about people in order to squash dissent. A Russian dissident told me that he once asked a KGB agent why he spent so much time tailing him. The agent shrugged and said, "We don't have computers like the CIA." Computers help snoops because they have huge, reliable memories, they're unforgiving, they allow sophisticated memory searches and their records are easily and cheaply transferable.

PLAYBOY: In 1994 Congress passed and President Clinton signed the Digital Telephony Act, which ensures that the FBI and other agencies will someday have the technical ability to wiretap phones by remote control. What is your take on this?

BACARD: Each year there are roughly 1000 court-authorized wiretaps in the U.S. Does Big Brother need the power to wiretap 250 million people in order to catch 1000 mafiosi, drug dealers and pedophiles? No. This law will cost taxpayers at least $500 million, which is the down payment needed to reengineer the nation's telecommunications systems for these kinds of wiretaps.

PLAYBOY: How about the National Crime Information Center?

BACARD: The NCIC is the FBI's database. Before privacy advocates protested, the FBI had proposed an updated version that would tie into the computers used by airlines, banks, car-rental companies, credit bureaus, the IRS and phone companies. If this isn't a surveillance state, what is?

PLAYBOY: The Supreme Court has ruled in several privacy cases that people have "a diminished expectation of privacy in some situations." That is, if you give your name to a department store or travel agency, the court might argue that living in a digital age means you can't expect it to remain private.

BACARD: The "diminished expectation of privacy" is a power game. Say a corporation gives its employees the impression that their voice mail is private. But when an employee discovers that his boss reads his electronic mail, the corporation says, "You should have known that e-mail is not private." How are employees supposed to know?

PLAYBOY: Is the solution never to give anyone any information that might be entered in a computer database? That seems impossible.

BACARD: That's why we must persuade legislators and the Supreme Court to have more respect for our privacy. It is possible for each of us to reduce the amount of data that we give out, but it will take thought and sacrifice.

PLAYBOY: Is it really that easy for someone to get information about us, or does it take the resources of James Bond?

BACARD: Learning to run a computer program can take a bit of work, but James Bond skills aren't needed. To make a point, the editors of *Macworld* recently investigated a group of prominent Americans, people who usually take more steps than the average citizen to hide personal information. Using a budget of $100 per person, *Macworld* editors sought all legally accessible data from four commercial and two governmental data suppliers. In addition, the magazine inspected freely available public records. The editors were able to obtain birth dates, civil court filings, commercial loans and debts, corporate ties, driving records, home phone numbers and addresses, marriage records, neighbors' addresses and telephone numbers, real estate records, Social Security numbers, tax liens and vehicle and voter registrations.

Not so long ago, only a few private detectives knew these tricks. When the common criminal becomes computer-literate, America will be in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Besides the government, who are the foremost enemies of privacy?

BACARD: In America, mass marketers, credit bureaus, employment agencies and data peddlers assert that personal data is an economic commodity that belongs to them. They claim that the First Amendment gives them the right to trade or sell your personal data because you gave it to some department store or travel agency.

PLAYBOY: You've said that computers make it easier for people to snoop. How easy is it for someone to read your electronic mail?

BACARD: What if the Postal Service were to photocopy all of your incoming and outgoing mail and store it for six months? You would be alarmed. However, this is common practice for e-mail providers. In addition, e-mail snoops can easily scan your mail for "subversive" key words such as sex, marijuana, maybe even PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: Who are these snoops?

BACARD: Many times they're employers. One survey of businesses found that roughly 25 percent admitted that they eavesdrop on their employees' computer files, e-mail or voice mail. E-mail sent over the Internet is child's play to intercept. The typical message travels through many computers before reaching its destination. Of course, most snoops will deny they're reading your e-mail because they want to continue doing so.

PLAYBOY: Can't you delete the e-mail you've sent or received to prevent others from seeing it?

BACARD: Many Internet providers and network administrators store incoming and outgoing mail even after you think you've deleted it. This is what happened, ironically, to the Reagan and Bush administrations over Iran-contra. Oliver North deleted electronic mail, but the e-mail lived on and last year was published as a book.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way to keep your e-mail away from snooping eyes?

BACARD: I suggest that people learn to use PGP (pretty good privacy) encryption software, which scrambles and unscrambles data. For example, PGP can encrypt "André" so that it appears as "457mRT&%$354." If you have PGP, you can then decrypt that code back into "André." Until recently, government agencies such as the National Security Agency had a monopoly on encryption. Personal computers make it possible for everyone to use encryption, which is how it should be. Thomas Jefferson was an amateur cryptographer. He developed a private crypto system with James Madison, and he invented an elaborate wheel cipher. No doubt King George's allies considered Jefferson suspicious, if not criminal, for hiding his diplomatic thoughts.

PLAYBOY: Do a lot of people use encryption? Our impression has always been that it's a hassle.

BACARD: It's not if you have something you want to keep from prying eyes. Politicians running election campaigns, citizens storing tax records, therapists protecting clients' files, entrepreneurs guarding trade secrets, journalists protecting their sources and people seeking romance are a few of those who use it. Suppose you're a manager and you need to e-mail an employee about his job performance. You may be required by law to keep the letter confidential. Encryption also helps secure online financial transactions. And yes, criminals use encryption, but they're more likely to use cars, gloves and ski masks to evade capture. Should we restrict or outlaw those items?

PLAYBOY: Is encryption foolproof?

BACARD: An agency with multimillion-dollar supercomputers, crypto experts and a burning desire to spy on you could probably break your code and read your mail. But your boss, friend, online provider or neighborhood hacker has zero chance. Using encryption protects your privacy far better than not using it.

PLAYBOY: We see your point. But we can't help feeling this all sounds overly dramatic. Some people might even see it as paranoid.

BACARD: I don't have any patience for paranoia; it immobilizes people. But everyone should be aware.

DIGITAL PRIVACY TIPS

ANONYMOUS REMAILERS

An anonymous remailer strips your return address from electronic mail to protect your identity. It also allows other online users to reply to your messages anonymously. There are about a dozen free public remailer services on the Internet, but none are foolproof. If you're blowing the whistle on your boss, for instance, he or she can see your messages en route to the remailer if you're using your work account. Remailers have also been compromised during police investigations. A list of public remailers, along with instructions on how to use them, are available by pointing your World Wide Web browser to http://www.cs.berkeley.edu/~raph/remailerlist.html.

CORDLESS PHONES

It's illegal to eavesdrop on cellular phone conversations, but since when has that stopped a determined snoop with a scanner? Newer 900 MHz digital phones are less vulnerable. If you're using a cellular phone—and 20 million Americans do—ask your service provider if it offers encryption.

ELECTRONIC MAIL

Before you sign on to any online service, read the consent agreement carefully. Some providers reserve the right to inspect e-mail messages without notice. If you're using an account provided by your employer, your e-mail is probably not considered private.

Also know that while your e-mail account may be secure, the people you're corresponding with may not be so fortunate. And most e-mail messages that are sent over the Internet bounce around before being delivered, allowing hackers and snoops plenty of opportunity to intercept them.

ENCRYPTION

André Bacard's Privacy Page (point your Web browser to http://www.well.com/user/abacard) includes an introduction to using PGP (Pretty Good Privacy). This free software can be downloaded from http://web.mit.edu/network/pgp.html. If you prefer point-and-click, Via Crypt offers a Windows and Mac interface for about $125 (800-536-2664), and there are several less expensive freeware and shareware shells floating around the Net.

PASSWORDS

Passwords are crucial to maintaining your digital privacy. That's why you should change them regularly, including those on answering machines that offer remote access and your bank personal identification number. You should not use the same password on all your accounts.

A computer password offers more flexibility because it can be longer and have more variety than a PIN.

> "Sex," for example, is an awful password—it's short, common and easy to break.

The best passwords combine letters (uppercase and lowercase), numbers, punctuation and symbols and ideally are easy to remember but hard to guess.

"Sex," for example, is an awful password—it's short, common and easy to break since it appears in the dictionary (hackers often use scanning programs that submit dictionary words until they get a match). One study found that more than half of the women at one company used "baby" as their password; the men preferred four-letter vulgarities. Your user name spelled backward, the default you're given when you open an account, the name of your spouse, your phone number, your hobbies, the titles or characters of TV programs or movies, slang words and cultural icons (Madonna, Cosby, Celtics, Jesus, Goethe) are lousy passwords. Instead, use longer, more complex combinations such as 52=LeTSFUNfun or I619like768dogs4567.

Finally, never trust your software. Many software developers include "back doors" in password systems because so many users forget theirs and ask for help. "These firms don't want angry customers suing them for lost data," notes Bacard. Trouble is, this provides snoops with a way in.

SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER

It's hard to believe that this innocuous nine-digit number can wreak so much havoc in the wrong hands. But because many federal agencies, banks and other institutions use it to identify records in their databases, over the years the Social Security number has become one of the digital keys that helps snoops learn more about you. The Internal Revenue Service and financial institutions can require it, but you are under no legal obligation to provide it to merchants who use it for record keeping. Never have your number printed on your checks, business cards or other identification, and it doesn't have to be on your driver's license. Notes Bacard, "The FBI, Secret Service and other government agencies know the dangers of stolen Social Security numbers; yet many bureaucrats still hassle you for refusing to give it out."

VOICE MAIL

If you use voice mail, assume that your phone company, voice mail firm or employer can monitor your messages. A case that may help define privacy rights in this area is pending in New York. Michael Huffcut, a regional supervisor for McDonald's, and a manager were having an affair and exchanged voice mail at work. The messages were retrieved by another manager and played for Huffcut's boss and Mrs. Huffcut. Huffcut, who protested and was fired, has filed suit in federal court.

—CHIP ROWE

READER

HUGH DONE IT

"The Rules of the Game" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) gives Hugh Grant another million dollars' worth of free publicity. Curious that Elizabeth Hurley, referred to as roommate and best friend but never lover, doesn't seem to mind all the hoopla.

Jim Perkins
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

I thought we had finally realized that, now more than ever, sex is a dangerous business. Unfortunately, the Hugh Grant story is juicier from the betrayal angle, so the frightening statistics about the diseases prostitutes carry have been overlooked. My view on Hugh? It's up to you if you want to expose yourself to syphilis, warts or AIDS, but how dare you threaten the life of a woman you profess to love.

Elizabeth Ballinger
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

As one who used to "pay for it," I think Hugh Grant should have gone for someone more respectable and not from the street. There are health risks involved.

Edward Johnson
Houston, Texas

FOR THE RECORD

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

"If God is truly a man, then we've hit the ultimate glass ceiling."

—OVERHEARD AT A WORKSHOP ON THE SUBJECT OF WOMEN AND RELIGION AT THE 1995 UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE ON WOMEN IN BEIJING

CYBERSCARY

Your article on Internet pornography is commendable ("Cyberscare Scrapbook," *The Playboy Forum*, November). As the operator of a private adult bulletin board system for seven years, I am curious as to why there is suddenly such a big deal being made over adult material that's available "at the touch of a button." I have seen it for at least 15 years. However, even I find it difficult to access sources of adult material other than my own service. The Internet has not been an easy avenue; I have yet to find adult material there. Private bulletin boards are the only places where I see adult files, and every one requires that I send a copy of my driver's license to prove my age. Private BBSes are closed communities. To enjoy what is offered, you must have the same interest as the proprietors. If the subject matter is unappealing or offensive, do yourself a favor and log off.

Jason Myers
Yorktown, Virginia

Leave it to people like senators James Exon and Charles Grassley to attempt to regulate something they know nothing about. Marty Rimm's study of Internet pornography was laughably stupid and inaccurate. It amazes me that *Time* was duped by the politically correct, morally corrupt idiots who make up our Congress. That they could attempt to legislate something as complex and expansive as the Internet makes me wonder if a second American revolution isn't necessary.

Michael Carnes
Papillion, Nebraska

I'm glad to see that someone (not surprisingly PLAYBOY) is finally willing to discuss the Rimm statistics in a way that defines what they are worth. Perhaps some of our government leaders will take a good look at this information and commit to doing research of their own. One statistic that Rimm omitted was the number of BBSes that require a copy of a driver's license and a signed statement of age. Most BBSes and a growing number of Internet Web sites that maintain collections of adult material now require this sort of information before they will issue an access password.

Dennis Fabiszak
Nesconset, New York

Thank you for your cyberporn coverage. Censorship on and restrictions of the Net, and of publications like yours, are dangerous in a democracy. I abhor all censorship, especially when it is supported by hypocritical right-wing demagogues.

Lance Mertz
Anchorage, Alaska

Thanks for your story on Rimm's flawed study. Let us hope his bogus statistics—and the recent arrest of more than a dozen America Online customers on child-porn charges—doesn't fuel enthusiasm in Washington for giving federal agents more power to snoop online. What wasn't largely reported about the recent FBI sting, dubbed Operation Innocent Images, was that the agents opened thousands of private messages under the guise of rooting out child porn. An article in the *Austin American-Statesman* said that federal officials during the investigation "were mindful of the privacy interests of those they monitored and that they ignored other private communications, including transmissions of adult pornography." Whew! Reading that made me breathe so much easier, especially since the FBI has so seldom abused its power in the past.

Cecil McDonald
New York, New York

As a former America Online subscriber, I was amused when I stumbled across a document, which apparently

RESPONSE

has been floating around the Internet for years, that purports to be AOL's guidelines on what is acceptable vocabulary in cyberspace. Hundreds of words are verboten. The interesting parts of the document are the footnotes that detail the sticky wickets of context. According to the guidelines, "Life's a bitch" is acceptable, but "My mom's a bitch" is vulgar. "Nirvana kicks ass" is OK, "Jenny is an ass"—no way. Wet is acceptable unless it refers to feminine arousal; hot is OK except when describing sex. Thankfully, you can call yourself a dyke or queer, you can use the word sex unless you're asking someone to have it with you and you can say that AOL sucks.

Bill Long
Los Angeles, California

As AOL and other computer online services that strive to provide family atmospheres have now learned, censorship can be hard work.

FLORIDA'S DRESSING-DOWN

In 1991 the state of Florida issued a performance permit for my stage production *MacArthur: The Man, the Beach & the Play*. The work documents the life of billionaire John MacArthur, who owned and established Palm Beach County's nude beach, which still bears his name. The state interrupted the performance by arresting me and three others for indecent exposure. After my lawyer successfully motioned that all charges be dismissed, the American Civil Liberties Union sued the state for violating my First Amendment rights as the playwright. That resulted in an $11,000 settlement. The cherry on the sundae? The ACLU sued the state for violating the First Amendment rights of my audience. That suit was settled out of court for $2500 and a long overdue acknowledgment of a 15-year-old Florida Supreme Court ruling that nudity is protected speech when combined with another form of expression. The settlement stipulates that the show—nudity and all—must go on, and it will (at noon on February 19, 1996 at MacArthur Beach in North Palm Beach). The performance is dedicated to audience rights, the aspect of the First Amendment that guarantees us access to every conceivable point of view in an open marketplace of ideas and information.

T.A. Wyner
Palm Beach, Florida

ART ATTACK

Senator Jesse Helms doesn't need to worry about images that destroy our collective moral fiber as long as censor cops like him are around. Take the property manager who shuttered the Fifth Annual Sensual & Erotic Art Exhibition at the Desmond Gallery in Los Angeles last fall. The show was closed two days after it opened because, according to the manager, the gallery did not get prior approval and the exhibit was not in keeping with the clean image the landlord wanted to project. The same show ran for three days in San Diego, where 2000 people saw it and nobody complained. Why was the exhibit censored in Hollywood? As an artist whose work appeared in the show, my First Amendment rights were abridged—not by the sheriff but rather by the whim of a property manager who appointed himself my censor and art critic.

Bernadette McNulty
Apple Valley, California

RUBY RIDGE

Kurt Fischer is dead wrong in his perceptions ("Overkill," *Reader Response*, *The Playboy Forum*, October). That Sammy Weaver was the first person in the Ruby Ridge incident to fire on another person is not relevant and indeed may not even be true. What is relevant is that a federal agent opened fire, purportedly to protect his cover (the logic of that escapes me). The agent was not in immediate danger and therefore had no legal right to fire a weapon. The attitude of law enforcement officers seems to be that even if they instigate an incident, any response constitutes a felony. I support the many courageous officers who defend me and my rights, but I just as ardently want to see felonious officers in jail with the other thugs.

Mike Williamson
Champaign, Illinois

Sergeant Kurt Fischer of the Pittsburgh Police Department can be applauded for his reasoning that the Weaver family might have been partially to blame for the standoff that resulted in several unnecessary deaths. But then he asks the question, "Who fired the first shot at a human being?" The question was a good one, but Fischer neglected to give the answer: a young boy who had just seen his dog shot by an unknown man in combat gear. How rational would any of us be if we discovered that a small army (which had already demonstrated its hostile intent) had surrounded our house and killed a child? When were the federal agents planning on announcing themselves? We must consider how much better things could have worked out if the FBI had simply walked up to the front door of the Weavers' cabin with a search warrant.

Allen Beard
Memphis, Tennessee

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

Finally, the cops admit what we knew all along. The boys in blue give new meaning to the term mug shot on a line of cups and T-shirts.

THE LOCKED BOX

at cornell, what you don't know can hurt you

By CRAIG L. HYMOWITZ

Hidden away within the College of Arts and Sciences at Cornell University is a mysterious locked box. The purpose of this box is to preserve informal complaints of sexual harassment until they are needed to ruin a career.

When its existence became widely known last year after a professor was accused of harassment, the box (which may actually be a locked filing cabinet or desk drawer) took many faculty members by surprise. It shouldn't have. At a sparsely attended spring faculty meeting five years ago, the "locked box" had been approved as part of a new sexual harassment policy. Supporters had hoped the box would make it easier for victims to report harassment without fear of retribution.

CALEF BROWN

Instead, it created a climate of fear among the faculty. If an informal complaint is made, the accused is not told how serious the charge is, or even that it exists. He or she can't find out, either. The only people with access to the box are two "senior sexual harassment counselors," faculty members appointed to their positions. After recording the informal complaint, these counselors decide whether to forward the charge (with the complainant's approval) to the faculty's professional-ethics committee. If that step is taken, the box is opened and anyone else who has made an informal charge is invited to join the chase. Thus, a "pattern of harassment" can be woven instantly from thin cloth.

The box is shrouded in such mystery that it may even be empty (as it was in the case considered last year by the ethics committee). The only certainty is that any accusations within are unproved and perhaps even invented. Who knows? Despite being championed by two history professors, the sexual harassment guidelines that prompted the creation of the box offer none of the historical guarantees of due process: There is no right to face one's accuser, no presumption of innocence, no impartial jury, no statute of limitations. Accusers may graduate and move on, but the files remain sealed. Because students would never be safe from possible retaliation, they can even add charges to the box long after they leave school.

Cornell's locked box is especially forbidding because allegations of sexual harassment have become the scarlet letter of the Nineties—the accusation for which there is no defense. Professors lecture on controversial topics with trepidation, fearful of creating a hostile environment in the mind of a morally outraged student. Which comment might offend? What behavior might be reported? Which charge might be dropped into the box? Should accusations of sexual harassment come to light, they could prove toxic even if later dismissed as exaggerations or falsehoods.

Before the new procedures were approved in 1991, harassment charges were handled informally within the college or referred to the university's office of equal opportunity, the office of the ombudsman or the judicial administrator. These informal procedures allowed the dean or department chair to discuss the charge with the accuser and the accused and attempt to gauge its validity. Sometimes what is viewed as harassment is the result of a simple misunderstanding. Other times it is more ominous. At the very least, the accused professor is made aware that his or her actions were viewed as inappropriate or threatening.

All this flexibility disappeared when the College of Arts and Sciences called its first meeting to discuss what some faculty felt were "inadequate procedures" for dealing with harassment charges. A small ad hoc committee took upon itself the task of producing new guidelines.

The committee decided to focus not on individual charges but on whether sexual harassment had occurred in a broad sense. History professor Isabel Hull said that she and the other members of the committee were "leery of treating innocence as if it were an easy, objective matter. If the actions of the accused were unintentional, the accused feels innocent. Yet, how does one judge a case in which the accuser felt harassed?" In other words, if a student felt harassed, he or she was harassed.

By allowing the box to exist, Cornell has not only aborted due process but also violated its original goals: to raise awareness about what constitutes sexual harassment and educate offenders. In the McCarthyite atmosphere that created the locked box, one can never be sure of one's own innocence.

Craig L. Hymowitz, a 1994 Cornell graduate, is a student at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. A longer version of this article originally appeared in "Heterodoxy."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

NOT IN SERVICE

DANIA, FLORIDA—*Using decoy hookers to fish for johns, the Broward County Sheriff's Department landed a whopper—a Mass Transit Division bus driver still driving his bus. The driver had completed*

his run when he picked up one last passenger, who happened to be an undercover cop dressed in tube top, high heels and cutoffs. The driver allegedly bartered for a $15 blow job.

SATAN SPEAKING

OKLAHOMA CITY—*Communications giants AT&T, MCI and Sprint are instruments of the devil. At least that's the claim of Lifeline, a self-described Christian long-distance service. The big three are in league with Satan, suggests Lifeline, for accepting homosexuals as employees and customers. Lifeline's long-distance callers can avoid this electronic consorting by subscribing to its 800-number service. "With one toll-free call," Lifeline's ads state, "you can make a stand for morality in America." You will also contribute ten percent of your monthly bill to such groups as the Christian Coalition, Operation Rescue and the American Family Association.*

HARD TIME

MONTPELIER, VERMONT—*The ACLU has filed a lawsuit on behalf of five sex offenders in St. Albans State Prison who participated in a "victim empathy class." The inmates were forced to undergo simulated anal intercourse while a therapist screamed obscenities at them. Officials defended the program as a form of "drama therapy" designed to help rapists understand what their victims go through. The ACLU claims the program could actually undermine efforts to reform prisoners by demeaning them. Many prisoners felt they had been "deeply and lastingly traumatized, sickened, terrified and humiliated." Prison therapists thought that was the idea behind the victim empathy program.*

UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT

MCALESTER, OKLAHOMA—*A condemned prisoner tried to cheat the state by overdosing on smuggled drugs shortly before his scheduled execution. He was revived at a hospital and returned to the death chamber, where the execution proceeded as planned. The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that a condemned prisoner must be awake for his execution, so he is aware that he is being executed.*

JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI—*Missouri prison officials couldn't understand why their lethally injected prisoner was still alive after 30 minutes, until guards figured out that the straps restraining him were cutting off his blood circulation. Once the straps were loosened, the man died without further complications.*

INTELLIGENT LIFE?

LOS ANGELES—*A 59-year-old North Hollywood man has been sentenced to 20 years in prison for molesting two underage girls. While posing as a space alien, the man told his victims he was sent to recruit a team of girls with superior beauty and intelligence for a female-dominated utopian society on the planet Cabell. After a round of strip poker to break down the recruits' subconscious barriers, the man had intercourse with them, saying that semen injections would ward off space diseases. One victim later commented to the "Los Angeles Times," "I don't feel like I was the smartest of people for going along."*

REFERENCES AVAILABLE

SAN DIEGO—*What kind of man starts a group called Center for Family Values? Jim Harnsberger, who founded the outfit, has been married five times, owes almost $20,000 in delinquent child support and reportedly kept a former girlfriend in line by telling her he would cut her into little pieces and throw them into the ocean.*

COCKNEY CAPERS

LONDON—*A policeman sent to investigate a burglary spent more than two hours on one of the victim's phones, calling sex chat lines. The bobby was busted when the phone bill showed the calls had been made while he was on the premises.*

SEXY SCRIPTURE

LONDON—*A new version of the Bible combines traditional biblical text with daily readings designed to strengthen relationships. The "Couples' Devotional Bible" openly discusses female orgasm, male fantasy and sex as food. The contemporary text counsels readers that "sometimes you sit down to a gourmet feast with candlelight, soft music, seven courses. Other times it's a snack on the run. Neither would be healthy all the time."*

COIN-OP CLEAVAGE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The campaign to replace dollar bills with dollar coins has encountered a group of formidable foes: strippers. Some limber ladies are concerned that the practice of tucking a buck in a G-string would die with the green-*

backs. Tipping with anything but foldable green, they say, would be as erotic as dropping a coin in a beggar's cup.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

FORUM

DEAD-BROKE DADS

why cold, hard cash just isn't enough

by STUART MILLER and ARMIN BROTT

Some fathers refuse to pay child support. We can seize their property, confiscate bank accounts, intercept tax returns, destroy credit ratings. We can attach their wages, suspend licenses and publicize names and addresses. We can print mock "wanted" posters that make them look as dangerous as gangsters. And they still won't pay.

It shouldn't come as a surprise, then, that President Bill Clinton and many members of Congress demand tougher, more punitive legislation. In fact, federal prosecutors are on the case right now.

But what will these new collection measures accomplish? According to most research on the subject, the answer is "not much." In 1992 the Institute for Research on Poverty at the University of Wisconsin found that 52 percent of obligors who are delinquent in their child support payments earn less than $6155 per year. That's not enough to support one person. And in a report by the General Accounting Office, 66 percent of mothers who do not receive support report that the fathers cannot afford to pay the support ordered. (The report also found that up to 14 percent of child-support obligors are deceased.)

Other government reports show that when there are court orders for support, 76 percent of fathers pay. According to Justice Department statistics, there are about 950,000 men in state and federal prisons. A survey of these inmates found that 76 percent of federal prisoners and 64 percent of state prisoners have one or more children. And there are thousands of men in mental institutions, drug rehab centers and homeless shelters. When you consider the number of unemployed, disabled or ill, the portrait of the deadbeat dad as callous falls apart.

Granted, there may be some overlap in these categories. But the bottom line is that the true percentages don't warrant the hysteria. The child-support crisis we've heard so much about doesn't exist.

What does exist, though, is an absent-father crisis. In 1992 the National Center for Health Statistics reported that a child living with a divorced mother is almost twice as likely as a child living with both parents to repeat a grade of school and is more likely to suffer from chronic asthma, headaches, bed-wetting or stuttering.

A recent study of 273,000 children conducted by Peter Benson and Judy Galbraith, authors of *What Kids Need to Succeed: Proven, Practical Ways to Raise Good Kids*, reports 30 requirements necessary to a child's development. Benson and Galbraith divide those assets into two categories—internal and external. Of the 16 external assets, more than half are parental contributions, including approachability, communicativeness and involvement at school. Financial support is not mentioned as being essential to the emotional well-being of a child.

Many of our greatest citizens grew up in poverty, but they managed to succeed because both parents were involved in their lives. It is time we focused on the most critical aspects of child support: the emotional and psychological support of the child.

Not surprisingly, research shows that fathers (and mothers) are less likely to pay financial support if they are cut off from their children. If the government would put one tenth of the time, energy and money it spends trying to squeeze blood out of turnips into ensuring that fathers are allowed to play an active role in their children's lives, the child-support problem would evaporate.

Women who receive child support are rarely asked to account for how they spend the money, nor are their own financial contributions scrutinized. What counts is that they spend time with their kids. Fathers should be held to the same standard.

According to a 1989 study by the Census Bureau, more than 90 percent of fathers with joint custody pay child support on time and in full. Almost 80 percent of fathers with visitation arrangements do so.

It's also important to recognize that almost 30 percent of delinquent child-support cases involve parents who live in different states. In 80 percent of these cases, the custodial mother is the one who moved, shattering the father-child bond that is critical to children's development. Still, among the fathers who have no custody, no visitation or no access of any kind, almost 45 percent pay child support.

The answer to the financial child-support problem is to focus on more important aspects of child support—namely emotional, psychological and physical presence. If we want to increase child-support compliance and minimize the impact of divorce, separation and illegitimacy, we need to consider the complete range of a child's needs. Let's create a system where it is more attractive for women to marry the fathers of their children than to collect welfare. The nurturing, discipline, caring and teaching that each parent provides cannot be replicated by one parent. And when families do break apart, let's foster an atmosphere that allows children the closest thing possible to a two-parent family. This is what real child support is all about.

Stuart Miller is the senior legislative analyst for the American Fathers' Coalition in Washington, D.C.

Armin Brott is a journalist from Berkeley and author of "The Expectant Father."

INTEGRATION: THE BIG LIE

in critical ways, whites and blacks are more apart than ever

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Wynton Marsalis was there. So were Quincy Jones, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Johnnie Cochran. My friend Anna Perez had invited me to a charity reception at Creative Artists Agency's headquarters in Los Angeles. Perez, who used to be Barbara Bush's press secretary, the first black press secretary in the White House, now does public relations for Mike Ovitz and for other heavies in the entertainment industry.

It was a great night. Marsalis played and the hors d'oeuvres were superb, but I noticed something was strange: There were hardly any white people present. When the talk turned to the O.J. Simpson verdict, as it almost always will, Cochran was not hailed as a hero, but neither was he vilified. There was a clear sense that any minority person can at any time be set up by the police simply for being the wrong color in the wrong neighborhood.

The same benefit of the doubt was extended to Louis Farrakhan, who had just organized the Million Man March. Even in Los Angeles, among these enormously successful people, there was a sense that blacks were far from secure in America.

Three days later I was at another bash, this one in honor of former *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee, who had published his memoirs. Guess what? There wasn't a single black person there who wasn't waiting tables. Again, the subject of O.J. came up, and this time there was much snickering about the "Cochran defense." Most contemptuous of it was Susan Estrich, the lawyer and talk-show host, a former liberal who had once managed Michael Dukakis' dismal presidential campaign. She also was vitriolic in her contempt for Farrakhan. Scores of people there told me their liberalism "had died with the O.J. verdict" or with Farrakhan's rhetoric.

Such scenes of racial isolation could have been lifted from South Africa during apartheid. But we were socializing in one of the more integrated venues of American life. Entertainment, along with sports and big-city politics, is a rare occupation where African Americans have made major gains. Yet, despite this increased mixing on the job, there seems to be less (rather than more) social interaction in our culture.

Whatever happened to integration? For some black people, greater economic success does not seem to produce more mixing of the races. Indeed, as a recent *Los Angeles Times* article pointed out, affluent blacks are choosing increasingly to live among other blacks rather than move into mixed or white neighborhoods where they can now afford to live. Black students now attend college in far larger numbers, but, as a recent *New York Times* article concluded, life on campus is often quite segregated. At MIT many black students choose to live on three dormitory floors that they call Chocolate City.

Separatism has become an accepted practice. Maybe it always was. In the black community, separatism has been a vital sentiment since the days of Marcus Garvey. It's reinforced today by a sense among black Americans that the slogans of integration haven't made this the promised land.

The big lesson of the Million Man March is that many blacks, of all classes, feel besieged. They place a premium on black unity as a precondition for further progress in white society. As the speakers at the march, Farrakhan included, made clear, they were not offering a doomed, romantic notion of black secession. The speeches called for a black renaissance to further progress.

The main gap between whites and blacks in this country is one of perception. While most blacks assert that racism remains an impediment to progress, whites overwhelmingly think that view is rubbish.

A majority of whites polled in a *Washington Post*–Harvard University survey said that "the average black is faring as well or better than the average white in such specific areas as jobs, education and health care." But, as the *Post* pointed out, the truth is quite the opposite: "Whites, on average, earn 60 percent more than blacks, are far more likely to have medical insurance and are more than twice as likely to graduate from college."

The facts don't matter. Whites are pessimistic about their future and are easily threatened. That's why the issue of affirmative action is so controversial. Whites see it as a threat to their job security in a shrinking economy. But for blacks, affirmative action has been a ladder up out of poverty, and most don't want it withdrawn now that it's doing some good. Even my Republican friend Anna Perez counts herself as "an affirmative action hire—Barbara Bush decided it was about time to have a black press secretary in the White House, and she sent out a directive to find a qualified one. I qualified." There was a time when many whites would have cheered that tale. But that was when they were in a mood to be generous.

Remember that the promise of the civil rights movement was born at a time of unprecedented prosperity in America. We are now witnessing the withering of the American dream. The *Post*–Harvard poll found that six out of ten Americans feel they are further away from "the American dream" than they were ten years ago.

The economic reality is far grimmer for blacks. That reality, of course, is concealed by the fact that some black athletes and entertainers earn enormous sums and indulge in lavish lifestyles. It's difficult to recall now, but O.J. Simpson once symbolized the myopic hope that America had overcome its racial problems. To all outward appearances, Simpson led the perfect life of an integrated black man. Farrakhan, in his speech to the participants in the Million Man March, had a different perspective: "You say, 'That Negro can run.' 'Look at how high he jumps.' Then you take them into the NBA, the NFL, and they become megastars. And when they become megastars, their association is no longer black."

The Simpson case will go down as a profound moment of racial antagonism, but it was clearly a symptom of an existing estrangement. In any case, that simplistic O.J. model of integration, on terms dictated by the dominant white society, has been smashed. The unity, self-reliance and outreach of the Million Man March should provide a more realistic model for the interaction of whites and blacks in the future.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRUCE WILLIS

a candid conversation with film's sensitive tough guy on living hard, reveling in the demi monde and why bob dole is dead wrong about movie violence

Bruce Willis surveys the crowd at the debut of yet another Planet Hollywood, this one in San Diego. At this opening, beefy security guards whisper into walkie-talkies while celebrities such as Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Roseanne, Whoopi Goldberg, Luke Perry and Gérard Depardieu sip champagne or mineral water.

But it's not until the music begins that the party really revs up. It's a Planet Hollywood tradition: Willis, one of the club's co-owners, climbs onstage and rips through a number of rock and soul songs, singing and playing harmonica. He is joined onstage by such faux rockers as Goldberg and Roseanne. Then comes the 1993 Playmate of the Year, Anna Nicole Smith, who, as "The New York Times Magazine" reported, "flips a breast out of the side of her red dress, waves it in Willis' face, then unbuttons his shirt and proceeds to lick his chest."

All in a night's work for Bruce Willis.

As one of Hollywood's most highly paid actors, Willis is known for movies in which property is vaporized, speed laws are broken and assorted propellants are ignited. But he is not merely a pumped-up action hero à la Schwarzenegger or Stallone. Indeed, he often chooses supporting roles in a wide range of movies for which he receives neither above-the-title credit nor big bucks. For those roles, in films such as last year's "Nobody's Fool," which starred Paul Newman and Melanie Griffith, Willis has received considerable praise from critics. Terry Gilliam, who directed Willis in his most recent film, "Twelve Monkeys," has said, "Bruce is very powerful when he's still—not blowing up half the known universe."

For his first thrill pic, "Die Hard," Willis was paid a landmark $5 million (it and its tremendously popular sequels have grossed more than $700 million). "Die Hard" led to a mixed bag of films, including "The Last Boy Scout," "Death Becomes Her," "Striking Distance," "Blind Date," "In Country" and, with his wife, Demi Moore, "Mortal Thoughts." He was also the voice-over for the annoyingly precocious baby in the "Look Who's Talking" movies and the reporter in "Bonfire of the Vanities." In 1994 he played Butch, the boxer who is paid to throw a fight and then refuses to go down, in Quentin Tarantino's "Pulp Fiction."

Willis always makes an impression, in his personal life and on the screen. He was a tabloid favorite in his party-animal days and continues to be in his more respectable persona as a political mover and shaker who campaigned for George Bush in the 1992 election. There has also been an unending string of stories about his marriage to Demi Moore—a celebrated union few in Hollywood thought would last.

This high-profile, whirlwind life is a giant leap from Willis' modest beginnings in Carneys Point, New Jersey, an industrial town on the Delaware River, where his father was a welder. His youth was typical of the time: His parents split when he was 16, he was student council president and occasional class clown and he was expelled for fighting and busted for smoking pot.

Willis stuttered when he was a child, but the speech impediment vanished when he began acting in high school. After graduating, he then enrolled at Montclair State College, where he studied theater. Next came a move to New York City, where he ardently pursued a career as an actor, paying the rent on a Hell's Kitchen apartment with tips he made bartending. Acting jobs came slowly, first in commercials—he was the guy blowing the harmonica in a popular Levi's ad—and finally, in 1984, as the lead in an off-Broadway production of Sam Shepard's "Fool for Love." From there, an agent sent him to Hollywood to audition for a TV pilot that starred Cybill Shepherd. "Moonlighting" rekindled her career and launched his.

Willis met and married Moore in 1987, and they now form Hollywood's most powerful acting partnership (if they file jointly, the

"Fuck scenes are just hard work. You're naked in front of 90 people with, most of the time, a woman you hardly know. You're sweating. Some guy says, 'I can see your dick. Tuck your dick in.' It's very unsexy."

"See, you become a criminal because you're a sociopath, because your parents weren't there when somebody should have been saying, 'This is right and this is wrong.' It's not because you see 'Pulp Fiction.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I'm a Republican because I believe some of what they choose to believe: that less government is better. But you have to spend money on education, on helping people who can't eat. Do that first. It's common sense."

pair must pay taxes on more than $20 million a year; for her current movie, "Striptease," Moore reportedly received $12.5 million). But they have more in common than their enormous salaries: Both actors are eager to take risks. She posed nude on the cover of "Vanity Fair" when she was seven months pregnant. In a film called "Color of Night," he did a much-discussed underwater sex scene in which there's a brief flash of his genitals.

Willis and Moore are completely devoted to their three daughters, Rumer, Scout and Tallulah. When he isn't playing music or making movies, Willis divides his time between his family's apartment on New York's Upper West Side, a home in Malibu and an expansive ranch tucked into the mountains of Hailey, Idaho. That's where Contributing Editor ***David Sheff*** *met up with him. Here's Sheff's report:*

"Willis and I met at his newly opened restaurant, the Mint, in a renovated former whorehouse. Downstairs is a dining area and upstairs is a club for music, comedy and dinner theater. In the entryway is a poster-size photo of a precocious-looking child, captioned OUR FOUNDER*—Willis at the age of four. The founder, now 40, with a sparse goatee and supershort haircut, escorted me upstairs to an office with leather chairs and couches, a Tiffany lamp and a long, polished mahogany bar. Above the door is a sign that reads* BE YOURSELF. *He said it was a gift from his wife: 'As far as mottoes go, it's a pretty good one,' he added.*

"Throughout the interview, Willis was a constantly moving target, always pacing, going from the floor to the couch to a chair. He took a break in the middle of one session to have dinner with his children. When we met again an hour or so later, he picked up one of the tape recorders and, in his unmistakable whisper, said, 'We're back with Bruce Willis.'"

PLAYBOY: Is it safe to hang out with you? We half expect something to blow up.

WILLIS: Life is taking chances, right?

PLAYBOY: After all the movies you've done, does it bother you to be so closely tied to the action hero guy in the *Die Hard* series?

WILLIS: You just minimized him in a sentence. In fact, "the action hero guy" is an archetype, a classic storytelling figure. Action films serve the same function as Westerns—they present morality plays, albeit with cursing, a lot more blood and violence, and tits. The heroes are all underdogs, and in America, people love to root for the underdog. I'm drawn to them because they have obstacles to surmount. It's more interesting than playing the George Hamilton character who shows up with the great car and the beautiful girl. When I chose those movies, I never thought about whether or not they had similarities. I thought about whether they were good stories. The only time I was conscious of doing parts that were similar was after *Die Hard 2*, when I was about to begin *The Last Boy Scout*. It was about another cop or detective, a kind of down-on-his-luck guy. I thought I should come up with a different guy—a different way of breathing, of thinking, of speaking. I think I did, though it was in a similar genre.

PLAYBOY: The movies are similar in portraying a lot of violence. How do you respond to those who criticize all that murder and mayhem?

WILLIS: In my mind, a big, exciting, thrilling, scary, violent film is no different from the newest ride at Disney World. You're sitting in a darkened room with 100 or 200 people and these little flashing points of light on the screen are able to scare you, thrill you, make you jump. That's the trick, that's the art form. It can make you feel good or make you cry. Some of the films I do are roller-coaster rides, some are dark character pieces and some are comedies. I don't want to limit myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least admit that the guys you play make violence seem cool?

WILLIS: Ever see any Humphrey Bogart movies when you were a kid? James Cagney movies? Edward G. Robinson movies? Did you ever think that that was the thing to do? See, you become a criminal because you're a sociopath, because your parents weren't there and you were left alone, on your own, at a time when somebody should have been saying, "This is right and this is wrong." That's where criminals come from. It's not because you see *Pulp Fiction*.

Bob Dole talks about Hollywood and violence. When he deals with the problems that cause people to kill, we'll talk about not doing films about people who kill.

PLAYBOY: Yet many people think violence in movies contributes to street violence. Do you disagree?

WILLIS: Five hundred to 600 people have probably been "killed" in films I have done. But no one has ever said to me, "I thought so-and-so was really killed in your film." I don't think anyone walks out of the theater crying, "Oh my God! Forty people were killed! They're dead!" No, Mom, they're not dead, they're just acting. I've never been shown proof that there's any correlation between movie violence and real violence. Our audiences have the intelligence to know the difference. Bob Dole talks about Hollywood's culpability for the violence in America. Fine. When he deals with the problems in society that cause people to kill people, we'll talk about not doing films about people killing people. Stop crime. Let me walk out of my house and not have to think about somebody putting a gun to my head. Don't tell me that the problem is the movies and that if we stop making all these films, anything is going to change. It isn't. It's a violent world. While we were shooting *Twelve Monkeys*, which is about a deadly virus that's released into the atmosphere, somebody opened that jar of sarin in the Japanese subway. While I was doing publicity for *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, somebody blew up the building in Oklahoma City. So it's not like this fiction is so far from reality. Fix society—don't blame movies. Reality is what's scary.

PLAYBOY: David Geffen said that *The Last Boy Scout* was the one movie of his career that he was embarrassed to have produced because of its extreme violence. Did that one cross the line?

WILLIS: It's a specific taste, but there's an audience for it. And there was some interesting stuff in the movie. It ultimately didn't live up to the promise of the story, but I liked the character. I know some people were offended not only by the violence but by the way the kid spoke to his father—he had a foul mouth. Sorry, Aunt Irene. It was offensive, but it made a point.

PLAYBOY: Were you reluctant to do the *Die Hard* sequels, because the first one was a hard act to follow?

WILLIS: Yeah, especially the third time. The third in many series has had particularly bad luck. Prior to *Die Hard* there weren't that many sequels, except for Sly's work in the *Rocky* series. They are tough to do because they aren't new movies. Because it's really another chapter in a movie people have already seen, a story in which people kind of know who everybody is, you have to live up to the promise of the first film or films.

PLAYBOY: Does the day-to-day work remain interesting?

WILLIS: Even in these movies, you're trying to do new things each time. It's not that I think I broke any new artistic ground. I didn't come to any acting epiphanies while shooting the film—but I kept the character interesting.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the role in the first movie?

WILLIS: They just asked me to do it. I was in the middle of *Moonlighting*. I have to thank Cybill Shepherd for enabling me to do it. She got pregnant and they shut down *Moonlighting* for 12 weeks. During that time, I fit in *Die Hard*.

PLAYBOY: Did its success come as a surprise to you?

WILLIS: It definitely turned out to be bigger than what I had imagined, but I knew it was good when I saw early scenes. I think John McTiernan [the director] shone. He would do things with the camera that I wouldn't always understand. He made it really exciting—

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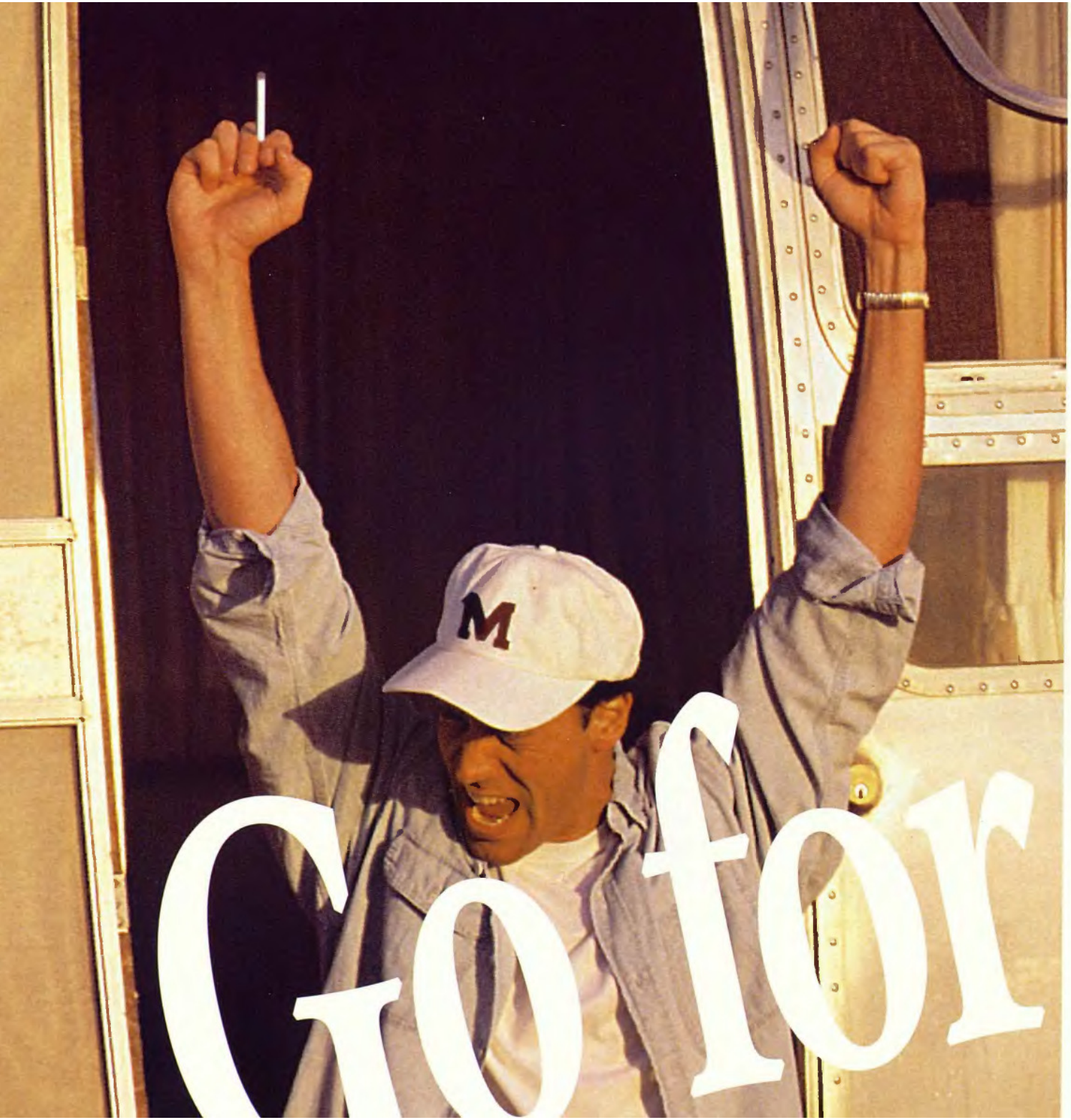

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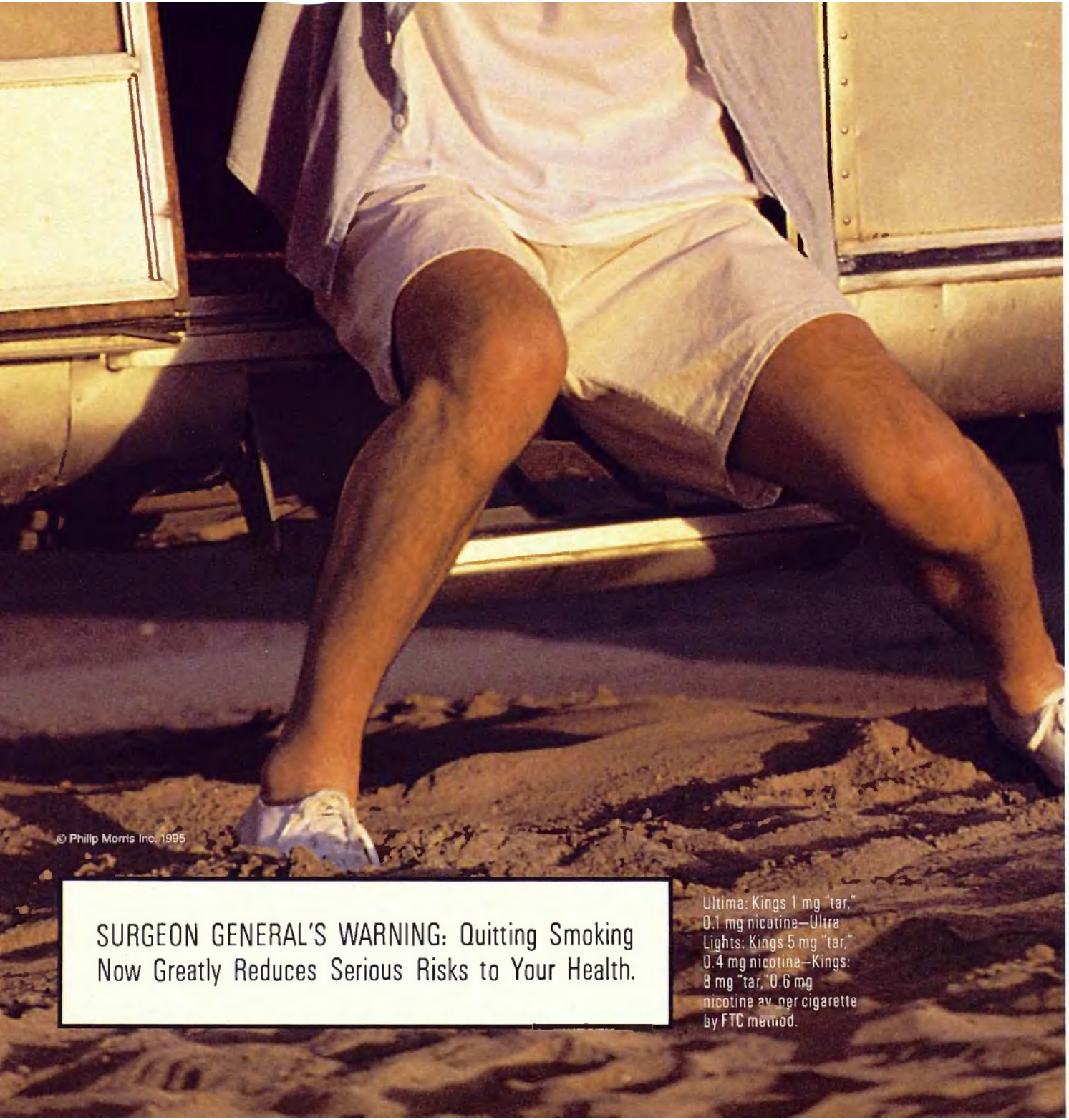

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PLAYBOY: Now it's relatively modest, but your fee for *Die Hard*—$5 million—was unprecedented.

WILLIS: Yeah, it was phenomenal.

PLAYBOY: Alan Ladd Jr., then chairman of MGM, complained that your salary was a standard that would "throw the whole movie business out of whack."

WILLIS: I'm sure Alan Ladd would like to have a film that did as well as the *Die Hard* series has done. Leonard Goldberg, the former head of Fox who paid the money, looks like a genius. We would be having a different conversation if that film had failed. In fact, you wouldn't be talking to me. But Goldberg took a chance. Everybody was up in arms the next day: "How can they pay this kind of dough, especially to a TV actor?"

PLAYBOY: You are one of the highest paid actors in the world. When you reflect on your salary, do you chuckle?

WILLIS: Every day I wake up laughing. For whatever reason, if there is a reason, if there is destiny—I am a fortunate man. Some religions hold that I am being rewarded in this life for whatever happened to me in a past life. Whatever happened back then, I don't know. I have no explanation for it. I'm just leading a charmed life. I have fallen into—or created—fortunate circumstances.

PLAYBOY: And so has your wife. She broke the salary record for actresses with the $12.5 million she got for *Striptease*.

WILLIS: I can't comment on what she actually made, but, yeah, she's breaking a lot of barriers. It's not a mystery. You have to be able to deliver, and she does. She hits a home run out of the park each time. I think *Ghost* has made something like $550 million. If she consistently makes phenomenally successful movies, as she has, she should get what guys get. Let any of these other girls open a film that goes on to earn $100 million, $150 million or more, and they're going to get that kind of dough.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that it changes the type of work for you when you've made so much money that you don't have to work anymore?

WILLIS: You can become more selective about projects. For the past six, seven years I haven't had to work on any film that has come along. Most actors take any job, because they want to work. Now I say no to things that I would have jumped at before.

PLAYBOY: Have you said no to any movies that turned out to be hits?

WILLIS: How about *Ghost*? Knucklehead Bruce Willis. I just didn't get it. I said, "Hey, the guy's dead. How are you gonna have a romance?" Famous last words. But I don't regret it, because it just doesn't matter. It's down the road, under the bridge.

PLAYBOY: *Ghost* was your wife's breakthrough film. In it was the provocative clay-and-sex scene with Patrick Swayze. She has also had sex scenes with Robert Redford in *Indecent Proposal* and Michael Douglas in *Disclosure*. Do you ever get jealous?

WILLIS: Never.

PLAYBOY: Not even a tinge?

WILLIS: Not yet, no. I guess I'm not jealous in that way. I feel pretty secure with my wife and how we are with each other.

PLAYBOY: How about the other way around? There was the story that she had one of your co-stars in *Hudson Hawk* fired because she was too sexy.

WILLIS: Bullshit. The fact is, fuck scenes are just hard work. They are the most uncomfortable acting days you will ever experience. You're naked in front of 90 people with, most of the time, a woman you hardly know. You're trying to develop a language of intimacy to make the scene believable. Everybody is watching. You're bare-ass naked. You're sweating. Some guy says, "I can see your dick. Tuck your dick in." "I can see your breast, honey. Your nipple's showing. Move your arm." It's very unsexy. By the time it gets on-screen it's hot, but that's a fabrication. I've heard stories about how some people really get into it and are lovers in real life, but that's never happened for me.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any hesitation about how far you went in the sex scenes in *Color of Night*?

WILLIS: I didn't have any hesitation about doing them at the time, because the director assured me that I would be able to look at the footage and tell him what scenes I didn't want used. I would have been able to say, "I really don't want to see my cock dangling in the fucking pool."

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

WILLIS: When the movie was completed, there was a big brouhaha because no one involved with getting the film out agreed with the director's [Richard Rush's] cut. He had his own artistic idea, which was of a much longer and more languid movie. He got territorial and thought they were taking his film away, which wasn't the case. Everybody just wanted the movie to move faster and to be more commercial. A settlement was negotiated that allowed him to do a director's cut for the video version. In the video, there are shots of my cock. He assured me it wouldn't happen, but it did. I didn't write out an agreement with him because I trusted him. And now it's there forever on laser disc. Who cares?

PLAYBOY: Sharon Stone says she was promised that her famous crotch shot in *Basic Instinct* wasn't going to be used, either.

WILLIS: Well, my film didn't do $250 million. If it had, because my dick was in it, what the hell. The point is, it's difficult being lied to and deceived. If you tell me you're going to do something, I take you at your word. All you have is your word and how you behave. My wife is more forgiving of bad behavior in this business than I am. I don't forget. Demi is much more generous to people who don't have integrity all the time. I say, "Look, either you have integrity or you don't. And if you don't, get the fuck out of here. I don't want to deal with you, I don't want to talk to you." I don't know if there's any other business more ruthless than the movie industry.

PLAYBOY: Is it frustrating that your work as an actor is so thoroughly tied to the enormous, occasionally unscrupulous, Hollywood machine?

WILLIS: It's the most frustrating part of what I do. Making films and telling stories in a cinematic way is an art form, but the movie business is concerned not with art but with money. It's all about the studios' accumulation of large amounts of dough. If you star in their films and they're putting all this money on the table, they are also saying, "OK, Champ, make this a big hit." It's easy to forget that you're there to act. Instead, you're pulled into the game of worrying about how much money this thing is costing, how much it's going to make, how it's marketed. In the past I've worried about all that, but now I show up as an actor and do my job and let the others worry about the rest.

PLAYBOY: Therefore, after big-salary, mainstream films that bring in more than $100 million, is it riskier for you to take on smaller, quirkier roles?

WILLIS: I kind of got slung into being the star, both on TV and in movies. I never went through the phase of playing supporting roles, so I have a lot of fun doing them now. I've done a lot of films in the past couple years just because I wanted to do them. I have worked for little or no money. I've done it because I like to act and I don't always want to be the big cheese up on the screen.

PLAYBOY: Which of those roles are your favorites?

WILLIS: The ones in *Nobody's Fool*, *Pulp Fiction*, *Billy Bathgate*. I just did another job for Quentin Tarantino, working for two days on his new movie, *Four Rooms*. *Nobody's Fool* is a good example because it is such a simple movie. It's about a man—Paul Newman's character—who makes a small change in his life. It's done in a subtle way, almost imperceptibly. It was very satisfying to tell a story like that.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working with Newman?

WILLIS: He is unbelievable. Seventy years old and he still tries new things on every take. A guy like him wouldn't have to; he could just show up and be the star. But he wasn't that way for a minute. We spent a lot of time just cracking each other up. It was a guy thing, trying to break each other's balls. It was a gas. It went by [*snaps fingers*] like that.

PLAYBOY: On your most recent movie, *Twelve Monkeys*, you worked with Brad Pitt. How does a veteran like Paul

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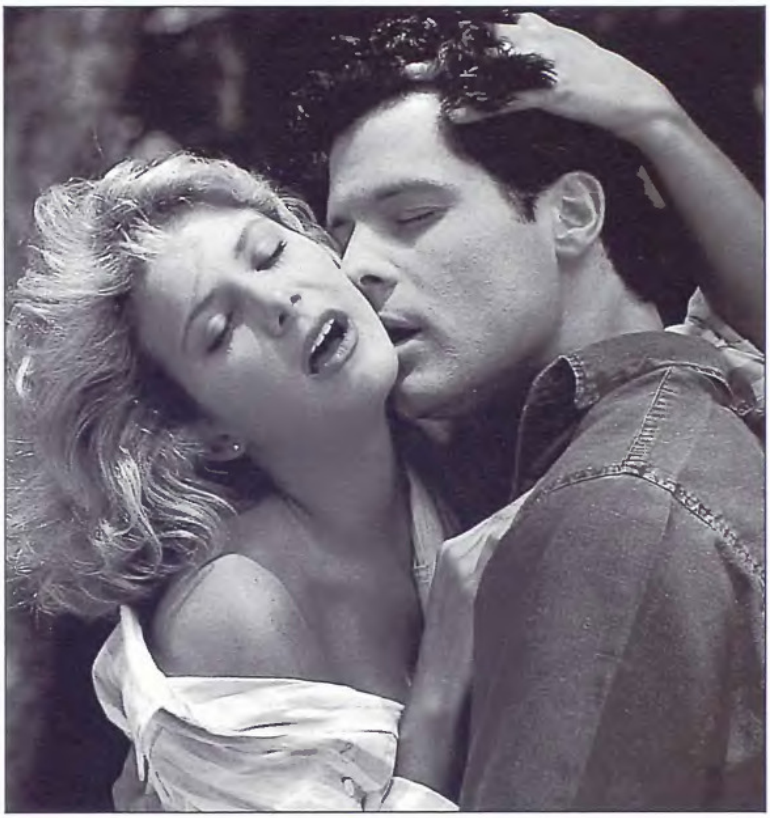

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Newman compare with a relative newcomer like Pitt?

WILLIS: You could draw a straight line between those guys. They both want each take to be great, each take to be different. They are there to do the work, to try to paint a picture and tell the story as interestingly as possible.

PLAYBOY: While filming *Twelve Monkeys*, Pitt allegedly came to call you "O Great Bald One."

WILLIS: Yeah. My head was shaved for the film, which was weird. It's a scary, monstrous look. Fortunately, I have a nice round head. What you don't want to do is shave and find out you have one of those misshapen pinheads.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the role in *Pulp Fiction*?

WILLIS: Harvey Keitel's little girl came over to the house one day to play with our girls. He came to get her. It was after he had done *Bad Lieutenant* and *Reservoir Dogs*. I was talking with him about those movies and he said, "You know, Quentin's doing a new film. There are a lot of good parts in it. You should talk to him." I got the script that day. Harvey happened to be having a barbecue at his house the next day and I walked down and met Quentin. We talked for a long time and I told him I wanted to be in the film. The script was so good.

PLAYBOY: What was it that struck you?

WILLIS: Well, the dialogue was perfect. There's so much real life in this wild story—that's what I like about it. The speech I have with Maria de Medeiros at the end is an example. I've just gone through this hellacious morning—worst morning of my life—and we have to get out of town. But I have to take the time to ask her about her breakfast—did she get blueberry pancakes like she wanted? I know every guy in America understood that moment. I'm dying, my nose is broken, I'm bloody and gashed up. "Oh, you didn't get the blueberry pancakes? I'm so sorry. What happened?" It was a great, great moment. And it was part of what made the film great.

PLAYBOY: You've had some good luck with reviews, including those for *Pulp Fiction*, and some bad luck. How much power do critics have?

WILLIS: If they put their mind to it, they can crush a movie or an actor. The critical media in general can conspire to make people feel fucking stupid if they see a movie. It happened with *Hudson Hawk*. It had nothing to do with the film.

PLAYBOY: Could that be sour grapes because the film was trashed?

WILLIS: No, because they were reviewing *Hudson Hawk* before anyone saw a frame of it. It was just my time to catch a beating in the press.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you imagine a conspiracy of critics sitting around in a room saying, "Let's get Willis."

WILLIS: That's almost what happens. They get together, go on these press junkets, hang out, influence one another. It doesn't happen by accident. A couple years ago it happened to Arnold Schwarzenegger. *Last Action Hero* was no better or worse than any other Schwarzenegger film. But it was time for Arnold to catch it. We heard that the movie was a bomb before it was released. Look at what happened with Kevin Costner's *Waterworld*. Before anyone saw a frame, they were saying, "Bomb." The way it works is that the media imply that everybody involved in the movie is stupid and you're stupid if you see it. That sentiment can gain momentum. Soon you hear "*Waterworld*" and you go, "Ugh." After the criticism I received for *Hudson Hawk*, I stood back and looked at how much power I was giving to these people. I thought, If they say I'm good, am I good? If they say I suck, do I suck? I realized that wasn't the scale by which to measure oneself.

PLAYBOY: Have the critics always been wrong when they have trashed your movies?

WILLIS: The only movie I would not do again, given the opportunity, is *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

I didn't actually see the alleged breast incident. But I heard stories that she flung it out, that she lifted it out and set it on the tray of a waiter.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong with that movie?

WILLIS: It was stillborn, dead before it ever got out of the box. It was another film that was reviewed before it hit the screen. The critical media didn't want to see a movie that cast the literary world in a shady light. In the reviews, they were recasting the film. They were saying, "If we were doing this film, we would cast William Hurt instead of Tom Hanks," or whatever. Well, if you were doing the film, then that might mean you had some fucking talent and knew how to tell a story instead of writing about what other people are trying to do. But they were right. I was miscast. I know that Tom Hanks thinks he was, too. The movie was based on a great book. But one problem with the story, when it came to the film, was that there was no one in it you could root for. In most successful movies, there's someone to cheer on.

PLAYBOY: You were also taken to task in *The Devil's Candy*, a brutal book about the making of the *Bonfire* movie written by Julie Salamon. Among much more, she said, "[Willis] was trapped by the limitations of his range."

WILLIS: Brian De Palma chose to have this girl come on the set and write a book about the making of the film. But he neglected to tell the actors about it until she had already been skulking around for about four weeks. By the time we learned what she was doing, the damage was done. Basically, she decided to take a big shit on a bunch of people she would never get to be in her own life. I can say this about her: She had the worst fucking breath of any organism I have ever encountered on the planet. You had to turn away when she talked to you. Julie Salamon and her ilk are parasites. It's just one of the more unpleasant things about being a public figure. They can say anything about you and they hound you. It's like anything else bad in the world. Air pollution. Car accidents. I know we could probably go out to some newsstand right now and find something shitty that somebody has said about me. It sells magazines. So to all those people who have written shitty things about me for the past 11 years: Fuck you. I'm still here.

PLAYBOY: Because you are under scrutiny by the press, are you more sympathetic when you read about scandals involving your peers?

WILLIS: Yeah, and I know how much is completely made up. People think that if it's written down, it must be true. Whatever they want to say is fine, man. Some of the harshest things ever said about anybody have been said about me. I just walk through it. Somebody's making money. It's a really shitty side of show business. It trades in human foibles, human tragedy, human misbehavior and humiliation. And most of it isn't true. All they give a fuck about is selling this shit in the stores.

PLAYBOY: So is it safe to assume that one recent press report—about Anna Nicole Smith licking your chest at an opening for one of your Planet Hollywood restaurants—is untrue?

WILLIS: [*Laughs*] All right. She did not lick my chest. As they say in sex movies, she simulated the act of licking me. She had a bit too much to drink, that's all. She was just a little frisky. It happens to everybody.

PLAYBOY: And what about her exposing her breast onstage?

WILLIS: I didn't actually see the alleged breast incident, because I had retreated to the guitar area of the stage. But I heard stories about it: that she flung it out, in one version, and that she lifted it out and set it on the tray of a waiter who happened to be passing by. There was every kind of fucking story. What I think actually happened is that one of them just shook loose. Some women wear scanty outfits, and she's a big girl.

PLAYBOY: So when was the last time you hit someone?

(continued on page 76)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a trailblazer. He lives for fresh powder on a Rocky Mountain morning. He knows when to jump a mogul and when to buy one a drink. He finds a similar sense of excitement in his favorite magazine. PLAYBOY readers spend $350 million a year on sporting equipment. Whether it's shopping or out on the slopes, one out of every eight downhill skiers is a PLAYBOY reader. What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? A man who's been to the mountaintop. (Source: Spring 1995 MRI.)

MEMO TO MICHAEL JACKSON

in a desperate attempt to keep the gloved one from sinking into history, his public relations firm has come up with some radical solutions

humor by **JOE QUEENAN**

The following is a copy of a confidential memorandum recently sent to the embattled pop star Michael Jackson by his longtime public relations firm, Images 'n' Things. The letter was written by company president Slade Gruber. A copy of the memo was forwarded to this magazine by a disgruntled glove manufacturer.

Dear Michael:

First of all, a heartfelt apology. When we ran the numbers on the tykes, we figured on a maximum of 300 cases, at $15 million a pop, which would still leave you pretty flush. Wrong! What happened is, when we tallied up the maximum hush-hush payout, we were using one of those dud Pentium chip computers, and it spat out these screwed-up numbers. Anyway, the figure we came up with was $45 million—chicken feed for a star of your luminous magnitude. But the correct figure is $4.5 billion, which puts you right up there in Bill Gates–Warren Buffett–George Soros territory. Like, sor-ree.

We also feel we should apologize for that whole Diane Sawyer thing. As promised, she sucked long and hard, but somehow the American public came away with a bad taste in its mouth. Why? Frankly, Mike—and I have to level with you here—the public didn't fall for it. Any of it. The weepy stuff about kiddies? Not happening. The anguished protests about being labeled an anti-Semite? Next contestant. The Lisa Marie lovey-dovey shtick? Hey, as Swifty Lazar—or was it Freddie de Cordova?—once said, you can fool some of the people some of the time, but Rome wasn't built in a day.

We also want to apologize for our lack of progress on the LP front. We tried our best to push that story about your setting *Billboard*'s all-time record with the first single off *HIStory*, but so far nobody has taken the bait. For reasons that are not entirely obvious, the record-buying public seems to have come away with a clear and present impression that *HIStory* sucks. Not that it does. But maybe releasing a video where you look like Benito Mussolini in drag wasn't such a good idea. Especially at a time when you're being accused of anti-Semitism. Hey, I don't need to tell you, it's just one short step from Fascism to Nazism to anti-Semitism. And then you're really in trouble. Especially in a place like Los Angeles.

I know, I know, at this point you're probably asking yourself, What do I pay these assholes for? They tell me to stage a marriage with Elvis' daughter, but no one buys it. They tell me to pretend to be a child abuse victim, but no one buys it. They tell me to say that I used the word kike on my last record to heighten public awareness of the anti-Semite lurking inside all of us, but no one buys it. And they tell me to set up the royal lube job with Diane Sawyer, but no one buys it. So what gives?

In our defense, Mikey, let me remind you that until you started allegedly hitting on those alleged kids, we'd had a pretty good run. Remember how we handled the rhinoplasty controversy? Right, the septum got deviated. Remember how we handled the rumors you were gay? Hey, you have to admit, the Brooke Shields ploy was top-shelf material. And don't forget how we handled all those questions about your weird skin color. Was that rare-pigmentation-disease stuff inspired, or what? C'mon, Mikey, give it up: It was crème de la crème material. Fucking

ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

I love you Jenoéer

crème de la crème.

All that said, it's now obvious that your career has hit a rough patch. The record isn't selling. Teenagers think your dancing is corny. Black people think you're a sellout. Your videos are widely perceived as lame. Your little sister is hotter than you are. Your marriage is history. And Dawn Steel thinks you're an anti-Semite. You must be saying to yourself, Jesus H. Christ, if Dawn Steel is bailing on me, what friends do I have left in this town?

Hey, suck it up, bucko! As bad as things may seem at this moment, all is not lost. Other performers have dragged themselves up off the deck to breathe life into a moribund career. Frankie. Travolta. Jackie Mason. And, well, Rosemary Clooney. It could happen to you, too.

But nothing, I'm talking nothing, is going to happen unless you listen and listen good to what we have planned for you. We're talking about a complete image makeover. A complete repositioning. We're talking about completely reinventing yourself. Can it be done? You bet your ass it can. Remember, Mikey, Regis Philbin played Ed McMahon on a talk show with Joey Bishop and it didn't ruin his career. Barbra Streisand made a record filled with songs by Laura Nyro and Randy Newman and it didn't ruin her career. Mike Tyson fucking raped a girl and it didn't ruin his career. And Lana Turner's daughter killed a guy—fucking iced the son of a bitch—and it didn't ruin Lana's career. Just like it won't ruin O.J.'s—he'll be back on Fox doing sideline interviews by preseason. So I ask you, did you kill any of the kids you're accused of dicking around with? Did you? Because as long as the answer is no, I can think of no reason within the parameters of conventional reality why we can't get your career back on track. But you have to be willing to stick with the program. Here, then, is the game plan for Operation Reposition:

THE BIG LIE

Does the name Mark Fuhrman mean anything to you? Well, it should. He's the dirtball LAPD cop who framed—I'm sorry, allegedly framed—O.J. The creep who said he had never used the word nigger, when it turns out that some dipshit screenwriter from Appalachia had him saying it on tape 41 times. Forty-one fucking times, Mikey! Anyway, he worked for the same LAPD that's been on your case. Our proposal? Accuse Fuhrman of scaring those kids into fingering you as the perp. Claim he planted those splotches—I mean, those alleged splotches—on your pecker. Say he coached the kids and their parents to say you're a weenie-wagger. Hey, this guy hates blacks. And technically speaking . . . well, you are black, aren't you? We already know he used the word nigger at least 41 times. This makes a nice, round 42. If a guy can beat the rap for spousal decapitation just because some scuzzball flatfoot lied about his affection for the N word, there's no reason you can't beat the rap for molesting a bunch of kids. That is, for *allegedly* molesting a bunch of kids. We're on your side, cowboy. We're on your side big-time.

CROSSOVER DREAMS

OK, OK, so scamming. Fuhrman might be a bit of a stretch. But the linchpin of the LAPD's case are those funny splotches the kids *allegedly* spotted on your dingdong. One quick way to solve this problem is to ditch the evidence. That's right, M.J., I'm talking sex-change operation. Armed with the vulva and vagina of your choice, you'll dispose of the one remaining piece of evidence that could possibly be used against you. Not that it actually exists.

A drastic measure? Sure. But look at the upside. You already have the voice of a woman, so you won't have to worry about any Mary Richards hassle. Or was it Renee Richards? Whatever. What's more, once you resurface as Michelle Jackson, you can compete with your sister for pop-star supremacy. You could even team up with La Toya and Janet in a television docudrama about the Supremes. You could be Diana. Some people already think you are Diana. It's an option, Mikey, that is all I'm saying. It's an option.

THE MTV SPECIAL

Every raggedy-assed two-bit loser—not that you're one of them—has used *MTV Unplugged* to jump-start his pathetic career: Poison, Dylan, Neil Young, Springsteen, Rod Stewart. Am I suggesting you do an *Unplugged* without an electric band? No, I am not. *Beat It* would sound hopeless with mandolins and harmonicas and acoustic guitars in the background. And the ambient level on *Unplugged* is so low everyone can hear the words. Meaning the audience would hear that stuff about kikes. Bad idea: Jews watch MTV.

My suggestion? An MTV special titled *Michael Jackson Undanced*. Just like the rock stars who do stripped-down versions of their songs while sitting on a bar stool, you could do stripped-down versions of your songs while sitting on a swing. Basically, you could just dangle your legs and croon *Thriller* and *Ben*. It'd be, like, minimalist. Then the critics would write all this neat stuff about how you're getting back to your roots and returning to an earlier, simpler time before fame, fortune, international adulation and inviting all those little kids into your bedroom to see the Elephant Man's bones turned the dream into a nightmare. *People* would do a cover: MICHAEL JACKSON: THE UNDANCED STORY. Sony would issue a double CD: *Michael Jackson: Unloved, Unplugged, Undanced*. Are you following me on this, Mikey? There is potential here.

THE DUET RECORD

Another can't-miss proposition. Natalie Cole was just another washed-up lounge lizardess before she made that *Unforgettable* record with her long-gone dad. And Frankie, long past his prime, now has two *Duets* records to his name, both of which did major box office. The same deal could work for you. Who are some of the artists you might hook up with? Tony Bennett. Mel Tormé. Probably not Sinéad. But maybe Jerry Vale. It's a stretch, but who knows, the public might decide that a Jerry Vale–Michael Jackson *That's Amore* is just what the doctor ordered. Anyway, Vale, Tormé, Sting, Pavarotti, people of that ilk. The only fly in the appointment is: These people are all still alive. What made Natalie's duet with her father so special was that he had been dead for 30 years, so you had a kind of wholesome necromantic thing going there.

That's why we think our little twist might strike a chord with the public. Mike, we want to hook you up with one singer, and one singer only: your own father-in-law, the King. The public would love it. Lisa Marie would love it. The whole fucking planet would love it. It would enable an entire solar system to bond.

What material do we have in mind? Oh sure, you would want to cover *Love Me Tender*, *Can't Help Falling in Love With You* and all the other obvious Elvis hits. But to really make things interesting—to show that you have an impish, self-effacing side—we think it would be a good idea to cover *Song of the Shrimp* and, of course, *In the Ghetto*. And isn't this a grabber for a record title: *Girls! Girls! Girls!* You know, to take people's minds off all that stuff about boys, boys, boys? Nothing personal.

THE HUG

We've established that you like kids, correct? What people don't understand is the way you like them. Yes, you like to show your affection in a tactile way, but not *that* tactile. How, then, do you make it clear to the kid or kids you've offended that you didn't mean anything by it? A good start is a nationally televised hug. Hugs are a vibrant and important part of American

(continued on page 140)

AS A TEEN, Raye Hollitt did more than kick the can with the boys in her neighborhood. "In fact," she boasts, "I kicked their little butts." Even then the Pennsylvania tomboy was acting a lot like her future alter ego, Zap, the female head hunk on *American Gladiators*. The popular weekly coliseum games (a cult hit in 50 countries) combine the sexy sweatiness of roller derby with the hype of pro wrestling and the futuristic look of *Mad Max*. Zap, who was arguably the show's most alluring perspirer, outlasted the rest of the original stars—but now she's hung up her jousting stick after six seasons. "I'm lucky to have survived," admits Raye, who despite countless close calls has emerged blissfully unscathed. Indeed, her fast track to stardom has been a wild ride. After graduating from high school with honors in

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

ZAP

TV'S ROUGHEST, BUFFEST LADY WARRIOR GETS PHYSICAL LIKE NEVER BEFORE

Although Zap's familiar long-tressed look is history, Raye is still a Samson at heart, lifting weights with any number of lucky spotting partners (above). "For years I could feel like a waman anly with men aver 6'3" and 250 pounds," she says. "But naw I feel feminine na matter what kind af build my guy has."

accounting, she supported herself as a paralegal ("I'm so incredibly anal I love that kind of job") while entering bodybuilding competitions. Then Raye went for the gold: She headed west to tackle the iron-pumping scene in Los Angeles, matching flexes with the best. "My plane landed, and I asked the taxi driver to take me to the mecca of bodybuilding." That meant Gold's Gym in Venice Beach.

Before you could clean and jerk, Raye muscled her way to a bodybuilding title (Ms. Los Angeles), manhandled John Ritter in Blake Edwards' *Skin Deep* ("John was great, especially in our nude scenes") and then bagged the role of the brutal but beautiful Zap. "*Gladiators* was something America needed at

"Dad is muscular, but Mom is as thin as a rail," notes Raye of her genetic gift. "They're both musicians who never tried sports." But Raye became a jock of all trades: "Would you believe I was my hometown's top athlete and prom queen? I used to weigh 102 and wear size-one jeans," she laughs. "Look at me now!" We are.

the time of its inception," reflects Raye, "a sporting event any housewife or waitress could audition for." But what was once "amateur friendly" soon became serious competition. "Now it's like football without the pads," says Raye.

These days, with the school of hard knocks behind her, Raye much prefers to sip carrot juice and enjoy sunrises from the terrace of her home on a Malibu bluff. Yet in some ways, the athlete formerly known as Zap has remained true to her killer instincts, notably in her stint on TV's *J.A.G.* "I played a Navy pilot," she says, "and shot enemy planes out of the sky." But before we could ask for a body count, Raye was gone. See you later, Gladiator. —DAVID STINE

DEATH IN THE ANDES

the rebels are out for blood—but señora d'harcourt will tour the mountains anyway

fiction by **MARIO VARGAS LLOSA**

EARLY THAT morning, as she did whenever she was leaving on a trip, Señora d'Harcourt woke while it was still dark, just seconds before the alarm went off. And with the same tingle of excitement she felt each time she traveled to the countryside, either for work or for pleasure (they were indistinguishable as far as she was concerned), even though she had been doing it for nearly 30 years now. She dressed quickly, tiptoed out of the room so as not to wake her husband and went down to the kitchen to make coffee. She had left her packed bag by the front door the night before. As she was rinsing her cup, Marcelo appeared in the kitchen doorway, wearing his bathrobe and yawning, his feet bare, his hair tousled.

"No matter how I try, I always make noise," she apologized. "Or does my unconscious mind betray me? Perhaps I really want to wake you."

"I'll give you anything if you don't go to Huancavelica." He yawned again. "Shall we negotiate? I have my checkbook right here."

"The moon and stars, just for openers," she laughed, handing him a cup of coffee. "Don't be silly, Marcelo. I'm safer up there than you are going to the office. Statistically speaking, the streets of Lima are more dangerous than the Andes."

"I have never believed in statistics." Yawning and stretching, he watched her, observing the orderliness with which she arranged cups, saucers and spoons in the cupboard. "I must say these trips of yours are going to give me an ulcer, Hortensia. If they don't give me a heart attack first."

"I will bring you some nice fresh cheese from the sierra." She brushed a lock of hair off his forehead. "Go back to bed and dream about me. Nothing will happen, don't be silly."

Just then they heard the Jeep from the Ministry pull up outside, and Señora d'Harcourt hurried to leave. She kissed her husband, reassuring him that there was nothing to worry about and reminding him to send the envelope with the photographs from Yanaga-Chemillén National Park to the Smithsonian. Marcelo accompanied her to the door, and when he said goodbye, he told Cañas, the engineer, what he always told him: "Bring her back safe and sound, Señor Cañas."

The streets of Lima were deserted and wet. In a few minutes the Jeep reached the central highway, where traffic was still fairly light.

"Does your wife get as nervous as my husband does when you travel, Señor Cañas?" asked Señora d'Harcourt. In the milky glow of dawn, they were leaving the lights of the city behind them.

"A little," the engineer said, nodding. "But Mirta is not very good at geography, and she has no idea that we're going into the lion's den."

"The lion's den?" said the driver, and the Jeep bucked. "You should have told me before, Señor Cañas. Then I wouldn't have come. I'm not going to risk my neck for the miserable salary they pay me."

"Pay us," Cañas laughed.

"Pay the two of you," declared Señora d'Harcourt. "I don't earn a red cent. I do all this for the sake of art."

"You know you love it, señora. You

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS

would pay them to let you do the work."

"Well, yes, that's true," she admitted. "It fills my life. It must be that plants and animals have never deceived me, but people sometimes do."

When they reached Matucana, the sun was beginning to break through between the hills. It was a dry, cold morning, and for the rest of the trip, as they crossed the frozen peaks of La Oroya and the temperate Jauja Valley, the engineer and Señora d'Harcourt were planning how to obtain new backers for the reforestation project in the Huancavelica sierra, which had been sponsored by the FAO and Holland. They were now going to inspect the early results. It was a victory they had celebrated together a few months earlier at a Chinese restaurant in San Isidro. Close to four years of meetings, memos, conferences, articles, letters, negotiations, recommendations, and finally success. The project was under way. Instead of being limited to herding and subsistence farming, indigenous communities would begin to raise trees. In a few years, with adequate funding, leafy *queñua* forests would once again give shade to those caves filled with magical inscriptions, drawings and messages from remote ancestors. And as soon as there was peace again, archaeologists from all over the world could come to decipher them.

They reached Huancayo in the early afternoon and stopped to have a quick lunch and allow the driver to fill the Jeep's tank and check the motor and tires. They went into a restaurant on a corner of the square.

"I almost persuaded the Spanish ambassador to come along," Señora d'Harcourt told the engineer. "He couldn't because he had to meet with some kind of delegation from Madrid. He promised me he would come the next time, and that he'd make inquiries to see if the Spanish government will help us. It seems ecology is becoming fashionable there, too."

"I'd like to visit Spain," said Cañas. "My maternal grandfather came from Galicia. I must still have relatives over there."

They could barely talk during the second part of the trip because of the Jeep's violent jarring and bouncing on the ruined highway. The ruts and fallen rocks between Acostambo and Izcuchaca were so severe that they almost turned back. They clutched at their seats and at the roof, but with every pothole they crashed into each other and were almost thrown from the Jeep. The driver was enjoying it, shouting, "Look out below!" and "Wild bull on the loose!" It was dark by the time they reached Huancavelica. They had put on sweaters, gloves and scarves to protect themselves from the cold.

The prefect, who had received instructions from Lima, met them at the Hotel de Turistas. He waited while they cleaned up and invited them to have supper with him in the hotel. They were joined by the two technicians from the Ministry who would accompany them and by the garrison commander, a short, cordial man who saluted in military fashion and then shook hands.

"It's a great honor to welcome someone so important, señora," the commander said, removing his cap. "I always read your page in *El Comercio*. And I've read your book on the Huaylas Canyon. What a shame I don't have it with me now so you could sign it."

He told them that the patrol was ready; they could start their inspection at seven the next morning.

"Patrol?" Señora d'Harcourt said, questioning the engineer with her eyes.

"I explained to you we didn't want an escort," Cañas said to the prefect.

"I conveyed that information to the commander," the prefect replied with a shrug. "But the crew doesn't give orders, the captain does. This is an emergency zone under military authority."

"I'm very sorry, but I can't allow you people to go up there without protection," the commander informed them. He was a young man with a carefully trimmed mustache, and he was making an effort to be pleasant. "Señora, it's a dangerous area. The subversives call it 'liberated territory.' I can't assume the responsibility. I assure you the patrol will not interfere in any way."

Señora d'Harcourt sighed and exchanged dejected looks with the engineer. She would have to explain her position to the commander, as she had explained it to prefects, subprefects, captains, majors, commanders, Civil Guards, National Guards and ordinary soldiers ever since violence began to fill these mountains with corpses, fear and phantoms.

"We're not political and we have nothing to do with politics, Commander. Our concern is nature, the environment, the animals and plants. We don't work for this government; we work for Peru. All of Peru. The military as well as those hotheads. Don't you understand? If they see us surrounded by soldiers, they'll have a false impression of who we are and what we do. I appreciate your good intentions, but I assure you we don't need anyone to take care of us. Our best protection is to go alone and prove that we have nothing to hide."

The commander was not convinced. It had been rash enough to travel overland from Huancayo to Huancavelica, where there had been dozens of assaults and ambushes. He apologized for insisting. They might think him impertinent, but it was his obligation and he wanted no recriminations later.

"We'll sign a paper freeing you of all responsibility," Cañas proposed. "Don't take offense, Commander, but for our work we shouldn't be identified with the military."

The discussion ended only when Señora d'Harcourt declared that if the officer insisted, she would cancel the expedition. The commander drew up a document and had the prefect and the two technicians sign as witnesses.

"You're a hard man," Señora d'Harcourt commented in a conciliatory way when she said goodnight. "But thank you for your kindness. Let me have your address, and I'll send you a book of mine on the Colca Valley that's coming out soon. It has some very nice photographs."

Señora d'Harcourt went to Mass the next morning at the Church of Saint Sebastian, where she spent some time looking at its majestic colonial arches and antique retables of sleepy-eyed archangels. They left in two vehicles, she and the engineer in the Jeep, the technicians and the prefect in an old black Ford. On the road to the Santa Bárbara mines they encountered a patrol of soldiers who carried their rifles with fixed bayonets and seemed ready to fire. A few kilometers farther on, the road became an indistinct trail, and the Jeep reduced its speed so as not to leave the Ford too far behind. For an hour or two they drove up and down hills through the semidesert, passing a succession of barren mountains. On the slopes, in occasional touches of life and color, a few huts came into view, as did fields planted in potatoes, barley, beans, oca and *mashua*. The Ford was no longer in sight.

"The last time I was here, there weren't so many painted slogans and red flags," Cañas observed. "What the commander said must be true. It seems they control this area."

"I just hope that doesn't interfere with the reforestation project," said Señora d'Harcourt. "That would be too much. Four years to get the project off the ground, and when it finally happens——"

"I haven't put in my two cents yet, and that's a fact," the driver interjected. "But if you ask me, I would have felt a lot happier with that escort."

"Then they would have thought we were their enemies," said Señora d'Harcourt, "and we're not. We're not anybody's enemies. We are working for them, too. Don't you understand?"

"I do understand, señora," the man grumbled. "I only hope they do.

"Oh, no—you're not hiding the view . . . quite the contrary. . . !"

Haven't you seen on TV how brutal they are?"

"I never watch television," replied Señora d'Harcourt. "That must be why I feel so calm."

At dusk they reached the Indian community of Huayllarajcra, where one of the nurseries was in operation. The campesinos came there for the *queñua* seedlings and planted them around their fields and along the banks of lagoons and streams. The village center—a small church with a tile roof and collapsed tower, a little adobe school, a cobblestone square—was almost deserted. But the mayor and elders of Huayllarajcra, their staffs of authority in hand, showed them around the nursery, which had been built by communal labor. They seemed enthusiastic about the reforestation program and said that until now all the *comuneros* had lived in the highlands, isolated from one another. But if the plans to bring them together were to become a reality, they would have electricity and drinkable water. In the fading light they could still make out the vast expanse around them, with its patchwork of cultivated fields and a terrain that grew stonier as it rose and disappeared into the clouds. The engineer took a deep breath and spread his arms wide.

"I lose all my Lima neuroses in this landscape," he exclaimed, pointing around him in excitement. "Don't you, señora? We should have brought a little bottle of something for the cold."

Next to the nursery was a shack where meals were served. The family that used to live in the house had been reduced to one old woman, who would not explain where her kinfolk had gone, or why. The place was empty except for a small cot. The woman said nothing and busied herself with tending the fire, stirring the pot, keeping her back to them. The mayor and elders returned to their houses. The two watchmen at the nursery had gone into their hut and barred the door. The little reed corral, where Señora d'Harcourt recalled seeing sheep and chickens, was empty, the stakes pulled out of the ground. A ragged piece of red flannel fluttered on a stick set into heaps of straw on the roof.

By the time the prefect and the technicians drove into Huayllarajcra in the Ford, the stars were shining in a deep black sky. The engineer and Señora d'Harcourt were unpacking. They had set up their sleeping bags in a corner and inflated their air pillows and were heating their coffee on a portable Primus stove.

"We thought you'd had an accident," Cañas greeted them. "I was ready to go out and look for you."

But the prefect was a different person; the helpful, good-natured little man from Huancavelica was beside himself. They had, in fact, had a flat tire, but that wasn't why he was frantic.

"We have to go back immediately," he ordered as he climbed out of the car. "We cannot spend the night here, absolutely not."

"Have some coffee and a biscuit and enjoy the view," the engineer said, trying to calm him. "You can't see this anywhere else in the world. Take it easy, friend."

"Don't you know what's going on?" The prefect raised his voice. His chin trembled and he squeezed his eyes open and shut as if his vision had blurred. "Haven't you seen the slogans painted all along the road? Isn't there a red flag right over our heads? The commander was right. This is sheer recklessness. We can't expose ourselves like this. And you least of all, señora."

"We've come here to do work that has nothing to do with politics," she said, in an effort to reassure him. "But if you feel unsafe, you can go back to the city."

"I'm no coward." The prefect's voice changed and he spoke with wounded pride. "But this is foolhardy. We're in danger. None of us can spend the night here. Not me, not the technicians, not the engineer. Listen to me: We've got to leave. We can come back with the patrol. Don't put other people's lives at risk, señora."

Cañas turned toward the two technicians, who were listening in silence.

They were fairly young and wore poor men's clothing. They seemed uncomfortable and exchanged glances, not saying anything.

"Please, don't feel obliged," Señora d'Harcourt intervened. "If you would rather go back, you can."

"Are you staying, Señor Cañas?" one of them finally asked in a northern accent.

"Absolutely," he said. "We've fought too long to establish this project, to get money from the FAO and the Dutch. I'm not going to retreat just when it's getting under way."

"Then we'll stay, too," said the one who asked the question. "God's will be done."

"I'm very sorry, but I'm leaving," declared the prefect. "I hold political office. If they come, I'm done for. I'll ask the commander to send the patrol for you."

"Under no circumstances," Señora d'Harcourt replied, offering him her hand. "You can go, but don't do anything else. I'll see you in Huancavelica in a few days. Have a good trip back. And don't worry about us. Somebody up there is taking better care of us than any patrol could."

They unloaded the technicians' blankets and packs and watched the Ford drive away into the darkness.

"It's crazy to travel alone at night along these roads," murmured one of the technicians.

For some time they worked in silence, making preparations to spend the night in the small house. After serving them a very spicy soup with chunks of yuca, the old woman lay down on her cot. They arranged their sleeping bags and blankets side by side, then built a fire and sat next to it, watching the stars twinkle and multiply. They had ham, chicken and avocado sandwiches, and Señora d'Harcourt passed around pieces of chocolate for dessert. They ate slowly, talking about the next day's itinerary and their families in Lima. The northern technician, who came from Pacasmayo, spoke of his fiancée in Trujillo. Last year she had won second prize in a folk-dance competition. Then the conversation centered on how bright, how infinite in number, the stars were when viewed from the Andean peaks.

Señora d'Harcourt changed the direction of their talk abruptly. "I've been traveling in Peru for 30 years and never dreamed that things like this could happen one day."

The engineer, the technicians and the driver were silent, reflecting on her words. Later they went to sleep, fully dressed.

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They arrived at dawn, just as the party of travelers was waking up. There were about 50 of them: men, women, many young people, a few children, most of them campesinos but also some urban mestizos, in jackets, ponchos, sneakers, sandals, jeans and sweaters embroidered with crude figures in the style that decorates pre-Hispanic pottery. On their heads they wore mountain caps with earflaps, berets or hats, and some hid their faces with balaclavas. They were poorly armed: Only three or four carried Kalashnikovs; the others had shotguns, revolvers, hunting carbines or simple machetes and sticks. The old cook had disappeared.

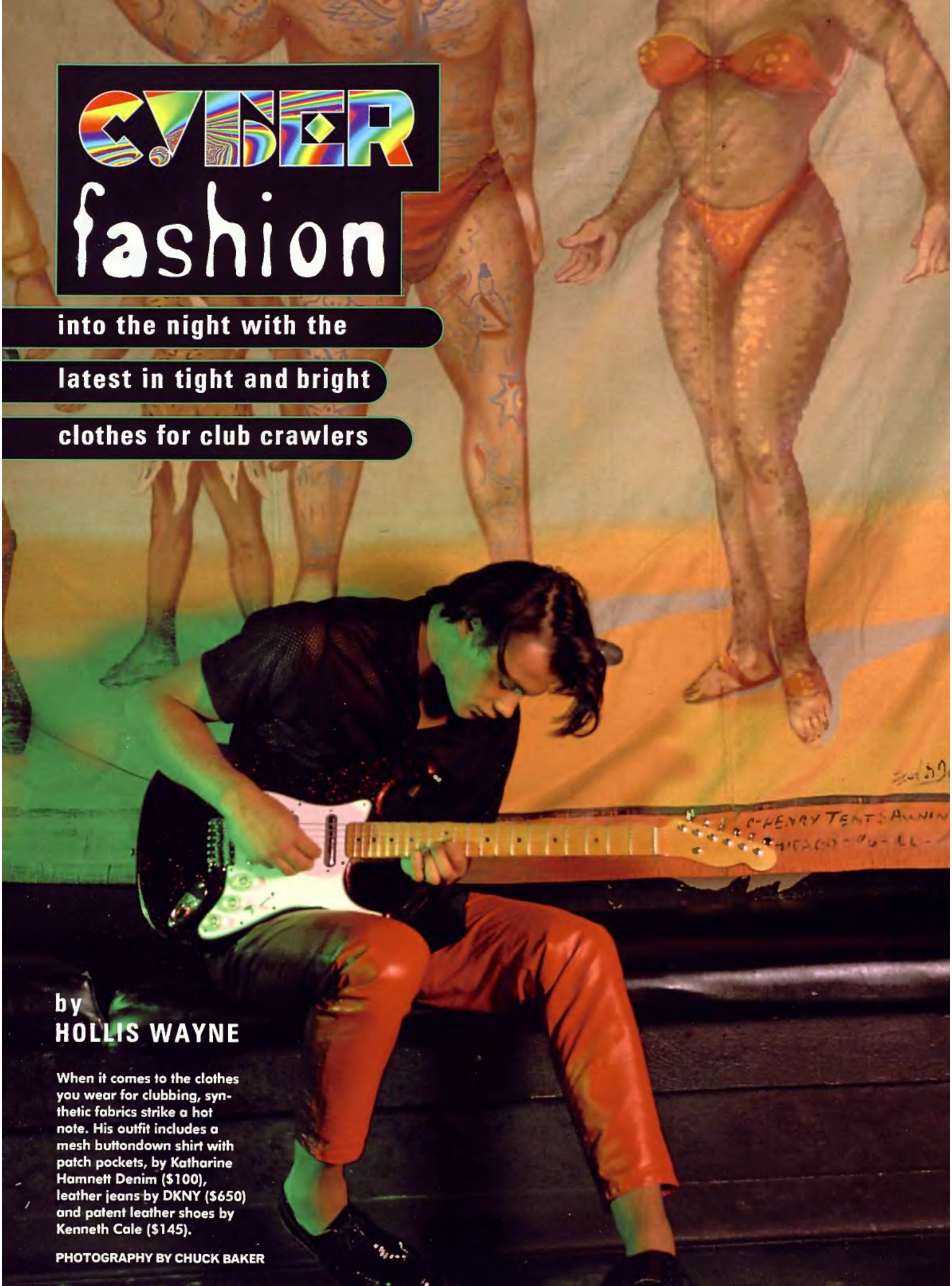
"You don't need to point those guns at us," said Señora d'Harcourt, stepping forward. "We're not armed, and we won't try to run away. Can I speak with your leader? To explain what we're doing here?"

No one answered her. No order was given, but they all seemed well trained, for in twos and threes they separated from the larger group and surrounded each of the five, searched them carefully and took everything they had in

(continued on page 151)

CYBER fashion

into the night with the latest in tight and bright clothes for club crawlers



by
HOLLIS WAYNE

When it comes to the clothes you wear for clubbing, synthetic fabrics strike a hot note. His outfit includes a mesh buttondown shirt with patch pockets, by Katharine Hamnett Denim ($100), leather jeans by DKNY ($650) and patent leather shoes by Kenneth Cole ($145).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Bumping Seventies-style in clothes also reminiscent of the disco era, he combines a translucent jacket made of polyester, nylon and polyurethane, by Searle ($210), with a mesh zip-neck polo shirt by MNW Wardrobe ($155), stretch pants with piping down the sides, by Istante ($1600), and leather high-vamp loafers with welt stitching, from Wannabe by Patrick Cox (abaut $180).

Energy surges in today's club scene, whether you're hanging out at the Good Luck Bar in Los Angeles or rocking in your patent leathers on the dance floor of Coney Island High in Manhattan (where we photographed this feature). Clothes that are tight and skinny, such as painted-on pants and body-hugging shirts, are after-dark winners. What makes these cyberfashions work are their shiny, synthetic fabrics that stretch for a perfect fit. Colors are important, too, and flashy, fluorescent brights are a great way to get noticed on the dance floor. Pants are cut to be worn low on the hip, but high in the crotch, with wide belts. We like black—and for an over-the-top look, black worn with a white belt and a pair of white slip-ons. Leather jeans in unexpected colors, such as red, also look slick, as do tight-fitting, jeans-style pants with stripes down the legs and color-trimmed pockets. Also check out satin-look racing jackets and jogging-style bottoms. Pair these with a solid-color zip-front shirt, or with a basic black or vivid T-shirt.

Above: This fashionable club crawler teoms a three-button rayon-and-nylon jocket with zipper-slash pockets, by DKNY ($450), with a viscose jersey-knit shirt by Moschino ($420), plaid twill pants by L'Energia ($139) ond a studded leather belt by Versus ($270). Left: Neon brights are big, and his yellow snap-front jacket by Versus ($650) is the perfect partner to a black V-neck T-shirt by Girbaud ($55), white jeans by Joop Jeans ($140) and a white leather belt with a square buckle, by Iceberg Jeans (abaut $95).

WOMEN'S STYLING BY LISA VON WEISE FOR MAREK & ASSOCIATES

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DAWN JACOBSON FOR STREETERS

Nothing like great sax. His outfit includes a Tencel-and-nylon zip-front overshirt with snap cuffs, by Joop Jeans ($130), polyamide jogging-style pull-on pants with multicolored side stripes and an elastic waist, by L'Energio ($129), and Air Max sneakers with neon details, by Nike ($140). Under the jacket, we suggest wearing a colorful tight-fitting V-neck T-shirt.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

Back-to-back retro: His long-sleeved cotton sweater by L'Energia (about $130) features multicolored vertical stripes, a plastic-patch breast pocket and sports-style numbers on the back. It's combined with a pair of cotton-and-Lycra knit five-pocket jeans by Girbaud ($110) and a white leather belt with a military slide buckle, by Iceberg Jeans ($110).

article by TURK PIPKIN

our writer goes on a double-date vasectomy with harry anderson—yes, that harry anderson

GREAT BALLS *of* FIRE

I DON'T KNOW about you, but before I would let someone set my testicles on fire, I'd be damn sure I didn't want to have any more kids. And when you get a vasectomy, guys, that's what they do: set your balls on fire. I've seen the white smoke spiraling from my groin and sniffed the bittersweet aroma of my burning genitalia. It's not so alarming as the smell of napalm in the morning, but it is close.

On the other hand, there comes a time when you have to say, Enough is enough. Even though I always liked the idea of a big family, my wife and I agreed after the birth of our second child a year ago that we had filled our quota. Like a lot of couples in their 30s, it had taken us years to get pregnant. That's years of wild, carefree sex, doing it like teenagers at the drop of a zipper, whenever and wherever we felt like it. It had been almost a decade since we had used any serious birth control, and neither the side effects of the pill nor a wallet full of sheepskin dick-waders sounded exciting. To put it bluntly: We were tired of fucking with birth control. We wanted to do it the way it's meant to be: skin to skin, but without producing any more offspring. What's the advantage of a 15-year monogamous relationship in the

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

time of AIDS if you can't do what you want with your own true love?

Truthfully, it was hard to argue against it. I'm no spring chicken, and though my wife occasionally gets asked for an ID when she's out for a drink—something she's darn proud of, I guarantee—neither of us relish the idea of raising kids when we're past retirement age. It was never mentioned, but I imagine my wife also liked the idea that I wasn't trying to preserve my options for a future midlife crisis and offspring with a bimbo to be named at a later date.

To top it off, the whole thing was damn near free. Not that many years ago, few health insurance companies would pay for vasectomies, but most of them have now reconsidered, knowing that it's a heck of a lot cheaper to shell out five hundred bucks once than to pay thousands in medical and dental on a child.

Among the permanent birth controls available, a vasectomy—permanently cutting the vasa deferentia, which carry sperm from the testicles to their appointed destination—is clearly the simplest and safest. Tubal ligation, by contrast, involves surgical entry through the woman's belly button, which—much as I hated to admit it—sounded even worse than messing with my balls. Still, mention a vasectomy to most men and they'll double over in mock pain like someone uttered the word castration. Get over it, guys. Sometimes a man's got to be a man—or half a man, if that's what it takes.

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My mind was already made up when my buddy Harry Anderson came into the picture, and that's when the going got weird. After Harry's sitcom *Dave's World* filmed an episode about Dave getting a vasectomy, Harry told me he was ready to subject himself to the unkindest cut. And, Harry reasoned, as long as we both were going to suffer, why should we suffer alone? The next thing I knew he was suggesting a road trip to Vegas for double vasectomies on the Fourth of July, our very own declaration of independence.

This so-called vasectomathon would be performed by a fan of Harry's, a gonzo urologist with the unlikely name of Dr. Rod, and Rod's busty, I mean *trusty* assistant, Nurse Kielbasa. Surely, I thought, Harry was yanking my chain with some grand practical joke. But one call to Rod's office confirmed that we were in for a road trip worthy of Hunter S. Thompson himself. Call it Fear of Loving in Las Vegas.

Despite all the dick jokes that kept popping up like erections in a boys' choir, in the bottom of my scrotum I had a feeling I was headed for an ugly scene. My wife, however, was so enamored of my vasectomy that when I suggested I receive a commemorative blow job every year on the Fourth of July, she readily agreed to the deal.

I was packing my jockstrap when Harry called with the disappointing news that Dr. Rod was either indisposed or had left the state (which, now that I think about it, seems to happen to a lot of Harry's friends in Nevada). Not wanting to know any more about this than was necessary, I simply had to admit that the game had been called without so much as a single foul ball.

About to lose a lifetime of scheduled head—an unparalleled signing perk—I decided it was time to take matters into my own hands, so to speak. Harry declined my offer of a visit from the mobile vet (who was already coming out to neuter the cat), so I suggested dueling vasectomies with a legendary Austin urologist by the name of Dr. Chopp. That's Dr. Richard Chopp, yes, as in *Dick Chopp*. Tell me truthfully, how could Harry decline? I had called his elementary-school Nurse Kielbasa gag and raised him a doctoral dick joke.

•

After an unscheduled layover at the DFW airport bar, Harry got off the plane in Austin already anesthetized for his vasectomy, which wasn't scheduled until the next day. He had a crazed look in his eye and a cheap bottle of warm champagne the stewardesses had given him in celebration of his impending bravery.

"I panicked on the way to the airport," he told me as we waited in front of baggage claim swilling the bad bubbly, "and decided maybe I should make a deposit at a sperm bank. But it was the weekend—I had to use an ATM."

"Well, I hope they get it in the right account," I replied, as a nearby woman rushed her two French poodles away so they wouldn't have to hear us act like total dicks (something we would be incapable of in less than 24 hours).

We'd pretty much sobered up by the time we walked into Dr. Chopp's office the following morning, both a little apprehensive but determined to go through with it. "It's for my wife," said Harry, "and for me that's the bottom line." Of course, right after that noble statement, he told the receptionist, "I don't want you to think I'm nervous—but you can cut 'em if you can find 'em."

Harry went first, which was my idea. Not hearing any loud screams, I soon followed Chopp into his office for some last-minute counseling about the dim prospects of vasectomy-reversal operations. I told him I had already been informed that the procedure would not change my sexual behavior—which came as quite a disappointment to my wife. He didn't find anything funny in that quip, or in anything else I said. Shoot, I was hoping for Shecky Green in a lab coat doing a lounge act for my bollocks and me: "What do you say to a guy with five penises? Say, those pants fit like a glove!" Despite his name, Dick Chopp turned out to be quiet, efficient and bordering on humorless. Sticking to a well-rehearsed routine, Chopp verified that I didn't want to have any more children, then reassured me that a decade-old preliminary study which suggested a relationship between vasectomies and prostate cancer had recently been debunked by several medical surveys. But you can be damn sure I had verified that already.

I would have preferred to have my family jewels lathered and shaved by a beautiful blonde—I never have found out what Nurse Kielbasa looks like—but had to settle for an efficient razoring by a male nurse with the name of Gene Manly. With the irony of the names starting to overwhelm me, I asked Chopp how he ended up as a urologist doing vasectomies and circumcisions.

"Destiny," he answered in total deadpan as he picked up a long syringe with one hand and my nuts with the other.

So I asked Manly, who was arranging the scalpels on a tray, how a guy with his moniker came to be an assistant to the nutty professor, and Manly said, "Coincidence."

Finally, I asked an orderly how a guy with a completely normal name came to be working with Dick Chopp and Gene Manly.

"I was here first," he replied without batting an eye.

•

For all you guys out there who are considering a vasectomy and would like to know what specific medical delights await you, the bottom line is: If you've ever had a medium-swift kick in the nuts—make that two kicks in the nuts—then you know what to expect. After you've been swabbed and shaved, the doc will sneak up on you with a needleful of local anesthetic and probably tell you it will hurt a bit. You may even flinch when the needle gives your scrotum a little prick—so to speak—but when the urologist sticks the needle directly into your vas deferens, it truly feels like you walked too close behind a nervous mule.

Once the anesthetic takes hold, your

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"I'll be a little late this morning, boss. My wife's having a bad case of morning sickness."

BRUCE WILLIS (continued from page 50)

I have bodyguards to protect other people. I don't want to punch somebody's lights out and get sued.

WILLIS: I haven't hit anybody, I don't know, probably since the early Eighties. I came close to smacking somebody at the *Die Hard With a Vengeance* premiere. I'm having a great time. There's a guy—I'm not going to tell you who—and I'm sure his boss had told him, "Go be an asshole and try to instigate something." But for no reason—as far as I knew at the time—this guy is saying shit about my old lady. He's going, "Are you gonna dump Demi when she gets dumpy?" Shit like that. I'm like, "What is this, fucking Satan here?" I say, "Hey, what's the matter with you?" A little later he's saying something else shitty to me. I say, "Hey, motherfucker, what's wrong with you? Stop! Get out of here." I tell somebody about him and they go to throw him out, but he sneaks around again. I'm standing there talking to somebody and he says one more really shitty thing about my wife. I was this close. "Hey, let me explain something to you. You may think I'm a fucking celebrity and above punching your lights out, but you're a fucking cunt hair away from going down and having to spit your fucking teeth out." It stopped after that. That was the closest I've come in a long time.

PLAYBOY: Are you extra careful because you could be sued?

WILLIS: Yeah. Once you become a public figure, all someone has to do is take a swing at you, and if you hit them, you can be sued. They have a good shot at getting some money, at least a settlement. I'm not interested in getting fucked like that. People ask why I have bodyguards. For two reasons. One is for my kids, when I travel with them. The other isn't to protect me from people but to protect other people from me. I don't want to punch somebody's lights out and then get sued.

PLAYBOY: Is it your nature just to start swinging?

WILLIS: Let's just say there are some things about me that I'll never completely eliminate. One is that there's only so far I'll go, and then I'm going to hit you, no matter what. I don't give a fuck if I have to pay a million dollars. I can be gotten to. I wanted to punch someone the other day after I saw this talk show. If these shows were really about helping people—if they were really about helping child molesters or their victims—you might see another side. But there is no other side. I saw a *Maury Povich* show on which he had nine- and ten-year-old children who had watched their moms and dads shoot each other. For the opening of the show, they played tapes of the 911 calls. The kids are screaming [*mimics a child screaming*] and then you hear *pow! pow!*, then more screams. Then Povich interviews the kids and gets them crying again. They play the tape again, this time while the kids are sitting there. I wanted to punch Maury Povich in the fucking face. He's making money off of these children. Somewhere in some sleazy, slime-encrusted back room, money is changing hands—from the people who advertise on Maury Povich's fucking show to these little kids, who not only had to go through it but have to relive it. The producers justify it by saying, "Here, son, we're going to pay you. Here's some money." It's the downfall of fucking civilization. You tell me we're a civilized planet? Watch any of these shows any day.

PLAYBOY: Yet people choose to spill their guts on talk shows.

WILLIS: People want to be famous. They want to get on TV any fucking way. "I'll tell you how I fucked my little doggy if you put me on TV." They will talk about the shittiest things. It's not their fault, because they don't know that you should just keep your mouth shut and not embarrass yourself. The ones to blame are the ones cashing in. It's not just Maury Povich and his ilk. It's also the people behind the scenes who say, "Yeah, run that story, go with the 911 tape. Beautiful, Maury. Gorgeous. Think of the ratings!" They are all making money off someone else's misfortune. The fucking whores. Imagine where it's going: televised executions, the 24-hour Violence Channel, on which you can see somebody get whacked over the fucking head with a shovel or something.

PLAYBOY: Many of these tabloid shows have another favorite topic—you and your marriage. How much of a burden is this treatment?

WILLIS: It's irrelevant. We laugh it off. I always know when there's a lull in the tabloid market—when nobody's fucking up—because they always come up with the BRUCE WILLIS AND DEMI MOORE ARE BREAKING UP! story. It has happened once or twice a year since we got married. It's just gotten to be funny. Those shows and magazines are outside the realm. I don't need to hear that I was on a horse and saved a little girl from drowning in a fucking stream or some cockamamie thing. People think the *National Enquirer* is a newspaper.

PLAYBOY: How did you and Demi meet?

WILLIS: We were both at a screening of an Emilio Estevez–Richard Dreyfuss movie called *Stakeout*.

PLAYBOY: Though she was going out with Estevez at the time, was it an instant attraction?

WILLIS: We got married four months later, so I guess I wouldn't call it instant. But it was rapid. I was enamored pretty quickly.

PLAYBOY: We heard that Little Richard presided at your wedding.

WILLIS: That was later. First we married in Las Vegas and then a friend was kind enough to throw us a huge wedding party on a soundstage in Hollywood. We invited all our friends. When we were married the first time it was me, Demi, the reverend, a friend of mine and a friend of hers in a hotel room at the Golden Nugget.

PLAYBOY: Was the wedding in Vegas spontaneous?

WILLIS: We had been talking about it for a while, then happened to go there to see a fight. I said, "You know, we could walk down to the little wedding chapel and get married," and she laughed. We joked about it, and later that night she said, "Let's go." I said, "Well, let me finish this one hand. . . ." [*Laughs*] I called these guys I knew and they pushed some buttons and—*boom*—it'll be nine years.

PLAYBOY: That's a reasonable accomplishment in Hollywood. You've survived the seven-year itch.

WILLIS: We both get asked, "How do you do it? How do you work this magical fairy tale of a life? How do you juggle it all?" The answer is: I don't know. The fact is, this is the longest either of us has stayed with anybody, so we're in uncharted waters. We deal with it one day at a time.

PLAYBOY: What was it like working together in *Mortal Thoughts*?

WILLIS: I worked only about ten days on that film, but it was great. There was no husband-wife "I'm the boss, you're not the boss" thing. That was my favorite movie until *Pulp Fiction*.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that you are both fairly headstrong?

WILLIS: Yeah. But we're both smart enough to know the truth when we hear it. I don't really give a shit about being in charge. I don't give a shit about being the boss. I just want to make it a good story, so we work out whatever comes up.

PLAYBOY: How about at home?

WILLIS: We've gotten pretty good at it. We each have things that we acquiesce about. There are certain areas she

(continued on page 125)

In 1994 Cameron Diaz told PLAYBOY that despite her breakout stardom as Jim Carrey's leading lady in *The Mask*, fame can be fleeting. Wrong. The Long Beach, California native has three new movies, among them *She's the One* from *Brothers McMullen* director Ed Burns. Not bad for a girl who was modeling at 16 and a star at 22—and who still dreams of becoming a zoologist. Perhaps that's the explanation for the birdcage. Or maybe it's just because she's so captivating.

black water, deep canyon

MIKE AND I escape over the mountains at midnight. In a blizzard, fittingly. Flakes as fat as miniature parachutes swoop into the windshield, tires hiss. Headlights scout through the trees as a radio preacher tongue-lashes us.

Anyone else would have called it off. Not us. When it looks bad, when a storm is blowing in and everyone is advised to stay home, watch TV, look at the world through their living room window, that's when we toss the climbing gear into the truck and head out into the bellowing.

Usually we strike out for the mountains. Mountaineering is what we know. The Rockies, the Andes, the Himalayas, Tanzania to Tibet. We know how to climb. That's why we're not doing it this time. There's no adventure in doing what you know. We figured that it was time we went canyoneering.

You've never heard of it? No surprise. Canyoneering is a strange, little-known sport practiced by a handful of spartan disciples living near the deserts of the Southwest. That's where the canyons are, from the middle of Utah south to the middle of Arizona: Grand Canyon, Glen Canyon, Grand Gulch; and thousands more that are less known: Black Dragon Wash, Old Woman Wash, Dirty Devil, Escalante. This is the Colorado Plateau, the most paradoxical geography in the U.S.—bone-dry desert designed by water. Earth cut to the bone.

Generally, all the canyons were formed the same way: Crooked knives of water slowly sliced down through a layer cake of sedimentary rock. Took millions of years. There are three types of canyons: V-shaped, which form in uniformly soft rock; stair-stepped, which form in

when it's dark

and raining

and the river

is rising,

canyoneering

is the most

dangerous sport

in the world

article By Mark Jenkins

ILLUSTRATION BY GUY BILLOUT

alternating layers of hard and soft rock (the Grand Canyon is a fine example); and slot canyons, which cut straight down through uniformly hard rock. Slot canyons are the favorite of canyoneers.

Slots are fissures sometimes 300 feet deep but no wider than a man's shoulders; curving, smooth-walled incisions so unfathomable the sun never touches the stygian streams at their bottoms. Inside a slot, stone walls connect hidden chambers, deep vaults and subterranean passageways.

To canyoneer is to explore one of these incisions. To slip, drop, wriggle, crawl, scrape, climb, float and choke through a crack in the lithosphere. To fight up through the waterfalls. To swim through dungeons. In a way, canyoneering is the inverse of mountaineering—instead of going up, you go down. But whenever you go down you have to come back up, and vice versa, so they're closer than you would think. And the skills required are similar: technical rock climbing, rappelling, route finding.

"To be a good canyoneer," one veteran curmudgeon told us, "you have to be able to climb sheer walls like a lizard, squeeze through holes like a rat and swim in freezing-cold water as natural as a trout. Can't be afraid of heights or afraid of the dark or afraid of tight spots. Big balls come in handy, long as they don't get you stuck somewhere."

He thought he was scaring us away. Instead, we thought we'd better try it before MTV put it on the tube for all those people who hide inside during a storm.

•

We follow the path of the water. Out of Wyoming into Colorado, slanting toward Utah, wipers shoveling sleet. The mountain snow melts and flows into rivers that crash down green mountains. Eventually it will cut across the desert, where it continues to carve the canyons we'll soon explore.

We get gas and candy in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. Switch drivers. I-70 West. Mike shoves his red head out the window and howls.

Green River, Utah. Gliding down Main Street at four A.M. Neon lights dripping and buzzing. Preacher has given up and gone to bed. Gas for the truck, candy bars for us, switching drivers again. West 14 miles then south, straight into the desert. The stars begin to shut down. Black sandstone turns to indigo. Clumps of sagebrush become turtles or panthers or trolls, anything you want.

Before us, below wet silver clouds, lies a ribbon of asphalt perfectly level, perfectly straight, perfectly empty. I flatten the pedal. We float over Glen Canyon, magically suspended above the deep drop. The bridge is a tightrope hung in the sky like a Magritte painting.

Just as the sun ruptures the horizon, we pull off the asphalt into wet red mud. Cut the engine, push open the doors. Not a sound. Then a bird. A meadowlark.

You ever need to make it to another world, just drive all night.

We step out, pop our necks, peer over the landscape. We know there's a gorge right in front of us, right off the bumper, but we can't see it. All we can see is a wet desert. Mesas the shape of crushed cowboy hats. Scrub junipers with snow in their hair. Clouds pressing down like metal clamps. It all looks level and calm and safe. But it's a fabulous lie.

I move forward and the chasm opens below my feet. It's like being on the roof of a building and walking to the edge.

Everything is perspective. On the ground the Colorado Plateau appears benign. One continuous piece. Just pick a point and walk to it. Fact is, the whole place is so deeply dissected it's untraversable. You can see it from a plane or a topo map. Canyons of all sizes, like serpents, have eaten out the land. Some are half a mile wide and 50 miles long with a vast oxbow that could circle an entire city. Others are deep, short troughs with sudden, inexplicable doglegs. Still others are loopy rents as thin as string.

We sit on a stained rock and change from jeans and T-shirts into plastic: polypropylene long underwear, polyester shirts and pants, fleece jackets and caps. Canyoneering can be a cold, wet business, so cotton can kill you. Cotton keeps water against your skin, sucking away heat.

Off with the sandals, on with the boots. You would think sport sandals would be ideal for walking in a stream, but you're wrong. Boots, solid leather hikers, are the answer. Canyoneering is not simply walking a streambed; it's scrambling and clambering between walls of stone. Even tough toes would be shredded in sandals.

We spread out our map on the tailgate. White Canyon is the invisible gorge before us. We want to explore one of its remote side canyons. We also want to travel upstream rather than down; climbing is always more interesting than rappelling. We choose a narrow slot perhaps 12 miles long that on the topo looks like a lightning bolt. It enters White Canyon from the opposite side of the rim we're standing on. We have an obscure guidebook called *Canyoneering 2: Technical Loop Hikes in Southern Utah*. It was written by a guy named Steve Allen, an intrepid, articulate fellow with no address and no phone number.

"Man's unreachable," said his publisher. "He's a genuine desert rat. Disappears into those canyons and doesn't come out for months."

Our canyon is the most difficult, thus the most dangerous, in his book. We sort gear as I read out loud.

"This is a technical route that should be attempted only by experienced canyoneers."

Mike grins. We've done a lot of stuff together, but the only canyons we've done have been by accident.

Besides, guidebook writers have to write like that. They don't and they get their asses in a sling when some tenderfoot gets bumped. Case in point: In 1993, five teenagers and three adults try canyoneering in Zion National Park. Hard rain, strong water, two adults drown immediately. Swept over falls. The six left alive spend five days on a ledge before being rescued. They file a $24.5 million lawsuit against Zion National Park and the Washington County Water Conservation District.

"The leader must be familiar with belay techniques and capable of leading the climbing sections without protection. There are several places with lots of exposure."

"Yes!" Mike snaps his fingers like a belly dancer. We divvy up gear. Tent and bags, stove and fuel, food for days, dry suits and the climbing equipment: two #165 climbing ropes, harnesses, slings, hardware we can insert into the rock to anchor the ropes to get ourselves out of whatever we manage to get into. We cram it all into airtight, waterproof dry bags, then pound the bags into our packs. Our packs will float, even if we don't.

"There is a lot of wading and swimming on this trip, so air temperatures should be reasonably warm. There is the potential for flash floods."

"Huh," Mike says. "Don't go when it's cold and don't go when it's raining. Now how you gonna have any fun?"

•

A hidden cleft in the canyon wall. Red water, blood of the earth, pours from the portal. This is the mouth of our canyon.

We found a way down into White Canyon without rappelling. Then we hiked the streambed until this opening in the right-hand wall appeared.

We splash into the water and immediately pass through the ancient hatchway into a tunnel of stone. The cold cuts through our boots and burns our toes.

"This is a secret passage," Mike whispers.

We are drawn inside. Swallowed. We

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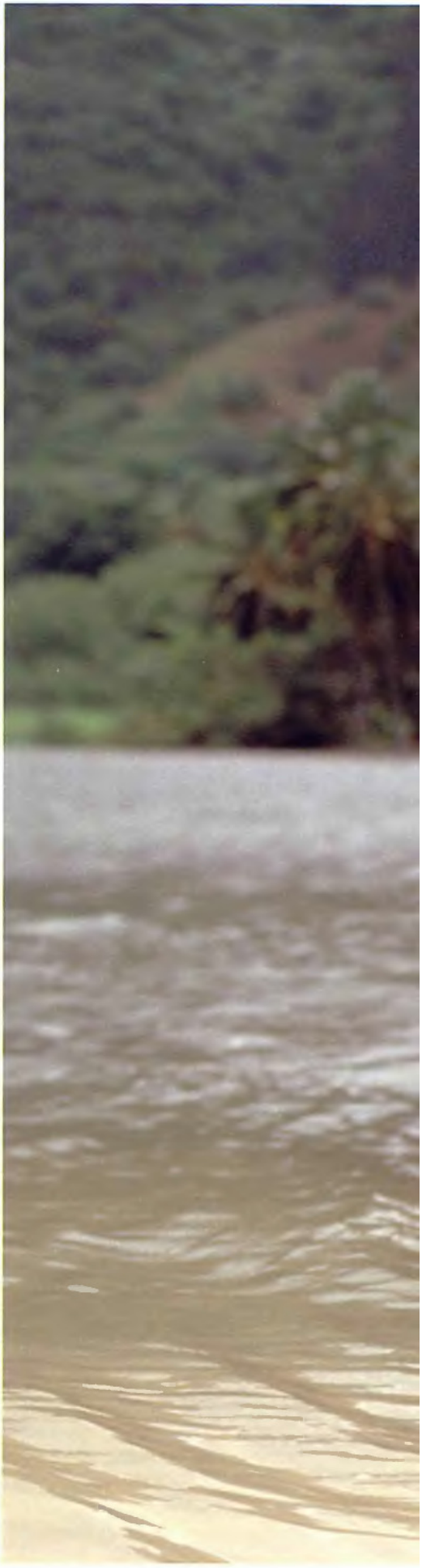
"It's room service. They're looking for you."

hawaii's latest natural wonder, kona carmack, is no stranger to paradise



ALOHA, KONA

WE'RE IN downtown Chicago, making our way to Nick's Fishmarket, and Kona Carmack is living up to her name. It's short for Konaluhiole, which in Hawaiian means "never weary." She has just finished a ten-hour photo shoot, and she's famished.

We visit Nick's because he serves great fish. Kona orders abalone, then ahi for both of us. Beautiful and poised, she is confident beyond her 19 years. Her smile is a tonic. Our waiter seems distracted.

Kona was born and raised in Honolulu but has been living in North Carolina for the past year while she attends college. Regardless of the subject, Kona sits in the front row so she doesn't miss anything. "It's kind of nerdy, but it works," says Miss February, a marketing major with a 3.4 GPA. "I also raise my hand a lot. If I don't understand something, I'm not going to just sit there."

One of the most liberating moments of her first year came during English 101, when she wrote a term paper blasting antiporn crusader Catharine MacKinnon. "She argues that PLAYBOY is pornography," says Kona. "I don't happen to agree." She got an A.

Kona excels in the classroom, but she's no egghead. She enjoys the clubs too much, where on any given night you'll find her dancing into the wee hours. She wasn't always light on her feet, though. "I remember getting off the school bus when I was 12 and

Kona, who was brought up in Honolulu, has always been a big-city girl. "In smaller towns, everybody knows your business. 'See what she's wearing? Look at her hair.' In the city, at least people gossip about your career." They're certainly talking now.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Kono is proud of her Hawoiion heritage. "The culture is so interesting," she says. "I olso love luaus. Any excuse and we have a porty. That's the Howoiian philosophy." How else does she relax? Moybe you'll catch her cruising Oohu on the fomily Harley.

Kona's favarite surf spot is Canoe's, near Waikiki. "It's a rush when you go down the face of a wave," she says. "But I'm always running over taurists." If a glimpse of Kona doesn't make you want to visit the beaches of Hawaii, there probably isn't much that will. She readily took up her board (and took off her top) for Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley at Portlock, near Hawaii Kai.

waving goodbye to my friends as I walked away. Then—wham!—I ran right into a stop sign. It even vibrated. I heard about that one for the rest of the year."

By the time she turned 16, they were talking about Kona again. She had followed her younger brother, La'au, into the surf and soon was challenging ten-foot waves (well, one anyway—and that was enough). "I was always the only girl out there surfing, besides my friend Kili," she says. "I hated it when the guys would try to cut me off." Maybe

they too were just distracted, I think to myself as the waiter clears our plates. Now Kona has one thing on her mind: mangoes. She orders a plateful, sweet and delicious, then surprises me by pining for a cigar. "I got hooked on them on vacation in Martinique," she says. "After dinner, they're the biggest turn-on."

We consider finding a cigar shop, but by now it's past midnight and Kona shows signs of being, if not weary, at least sleepy. She has another shoot in the morning, and as we leave Nick's, I ask what she'll do with her Playmate modeling fee. "Tuition," she says, "and I'll pay for my new car. I named it Basia. My boyfriend always asks, 'How's Basia? Let's take Basia for a ride.' He knows how to score points with me." Gentlemen, name your engines. —CHIP ROWE

MISS FEBRUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Kona Carmack

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kona Carmack

BUST: 34 B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 10/1/76 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, HI

AMBITIONS: To be able to do whatever I want without worries of any kind. Wish me luck!

TURN-ONS: mangoes, working out, cuddling, the outdoors, witty men, a good argument that I win.

TURNOFFS: spicy food, cheaters, early morning alarms, pessimists, a good argument that I lose.

WHY I LOVE HAWAII: It has a unique energy because of its many cultures, great food, perfect waves and natural beauty. I belong there.

FAVORITE SUBJECTS: Psychology, because I'm a people watcher; English, because I'm outspoken; and Math, because I never have to take it again!

FAVORITE BOY NAMES: Fletcher, Nicholas, Victor, Tristan.

I FALL ASLEEP TO: Sade, Basia, Sting, Pink Floyd, the ocean, boring lectures.

Kindergarten Cutie

18 & Carefree

Senior Photo - Collector's Item

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Three women were dressing after an aerobics workout and talking about their spouses. "My husband," said the first, "is a marriage counselor. He always buys me candy or flowers before we make love."

"Mine is a jeweler," the second said. "He always brings me a pearl or two before we make love."

The third woman paused. "Well," she finally said, "my husband works for Microsoft. He just sits on the edge of the bed and tells me how great it's going to be when I get it."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: Midway through the film, Cindy turned to her friend and whispered, "The guy sitting next to me is masturbating."

"Well, tell him to stop."

"I can't," Cindy replied. "He's using my hand."

How do you know when a blonde has sent you a fax? There's a stamp on it.

A scruffy guy came into a bar and ordered a scotch. He downed it quickly and ordered another. The bartender, eyeing his unkempt appearance suspiciously, demanded money first. "Look," the fellow pleaded, "I'll show you a trick you'll never forget in exchange for another drink."

The bartender reluctantly set another scotch on the bar and watched as the fellow took a rat out of his pocket. The animal scurried toward the piano, jumped on the keys and began playing a Gershwin song. A moment later, the guy took a frog out of his other pocket, set it on the bar and smiled triumphantly as it began to belt out a tune from *Porgy and Bess*.

A well-dressed man at the end of the bar walked over and offered the man $100 on the spot for the frog. The customer quickly accepted. As its new owner walked out with the frog, the bartender said, "How could you be so dumb? You just gave away a fortune."

"Don't be so sure," the guy replied. "The rat's a ventriloquist."

A man phoned his doctor saying his wife appeared to have appendicitis.

"That's impossible," the physician replied. "She had an appendectomy last year. Have you ever seen anybody with a second appendix?"

"No, asshole," the husband replied. "Have you ever seen anybody with a second wife?"

The six-year-old came into the bedroom and shook her mother awake. "Mom," the little girl said, "would you tell me a story?"

"Honey," the groggy woman replied, glancing at the bedside clock, "it's four o'clock in the morning."

"I know, but I want you to tell me a story."

"OK, climb in, sweetheart," she said, pulling back the covers. "We'll wait for Daddy to come home and he'll tell us both a story."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: What do politicians and porn stars have in common? They're both experts at changing positions in front of a camera.

A socially conscious suburban couple decided to take in a homeless girl. In exchange for performing cooking and housekeeping chores, the girl would receive food, shelter and a nice salary. Although the girl was not very competent or enthusiastic, the couple put up with her and continued to pay her wages.

After two years, the girl confessed that she was pregnant. The couple discussed the situation and decided not only to retain her but to adopt the baby as well.

A year later the girl was pregnant again. Once more the couple adopted her child. Within six months the girl announced that she was again expecting a baby. "We're disappointed," the wife said, "but, of course, we will adopt this child too."

"I'm also going to quit," the girl said.

"How can you even think of quitting?" the shocked husband stammered.

"Well," the girl said,"I never agreed to cook and clean for a family with three kids."

Hurley knew that, as in all prisons, both incoming and outgoing mail was read by authorities. He received a letter from his wife asking, "When do I plant the potatoes?" so he replied, "Do not, under any circumstances, dig up our old garden. That's where I hid all of the bank money."

Two weeks later his wife wrote back, "Six sheriff's deputies came to the house. They dug up every inch of the backyard."

Hurley picked up his pen. "Dear Helen," he wrote, "now is the time to plant the potatoes."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I just had a vasectomy. Would you like to help me celebrate?"

RESCUE IMPOSSIBLE

a team of ex–delta commandos travels the globe to right wrongs. don't tell the government

ARTICLE BY PAT JORDAN

Laurie Swint Ghidaoui was living with her husband, Foued, and their daughter, Leila, in Foued's parents' home near the Mediterranean in Tunisia in 1987. Sometimes, Foued went out and would come home with lipstick on his shirts. And he was beating Laurie. Finally, Foued told Laurie he was going to send Leila to Libya for a clitorectomy and see that she was raised as a Muslim. Laurie was so distraught over this she sought out a Tunisian lawyer for a divorce. But in Tunisia, non-Islamic mothers with Tunisian husbands have no rights over their children.

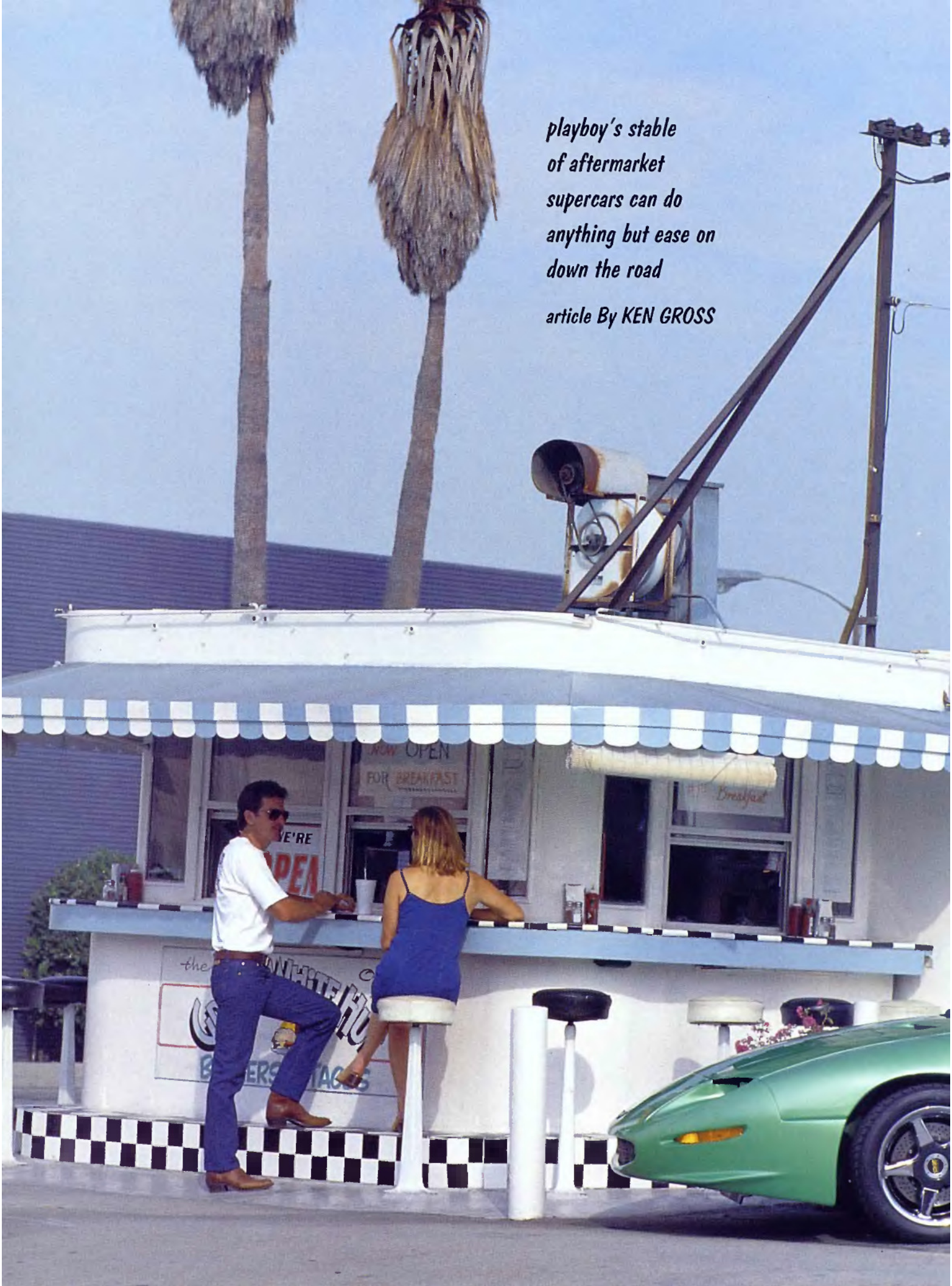
In 1980, when Cathy Mahone divorced her Jordanian husband, Ali Bayan, she was awarded sole custody of their infant daughter, Lauren, by a Dallas court. For the next seven years, Ali was a dutiful divorced father. He would take his daughter for weekend visits and return her promptly. One day in October 1987, he took his daughter for a weekend visit and fled with her to his home country of Jordan.

Kim Hefner knew that her husband Charlie, an Army demolitions expert, had a volatile temper. But she thought it was just part of her husband's dangerous, stressful job. When his behavior began to affect their family life, however, Kim filed for divorce. They were separated in 1990, but before their divorce went through Charlie fled with their daughter, Amy, and son, Jeremy, to Ecuador.

The children of all three women were living in Third World countries with their fathers. The mothers were U.S. citizens, but their own State Department could do nothing to help.

All three women took steps to get their children back to the U.S. Because the government couldn't help, each hired a team of ex–Delta Force *(continued on page 120)*

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS



playboy's stable of aftermarket supercars can do anything but ease on down the road

article By KEN GROSS

RAPID TRANSIT

Fast cars don't cost a fortune. A new Camaro or a Mustang Cobra, for example, will hit 60 miles per hour in less than six seconds. You can buy either one, loaded, for about $25,000. For $10,000 to $15,000 more, you can get the superb handling of a twin-turbocharged Mazda RX-7 or the muscle of a 330-horsepower Corvette Grand Sport. And if you can afford great luxury, there's the six-figure Mercedes-Benz SL500 or the BMW 850Csi coupe. Why would anyone want more? Two reasons: speed and status. Open up a Saleen Mustang on a Nevada highway and you'll experience a rush that's equaled only by the covetous looks the Saleen draws when you rumble back through town. A handful of aftermarket wizards are ready to take a stock performance car and make it quicker, slicker and exclusive. They know their customers will be willing to accept a firmer ride, more *(text continued on page 145)*

CALLAWAY CAMARO C8: Motor magician Reeves Callaway has conjured up performance touches for Chevy's hottest models for ten years. His latest wonder, the Callaway Super Natural Camaro C8, is a top-of-the-line Z28 transformed to near-race-car status. When Callaway is through with a Camaro, the car's output leaps from 275 hp to 404 hp and its zero-to-60 time drops from 5.5 seconds to 4.6 seconds. Braking and suspension are enhanced, too. There's a new interior topped with Ferrari-like body panels and a freshly painted exterior. The work takes about five weeks and, depending on how many improvements you can't resist, you can double a Z28's $25,000 sticker.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

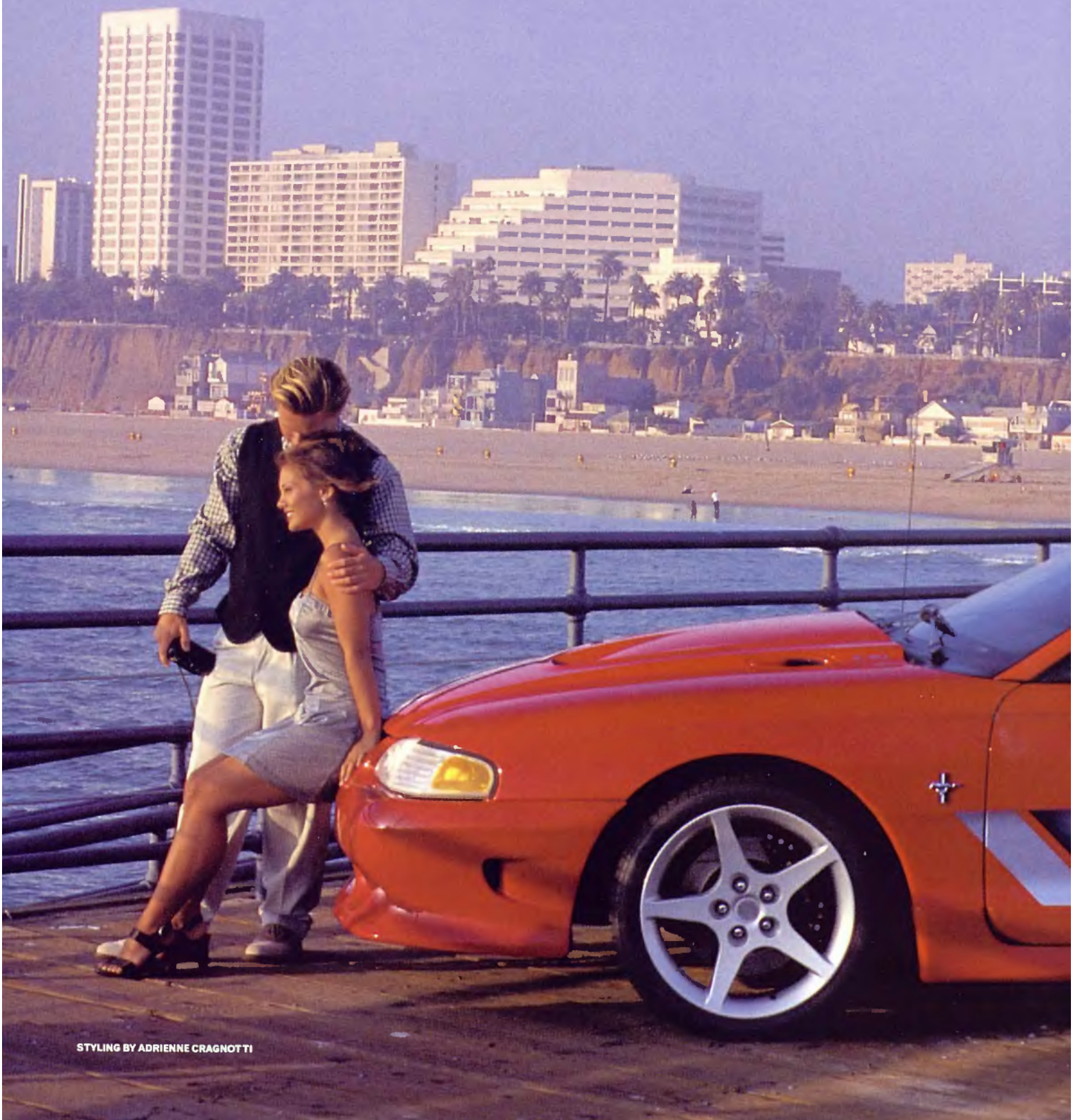
DINAN BMW B50i: Steve Dinan, America's expert BMW-tuner, knows the big Bavarian coupe's real potential. The 850i's already-potent V-12 gets a displacement boost to 5.6 liters and lots of internal modifications before being topped with twin turbos. The result is the Dinan B, capable of an incredible 607 hp (a stock B50i is 296 hp), with suspension, brake and wheel upgrades to match. Of course, you'll have to part with some very serious cash—$60,000 on top of the stock B50i's substantial $85,000 sticker price. Coming next year, we've been told, is a trimmed-down version of the B50i—the Dinan Supercoupe—which is about 400 pounds lighter.

GULDSTRAND CORVETTE GS90: One of Dick Guldstrond's speciolties is the now-out-of-production Corvette ZR-1 with o four-com LT-5 engine. Leove your precious Vette in this tolented ex-racer's honds for two to three months, ond you won't recognize the vehicle you get bock. Guldstrond dumps most of the stock ZR-1's suspension components ond body panels, then substitutes lightweight parts ony rocer would envy. The engine's output is souped to 475 hp. The suspension components ore greotly improved. You can spend olmost $50,000 for this impressive mokeover. Or, for on even more exhilarating 550-hp stormer, you can turn over onother $19,000.

PETER FARRELL SUPERCARS MAZDA RX-7: Peter Farrell transforms Mazda's RX-7 into a tiny terror that will give bigger cars fits on winding roads. Farrell works wonders with the power train, upgrading the rotary engine's computer and raising the stock 255-hp rating to 360 horses. Three settings let you dial up as much oomph as you can handle. A custom nose and tail spoiler mean there's no mistaking a Farrell hot rod. And suspension tweaks help this coupe post impressive skid-pad figures. Price: about $15,000 more than a new RX-7.

SALEEN S351 SPEEDSTER: Steve Saleen is a California specialty-vehicle manufacturer who has a hankering for really fast Mustangs. An agreement with Ford makes it possible to order a Saleen-built car from participating dealers nationwide (you also get a full factory warranty). Saleen's S351 packs a 400-hp V-8 engine on a reworked chassis, with oversize brakes, slick new wheels and high-performance tires. Custom bodywork and paint job complete the conversion, which starts at a cool $43,000.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.



STYLING BY ADRIENNE CRAGNOTTI

PLAYBOY PROFILE

LOVE HURTS

COURTNEY WANTS TO GO MASS MARKET, BUT CAN POP'S PUNK PRINCESS SHELVE HER ANGER AND RAUNCH?

BY NEAL KARLEN

SUMMER 1995: Backstage at Lollapalooza's Los Angeles stop, Courtney Love looks almost as shell-shocked stepping out of her stretch limousine as Jackie Kennedy did leaving the hearse at Dallas' Love Field in 1963. Gone is the salacious slut look, replaced by a surprising, tattered Hollywood glamour. Lollapalooza, it turns out, is the last time we see Courtney in all her coiled, punk rock authenticity. Her carefully staged show—complete with Foghat-era smoke machines and blinding lights—is a hyperbolic send-off to the grunge guttersnipe she had played for years. By the end of the tour, she has morphed from a Punch and Judy sideshow attraction to a full-blown star.

It is an unlikely scenario by anyone's standards. "I might be blighted because of my marriage," she once admitted. "But I'm fucking talented." She was right on both counts. Then, when her husband, Kurt Cobain, killed himself, she was knocked even more for surviving him. Just a year before, she had been booed off the main stage when she tried to say hello. Now the fans were screaming with anticipation.

As I stood on a hill in the wings watching her ascend to the stage, I was amazed at how much she had changed. During the past few years, I, like other reporters, had fielded her sporadic phone calls and sat for hours at her house discussing her derisive brand of punk. Now she seemed to have gone Hollywood. She had handlers, and representatives from Geffen Records and the PMK publicity agency, and lawyers, and confidentiality agreements for her employees and friends.

While members of Sonic Youth and Pavement hung outside their trailers at times, Courtney was nowhere to be seen. Backstage VIPs, wearing laminated passes around their necks, cast sidelong glances at her closed door. Invisible, she was the undisputed trailer-park queen—no matter how good Drew Barrymore looked. When her set was called, she tentatively stepped out, like a little girl, onto the platform leading to the curtain. But all her wide-eyed hesitancy disappeared once Hole (Eric Erlandson on guitar, Melissa Auf der Maur on bass and Patty Schemel on drums) started playing. She stuck her left foot on the monitor and began to belt out her incendiary tales. The crowd leaped to its feet with a rabid roar more suited to a World Wrestling Federation bout. Fans in the mosh pit shook their fists and screamed her lyrics in unison. Her hair blown back by a wind machine, Courtney looked as if she were in an old Stevie Nicks video.

As usual, the moshers begged her to stage-dive into their arms. That move, too, seemed a thing of the past. There would be no chance to grope her body or rip her clothes. She neared the lip of the stage, glowered, then retreated.

"Live through this with me," she wailed, "and I swear that I will die for you." Then, from up front, somebody doused her with a Supersoaker. Courtney stepped forward, teeth bared in a deceptive grin. "Are you trying to electrocute me?" she asked.

"Hey guys," she said to the security team, "could you kick the shit out of the guy with the squirt gun?" She looked to the pit, her voice rising to a scream. "If you don't I will, because when I die it's not going to be in front of you. When I die, it's going to be in a nice quiet bed with a tube down my throat."

For the rest of the set, she was satisfied with stage-directing a hair-ripping bacchanal. "I told you from the start just how this would end," she sang on *Violet*. "When I get what I want, I never want it again."

Courtney clearly wants "to be the girl with the most cake," as she sings in *Doll Parts*—to make movies, have fame, ink, international recognition. The question is whether her overt weirdness can translate into the crossover stardom she craves. She has the requisite cunning, smarts, drive, cunning, talent—did we mention cunning?—to go the distance. Unless she makes a fatal mistake, she may well make it across the great divide to mass acceptance, setting herself up for a second act of public life that seems certain to be as hideously watchable as the first. *(continued on page 110)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

SCOTCH

ARTICLE BY DAVID MAMET

in scotland, the playwright found, even wisdom is distilled

I'D HAD my heart broken and was looking for help. I called a fellow I knew and asked if I could come by. He said yes, and we talked all night, and drank two-and-a-half fifths of Bell's scotch while doing it.

The sun rose and I felt comforted and wise for about a block of the walk home, and then I didn't taste scotch for 20 years.

Fade out, fade in.

Again, it occurs to me, I was being comforted for some enormity my endocrine system had involved me in, sitting in a bar in Cambridge, Massachusetts. My friend said to the bartender, "Give me a shot of your best whisky."

The bartender reached down a bottle from the top shelf.

"That's the ticket," my friend said. "What is it?"

The bartender said some foreign name.

"Fine," my friend said, "how much?" Sixty-four dollars, he was told.

"Expensive bottle," he said.

"No," he was corrected, "by the shot."

"Put it back," my friend said. "He's not that unhappy. Give him something in the ten-buck range." The bartender poured me a shot of an ambrosia that I only afterward discovered to be scotch.

I drank it.

"Well, hell," I said, "this puts any cognac in the shade." The bartender nodded.

I remember riding in the car with my dad in the Fifties, him driving and smoking a Lucky. On the pack it said, IT'S TOASTED! And that's how they smelled to me.

The cigarettes smelled like the toasted almonds on the toasted almond Good Humor bar, which is to say, perfect. My years of smoking were an addiction both to the nicotine and to the notion that the next one might taste like they smelled when my dad was driving the car.

Similarly with alcohol, much of my—and, perhaps your—drinking was a search for that *(continued on page 147)*

PAINTING BY DAVID HODGES

SIT ON THIS

The Writer's Chair is big enough to hold Ebert—and Siskel. And you have to be as rich as Ralph Lauren (it's from his Furniture Collection) to afford it. To create a vintoge look, ronge leather is stained and distressed, then glazed. From Marshall Field's, Chicogo ($3245 for the chair; $1249 for a matching tufted ottoman).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Got $15,000 burning a hole in the pocket of your smoking jacket? That's what it costs to relax in the Smoking Chair. Cigars are stashed in the left armrest. A brandy snifter and an ashtray fit nicely in the right. By Michel Perrenoud (a matching mahogany-and-leather Smoking Bar that holds more smokes and bottles is a mere $11,000).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 151.

COURTNEY LOVE *(continued from page 104)*

Some say her antics are an act, that she is never as whacked out or drugged up as she sometimes appears.

Call it a blessing or a curse: Courtney Love is the living link to Nirvana's Cobain—the most lauded spokesman of his generation. It's a heavy cross to bear for such a volatile creature, particularly when her band's most recent album, *Live Through This* (released the week after Cobain died), wowed critics who had previously branded her the most nettlesome, meddlesome, least talented rock wife since Yoko Ono. *Rolling Stone*, *Spin* and *The Village Voice* named Hole's record best of the year. While Hootie & the Blowfish may have sold ten times more records than her 1 million, it's Courtney the world wants to emulate, dissect, elevate and crush.

It is a remarkable metamorphosis for a woman who seemed destined to be found dead in a gutter, or, if she got lucky, in a hotel suite. Particularly for someone with a personality that *Vanity Fair* reporter Lynn Hirschberg once described as a "train wreck."

"Back when we met in 1983 the big joke was how Courtney Love was saying she was going to be a rock star and sex symbol," says Melissa Rossi, an observer of the Seattle music scene who is writing a biography on Love. Some of Courtney's success as a crossover act comes from forces beyond her control. Our ideas of what's desirable, or even acceptable, in the mainstream have changed since the days of Nancy Reagan. But give Courtney credit for anticipating these changes.

In the nihilistic Hollywood of the Nineties, where the Viper Room is still hot and heroin ever more chic, Courtney's crash-and-burn shtick may help make her the biggest star of her generation. All she has to do is stay clean enough to shoot videos or cut her next record. At 30, she has done little to blunt her image as a woman on the slipperiest slope.

Sometimes, as on Lollapalooza '95, her pose has backfired. At the tour's first stop, in George, Washington, Courtney punched Kathleen Hanna of Bikini Kill in the face. At the Kansas show, she began by shrieking, "I'm going to abuse you, because you fucking deserve it, you shits!" Earlier in the year at a pre-Lollapalooza gig in Madison Square Garden, she tried to get her fans to chant "nigger." They reacted with stunned silence.

Her demands for special treatment, which she later downplayed in *Spin* with a clever but self-serving diary of the tour, led Lollapalooza's organizers to allow her to pull up backstage in a limo, while other acts had to trudge long distances from their buses. It was an in-your-face move that further eroded her alternative credibility—but it also established her as a star who had left the punk galaxy.

Some say her antics are an act, that she is never as whacked out or drugged up as she sometimes appears. Onstage at Detroit's St. Andrew's Hall in October 1994, Love seemed too wasted to stand up. Backstage, after the show, she was as sober as Hillary Rodham Clinton. "She's very calculated," says another business associate who spoke off the record. "She always knows what she's doing. She knows that as long as you make a scene people will pay attention. It's not so much an act, it's just that she understands what works. She will always survive—she won't die unless she can go to her own funeral."

With the claims that she's merely putting on a Vegas gig come questions regarding her motivations for erratic behavior. There's the putative overdose of what were termed prescription drugs shortly before Lollapalooza began. Were they prescribed, and was it an accident? Or did she plant the story? Then there are the plastic surgeries: How far will she go to transform herself from the chunky Courtney who made the scene in Minneapolis? Most disturbing were the reports that the reason *Live Through This* was such a great album was because her late husband crafted the song bridges.

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Seattle, 1993: Eager for an interview with Courtney for my book *Babes in Toyland*, I arrived at the home she shared with Cobain and their daughter, Frances Bean. Courtney wasn't there; she had yet to return from her Narcotics Anonymous meeting. So Cobain, with his baby Frances snuggled next to him, and I watched *Beavis and Butt-head*. It happened to be the first time Cobain would see the cartoon losers bang their heads to Nirvana's video *Smells Like Teen Spirit*. "All right," he said, genuinely pleased, "they like us! I mean, I know Beavis and Butt-head. I grew up with people like that. I recognize them."

It was then that Courtney made her grand entrance. She did not share her husband's enthusiasm for MTV's hottest music critics. "Usually, women sell less than half of what men sell," she told me a few months later. "Because obviously you're not going to sell to Beavis and Butt-head. Maybe one day—but Beavis and Butt-head are not my target audience. I can get the girl with the glasses but you don't want to scare her because she's too busy listening to her fucking 10,000 Maniacs record."

Then, within moments of putting Frances to bed, Love began delivering her marathon monologs. Wearing one of her vintage kinderwhore dresses, she seemed as healthy and exuberant as a kid with a foolproof argument on the high school debate team. Chain-smoking, punctuating points with a wave of her cigarette, she put on a bravura performance that was bewitching and outrageous.

"If you fuck me over," she said shortly after I had met her in Minneapolis, "I'll hunt you down and kill you." I believed her. But swamped as I was by her pseudointimacy, it was hard not to take her side.

Her life story is a forever-changing fairy tale of trust funds, strip joints in Alaska and encounters with the rich and famous. She could say, "Then I ran away to Guam," without a trace of irony or acknowledgment of how ridiculous it sounded. She used gossip to cement her babble, slagging seemingly every person she'd ever met. She grilled them all, from her father to her onetime best friend, Kat Bjelland of Babes in Toyland. Then, when the vitriol became too much, she dropped in a dose of sympathy and talked about her admiration of, say, Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner. She was determined to make the most of her connections and her familiarity with the music scene. In one sitting, she managed to name-drop all of the following: the Sea Hags, the Cocteau Twins, 69 Ways, "my own suck-ass sellout band," Debbie Harry, the Bastards, Pussy Galore, the Replacements, Joe Strummer, Bob Dylan's son Jesse, the Butthole Surfers, Rifle Sport, producer Steve Albini ("He is one of the most sexist, misogynist fools that ever walked on earth—if you only knew what a human douche bag he was. Every woman is a whore except PJ Harvey"), Eddie Vedder, Tony Visconti, White Zombie, Black Flag, Hüsker Dü, the Meat Puppets, the Pixies, Sonic Youth, Mudhoney, Julian Cope, Echo and the Bunnymen. To sit and to listen was a lesson in endurance.

Her life is built around her obsessions. For a full year, she was preoccupied with the *Vanity Fair* article by Lynn Hirschberg that charged she had injected heroin while pregnant with

(continued on page 142)

"Oh, she's one of the temps who helps us out during the busy season."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Leslie Nielsen has done OK for an actor whose sole professional ambition is "to maintain whatever celebrity status I have so they'll continue to invite me to golf tournaments." Now a veteran of more than 60 motion pictures, he started out in the Fifties playing manly men in sturdy adventure flicks such as *Forbidden Planet* (in which he got the girl and the robot) and *The Sheepman* (in which he didn't get the sheep). Then his career took a 180-degree turn when zany directors Jim Abrahams, Jerry Zucker and David Zucker cast him as the loopy doctor in *Airplane!* "They recognized that I was a closet comedian," Nielsen says gratefully. In 1988, he starred as the bumbling Lieutenant Frank Drebin in *The Naked Gun*, and the rest is . . . naked. *Naked Gun 2½* and *Naked Gun 33⅓* followed. This holiday season he appears in the bloodsucking comedy *Dracula: Dead and Loving It*. Still, he remains true to Frank Drebin, envisioning a way to extend the *Naked Gun* series almost indefinitely—by remaking film classics with the able assistance of PLAYBOY lovelies. So sit back, enjoy our *Naked* film festival and watch the Nielsen ratings soar.

Naked Dracula:

In *Dracula: Dead and Loving It*, Nielsen shows the lighter side of the count. How does his *Dracula* differ from Bela Lugosi's? "Mine is slightly more bowlegged," he says.

NAKED NIELSEN

Our favorite guy, Leslie Nielsen, does film classics with your favorite naked women

The Three Muskenakedteers:

With three Frank Drebins on the case, Nielsen knows how these Muskenakedteers will fare: "They'll all end up in a Turkish prison." Nielsen learned to fence for a fight scene in the 1956 epic *The Vagabond King* and recalls, "The hero whupped me."

The King and I Naked:

As you can see, Nielsen digs this omnipotent-monarch stuff. What kind of ruler would Drebin make? "Oh, about a yard," Nielsen says. And would he have a harem? "No, maybe just a hotel room someplace."

Here's Lookin' at You Naked, Kid:

Nielsen reveals how this *Naked* remake of *Casablanca* will end: Drebin gets on the plane with Ingrid Bergman, while "Paul Henreid gets the McDonald's franchise frequented by Conrad Veidt, who bellyaches about the lack of Wiener schnitzel."

Some Like It Naked:

Conducting an undercaver investigation, Drebin learns "a very important thing: It's not until you dress as a womon that you come to grips with the fact that you are truly ugly."

Naked With the Wind:

Despite his affinity for the omnipresent whoopee cushion, Nielsen turns his thoughts here to natural matters. "You should always be naked with your wind," he says.

Psycho Naked:

During his 42-year film career, Nielsen has been soaked—he went down with the ship in *The Poseidon Adventure*—but never naked on-screen. "Directors can't seem to get post my bowlegs," he says. His advice for aspiring shower-scene actors: "Be coreful with the soop, or your leoding lody is likely to squirt right out of your hands."

Rear Window Naked: Drebin—with his window full of rears—has it all over Jimmy Stewart. Nielsen termed the PLAYBOY shoat arduous. "It took three doys. I would have preferred a week."

THE CROSSING
COME AS A THIEF

RESCUE (continued from page 96)

They marry hastily, have a child and then discover that their charming suitor has become a monster.

commandos. Those commandos spirited Laurie and Leila from a Tunisian beach to a speedboat that took them to Pantelleria, an island off Sicily. Cathy Mahone's daughter was kidnapped off a school bus in Jordan and spirited across the border to Israel. Kim Hefner's children were kidnapped out of a car on the way to school in Ecuador and flown out of the country.

"It was like movie stuff," said Kim, months later. "I thought that stuff didn't happen in real life."

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Don Feeney and his team are in the business of "snatching kids," or as Feeney would rather put it, "recovering kidnapped children in foreign countries." Corporate Training Unlimited, Feeney's group, is the court of last resort for parents whose spouses have taken their children to foreign countries, usually after acrimonious separations or divorces. Most of the kidnappers are the children's fathers, usually foreign nationals married to American women, though this is not always the case. The stories are essentially the same. Invariably the men are charming, aggressive and often from Third World countries, where more than half of the 806 children kidnapped in the U.S. in 1993 were taken. Their attitude toward women, especially wives, can be less than enlightened. Women are like camels, only of less value. The men are often in the U.S. on temporary visas that become permanent if they marry American citizens. The women are mostly from small towns and have experienced unhappy childhoods and patterns of abuse. Their meager self-esteem can be sustained only by a man. So they marry hastily, have a child and then discover that their charming suitor has become a monster. When they can no longer take being abused by their husbands, the women file for divorce and are awarded custody of their children. This loss of control infuriates the ex-husband. To reassert his control (and, in his mind, his manhood), he kidnaps his own child from his or her mother and escapes to his foreign homeland.

If that child has been abducted to one of the foreign countries that signed the Hague Convention Treaty on Civil Aspects of International Child Abduction, the mother can get help from the U.S. State Department. But if that abducted child is in a country that hasn't signed the Hague Treaty—most of which are in the Middle East, Asia and Latin America—the U.S. government is helpless. The best the government can do, says a State Department spokeswoman, "is attempt as best we can to locate the children and visit them and report on their health." Often, the mother is warned not to attempt a "hostile recovery" of her child by American citizens such as Don Feeney, because it might precipitate a dramatic international incident. In fact, when Feeney and his CTU team recovered their first kidnapped child from Jordan in 1988, the U.S. State Department was so incensed that it apologized to the Jordanian government.

Feeney claims it is not CTU but the "host countries" that are the criminals. "We aren't the judge and jury," he says. "We just supply the result administered by an American judge that no one else will do."

Connie Ghozzi asked the State Department for help to get her son, Elias, back from Tunisia, where Connie's estranged husband, Nabil, had taken him. But she was told there was nothing to be done. "That's what you get for marrying a foreigner," said a State Department official, who added, "You can always have another child." She was warned not to attempt a hostile recovery, especially not with Don Feeney of CTU. So Connie went to a private investigator who claimed he had experience in such recoveries, and she paid him $70,000. "He was a phony," says Connie. "Then I went to another guy, and he was incompetent. That cost me $30,000." Connie was so frustrated she returned to the State Department. An official there reiterated what she had been told previously, and warned her again about Don Feeney and CTU.

"After enough people had warned me about Don," says Connie, "I decided he was the one I had to go to."

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Connie Ghozzi, now 42, is a shy, pretty woman with unblinking blue eyes that look almost owlish behind her thick-lensed glasses. After three marriages (one lasted two months and the others less than two years), she met Nabil Ghozzi in 1988 in San Francisco, where she was managing an optical store. "He was charming and shy, and he chose me," says Connie, "so I felt close to him. He said he was a Tunisian architect living here with a green card. That wasn't true."

Once they were married, Connie says, her husband "changed drastically. He was always angry. He didn't work. He stayed out all night and when I questioned him he flew into a rage. I realized he didn't even like me, he hated me, but I was his property." Later, Connie would learn that Nabil had a wealthy male friend who had given him money to court her so he could marry Connie and get a permanent visa. "He had lied like an SOB," she says, "but after three failed marriages, and with me being pregnant, I felt maybe it was my fault, so I stayed."

After her son, Elias, was born ("Nabil liked to show him off to his Tunisian friends as if he were a new suit," she says), Connie finally separated from her husband. While she waited out the separation, a friend's car, parked in front of her mother's house, was firebombed, her mail was rerouted and she became aware that someone was stalking her. Nabil forged $5000 in checks from her bank account. When Connie confronted him about the firebombed car, he confessed, apologized and promised he would give her custody of Elias if she didn't press charges. Against her better judgment, she let him take Elias for the weekend. When they didn't return on Monday, Connie knew Nabil had abducted her son to Tunisia.

Feeney took Connie's case for a fee of $50,000 and expenses. He encouraged her to continue contact by telephone with Nabil in Tunisia and to try to convince him she still loved him and wanted to join him where she could become a proper Tunisian wife. When Nabil fell for this ruse, Connie went to live with him in his parents' home on the Mediterranean. Meanwhile, Don, his wife Judy and their CTU team flew to Tunisia to set up their sting.

In Tunisia, Nabil's parents watched Connie day and night. She was never left alone except when she slept with Elias, who was four. "Sleeping with Elias kept Nabil away from me sexually," says Connie.

Nabil's parents eventually began to let Connie take walks on the beach with her son. Don had already made contact with Nabil, introducing himself as an American wine distributor who wanted to export Tunisian wine. ("It tastes like vinegar," says Don.) He offered Nabil a job. Don made an appointment one day far from the Ghozzi home. After Nabil left home that day, Connie and Elias went for their walk on the beach. "I was terrified," says Connie. "When I

(continued on page 130)

"I see a man. He is very old. He is very rich. He has very high cholesterol."

HARRY WU

the foolhardy china critic on his homeland's use of slave labor, its thriving human-organ trade and why he can't wait to get back

Because he insists the truth be told about the human rights abuses of the Chinese government, Harry Wu has become a problem for China and the U.S. Seventeen years ago Wu was released from the brutal "reform through labor" camps of the Chinese laogai system after serving nearly 20 years for counterrevolutionary activities. He fled to the U.S. in 1985 and became an American citizen. Since his release, Wu has secretly—and at great risk to himself—reentered China four times to document the human rights abuses of the regime. Carrying a small video camera, he visited the camps where he was once held. In chronicling the horrific lives of the prisoners, Wu documented the use of forced labor to make products that are exported by China to the West. Posing as an American businessman, he exposed the trade in human organs for transplant, and his tape aired on "60 Minutes."

During his latest attempt to enter China this past June, Wu was detained by Chinese authorities and charged with spying and stealing state secrets. The charges are punishable by death. Fate and coincidence intervened in the person of Hillary Clinton, who was scheduled to address the United Nation's Fourth World Conference on Women near Beijing this past summer. Both Clinton and the Chinese government promptly became hostage to the fate of Wu. The first lady hesitated to address the women's conference while an American citizen was being held in China, and the Chinese refused to release a man who had exposed their embarrassing secrets. Finally the Chinese blinked, sentencing Wu to 15 years and deportation. Deportation came first and Wu was forcibly sent back to the U.S. At the conference, Hillary Clinton gave a fiery speech denouncing abuses of human rights in China.

Contributing Editor Morgan Strong spoke with Harry Wu only days after his return from China.

1.

PLAYBOY: Why did you again risk death in order to return to China?

WU: There are thousands of brave men and women—workers, students, intellectuals and religious leaders—who are being tortured and forced to labor in the gulag—or as it is called in Chinese, the *laogai*—simply because of their desire for freedom and democracy. Their suffering is real, their future is dark, their sense of isolation is much greater than mine. I must continue to expose the regime.

2.

PLAYBOY: How many people have been put in prisons?

WU: China has 8 million people in labor camps. We think that about ten percent are political prisoners, though it's difficult to say because many are jailed for political crimes but charged with "disturbance of public order." Some of the students from the Tiananmen Square massacre were charged with crimes. Three students threw paint on a portrait of Chairman Mao; one was sentenced to life, the other two to 15 years. But they were charged with the crime of damage to public property.

3.

PLAYBOY: The U.S. imports billions of dollars in goods from China. How many of these goods are produced with slave labor?

WU: Chinese law requires that prisoners spend 12 hours a day in forced labor. The amount of what they produce that is exported is a state secret. But as an example, China is the largest exporter of tea in the world, and one fifth of the production comes from labor camps. I worked in a labor camp that produced grapes. Dynasty, the famous Chinese wine, came from that vineyard—10 million pounds of grapes a year. In a labor camp, you go to work when the sun rises. When it sets, you come back. There is a saying there: "Good labor, good food; no labor, no food; less labor, less food." Quotas are set by the camp commanders, and if you don't meet them you are punished. The government is trying to get Western firms to set up in China. Volvo was asked to build a plant there, and so was Adidas. But when these companies found out the laborers would be from the camps, they said no.

4.

PLAYBOY: China also has a thriving, government-sponsored business in the transplant of human organs.

WU: Yes. Prisoners are sentenced to death, and after—or before—execution their organs are removed. There were, for instance, 10,000 kidney transplants in China last year, 90 percent of which used the organs of executed prisoners. If you have money and need an organ transplant, you can receive one from China or go there and have it done. I videotaped a prisoner whose kidneys were surgically removed while he was alive, and then the prisoner was taken out the next day and shot. The organs remain fresher that way. The tape was broadcast by the BBC.

5.

PLAYBOY: When you were arrested and charged with spying this last time, that tape was part of the evidence against you. You confessed to the spying charge, and you also confessed to the crimes you were earlier accused of and sent to the camps for. Why did you confess?

WU: The first time I was arrested, in 1960, I didn't know why. I thought I was accused of stealing $50 from my college roommate. I was taken to a prison and interrogated. The police demanded I confess, so I finally said I stole the $50. I didn't, but I said I did. Then they got angry and said, "No, that's not your crime." One of the guards kicked open the door to another room. Men were lying on the floor, beaten and bleeding, and others were hanging from the ceiling by their hands and feet. So I said, "Yeah, yeah! That's right, that's not my crime. I'm a counterrevolutionary rightist." They said, "That's right. That is your crime. Now you can go to the camp." When I got to the camp I was finally told what my sentence was. It was three years. That's the way it is in China. Arrest. Sentence. The labor camp. And then a trial.

6.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you serve nearly 20 years?

WU: They just kept extending it. Finally I got out in 1979. I had asked the police at the camp why my sentence was being extended, and they said, "If you ask, we will shoot you." So I still don't know. The authorities make you confess, but confessions don't mean anything. They want you to demean yourself by confessing over and over again. They want to break you. If you

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

confess, they're happy—even if they know you didn't do anything. They destroy you that way. If you don't confess, how can they reform you? So if you don't confess they torture you until you do. Then they are happy to reform you, over and over.

7.

PLAYBOY: But weren't you born a counterrevolutionary rightist?
WU: [*Laughs*] Yes. My father was a banker, and we were wealthy at the time of the Communist takeover. So I was by birth a part of the bourgeois class. The lower classes and the bourgeois class are the enemy classes in China. But I was allowed to enroll in Beijing College of Geology as someone who could be reeducated. I was an honor student and captain of the best baseball team in the country. Still, I was considered a rightist. Finally, in 1957, during the period Mao called Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom, we were encouraged by the Communist Party to speak out. I criticized Russia's invasion of Hungary, and I was interrogated about my criticism. I said, "You encouraged me to speak out. 'Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom,' you said." They said, "We wanted flowers. You are a weed." [*Laughs*] Three years later I was in the *laogai*.

8.

PLAYBOY: There is supposedly an economic rebirth in China. Will that change things?
WU: That's true, the economy is good. But it is supported in some measure by the trade in goods produced by forced labor, and also by foreign trade. Foreign trade accounts for a good deal of the economy. There are 500 major enterprises, state run, in China. But most of them, 61 percent, would be bankrupt if not for state subsidies. If that happened, millions of people would be on the streets. And that would mean the end of the regime.

9.

PLAYBOY: So the very fact of trade with China allows the brutality to continue?
WU: I saw on the news that former president Bush was in Vietnam saying that trade can improve human rights. What was he talking about? It's the typical political theory today that economic development means democracy. Economic development does not mean democracy will follow. In China, it only means that those in power will remain in power. Trade only keeps the regime alive. Without trade the regime would collapse. Henry Kissinger is a great advocate of this.

10.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so critical of Henry Kissinger? We understand that he helped get you out.
WU: During my interrogation at my last arrest, a general came in, which is unusual. He said Kissinger was coming. I didn't understand what he was talking about. He meant Kissinger was coming to China, not coming to see me. He said he was coming with a delegation of powerful businessmen who were interested in doing business with China. The fact that I was in jail was an embarrassment. The general thought I had arranged for Kissinger to intercede. But yes, he did help, both in his personal appeal to China's leaders and in his writing in the *Los Angeles Times*.

11.

PLAYBOY: But you fault his methods of dealing with China?
WU: I was in prison when Kissinger and Nixon visited China in 1972. Everybody said that was great, that things would change. And when, in 1984, Nancy Reagan had that song, *Love Me Tender*, played in the Great Hall Hotel, everybody thought that was nice. That was very good for the Kissinger campaign. For a decade there was no criticism of China. Then in 1989 there was the Tiananmen Square massacre, and Kissinger said it was only temporary. He even said that if that sort of demonstration happened in any country's capital, the government would have to act. But the Chinese people are still waiting for the "temporary" situation to come to an end.

12.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, plenty of people are getting rich. Would you favor trade sanctions?
WU: Sanctions are not realistic. But why is it that the Soviet Union never enjoyed most-favored-nation status? Because of its deplorable record on human rights. China is worse than South Africa ever was, but there is no boycott.

13.

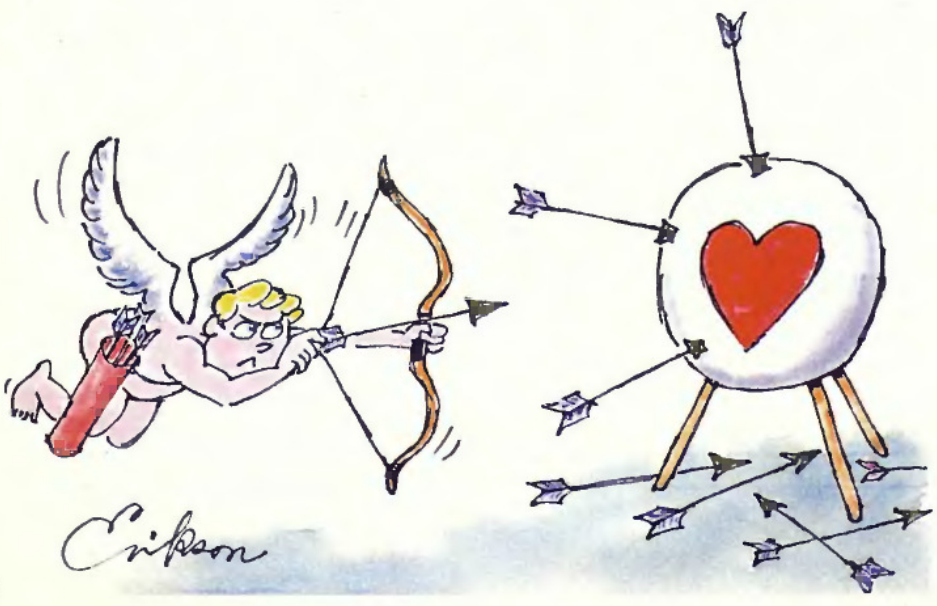
PLAYBOY: What would you recommend?
WU: The last time I was arrested and imprisoned, the police carried cellular phones. That's how the security police communicate in China. We can stop selling them cellular phones, for one thing. We can stop trading in products made by forced labor. We can stop the exchange of military information. We can stop providing the Chinese with high-tech information. We can cut off no-interest and low-interest loans. We can put a quota on textile imports. There are a lot of things we can do to force them to reform. They depend on us for survival, and they are sensitive to foreign pressure.

14.

PLAYBOY: Well, you got out because of it. But don't you think there might be a racial equation to all this?
WU: I understand there is a cultural gap. People in the West enjoy Tchaikovsky and the Russian ballet. They have never enjoyed Beijing opera. The world condemned the concentration camps in Germany and denounced the gulags in Russia. There are novels and movies about them, but not about the gulags of China. You know what it said over the entrance to the camp I was in? LABOR MAKES FREEDOM, just like over the entrance of Dachau, ARBEIT MACHT FREI. I visited Dachau. I said to my Chinese companion, "Aren't we human beings? Don't we have a right to be considered human beings? If we are human beings, why can't we stand up straight?"

15.

PLAYBOY: Why does the U.S. seem reluctant to irritate China?
WU: China has nuclear weapons. That's a big problem. If China becomes an economic giant—and that's possible if we continue to feed it—then you'll have



real big problems. China supports North Korea. The U.S. fought China in Korea and lost 37,000 men. China supported Vietnam, and the U.S. lost nearly 60,000 men there. China sells missiles to Pakistan, nuclear material to Iran and Scud missiles to Iraq. Why would we want to appease this despotic regime and make it stronger? Why do we allow millions of people to suffer in camps?

16.

PLAYBOY: Why have you taken it upon yourself to expose the regime?
WU: There are two reasons. First, I cannot turn my back on the people in the camps. I'm free, but they are not.

17.

PLAYBOY: And the other reason?
WU: China is my motherland—my parents' graveyard, my brother's graveyard. And that is where I want to have my grave. It is a moral-consciousness kind of thing. I have to gather the information, be a witness. I want to expose what they are doing. Communists are liars.

18.

PLAYBOY: Was there a deal for you to be released, or deported, to allow Hillary Clinton to attend the women's conference in China?
WU: I think there was an understanding between the White House and the Chinese government. I don't know if there was any deal per se. But China was going to deport me whether I wanted to be deported or not. I was forced to go. I left the prison with 16 police officers as my escorts to make sure I got on the plane. [*Laughs*]

19.

PLAYBOY: You served almost 20 years in Chinese labor camps, where you were beaten frequently and nearly starved to death. Your sentence this time was 15 years plus. And you wanted to stay?
WU: Yes. I told them I would not leave. They came to me the morning after the trial last August. The judges, three of them, came to my cell. They said, "We are thinking about your health and your family. We have decided to deport you immediately instead of having you serve your sentence first." I said, "No, I want a fair trial. I have the right to appeal," which I knew would take years, but I would have appealed. They became angry and said, "Are you sure?" I said yes. Then they said they were going to deport me anyway.

20.

PLAYBOY: If you return to China, and if the authorities catch you, they will likely kill you. Would you take the risk of going back?
WU: If I get the chance, I have to go.

BRUCE WILLIS

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handles better than I do. There are certain areas I handle better.

PLAYBOY: What do Bruce Willis and Demi Moore fight about?

WILLIS: Same stuff as anybody. Just the little things that come up. We've kind of found our spots and our way of sharing the responsibility.

PLAYBOY: When you're on location, does your family stay home?

WILLIS: We all travel like a big circus. Like gypsies. And when we're not working, we split our time between our ranch and New York City. The children are in school near the ranch. I spend every second I can with them. After I finished *Pulp Fiction* and before I started *Die Hard With a Vengeance*, I had eight months off and was with them every day.

PLAYBOY: When you had your first child, did you have to learn how to be a father?

WILLIS: I was prepared for it. I don't know how I learned, but it was never hard and I never had to make a major adjustment. I was ready to be a nurturing, caring, hold-my-baby father. I pulled all three of them out. Caught them.

PLAYBOY: We all saw your wife when she was pregnant on the famous *Vanity Fair* cover. What did you think of it?

WILLIS: It was incredible. She really goes out of her way to push the envelope, and I admire that. Most people loved it—women said they felt it was a celebration of womanhood and motherhood. And there were some negative reactions, which came once again from the parochial attitudes of America. Something as pristine as motherhood, as bringing a child into the world, was somehow turned around to be something bad, especially down South. They were pulling the magazine off the stands. Yet I thought it was the strongest affirmation of motherhood and womanhood that I have seen out of the past 100 years.

PLAYBOY: The reaction against a woman who shows her pregnant body is similar to the one against women who breast-feed their babies in public.

WILLIS: We got that, too. My wife just said, "Hey, you know what? Go fuck yourself. This is my child and I'm going to feed her when and where she is hungry."

PLAYBOY: Do you think your parents were good teachers?

WILLIS: No, though I don't blame them or anyone from that generation. They just had much less information about what children need.

PLAYBOY: What was your hometown like?

WILLIS: A small place, 6000 or 7000 people, on the Delaware River in south Jersey. My father was a welder, master mechanic and pipe fitter. I come from a long line of mechanics and handymen.

PLAYBOY: And when did you lose your virginity?

WILLIS: Early.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember her name?

WILLIS: You would think so, but I don't.

PLAYBOY: How traumatic was it when your parents split up?

WILLIS: As traumatic as it is for anybody. I was the oldest, so I had a little more awareness of the problem and the tension in our house. Our family kind of exploded and everybody went off on their

"You must learn to be in touch with your inner tadpole."

own. Gradually, the kids came back together and had an even tighter bond because of the experience. At the time, I stayed with my dad, and my two younger brothers went to live with my mom.

PLAYBOY: What was the impact?

WILLIS: I'm sure I was affected by it. I know I'm never going to stay in a marriage if I'm really unhappy. I don't think anybody should. Life is too short to spend what little precious time you have alive being unhappy.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

WILLIS: I did all right, especially in the humanities. The best thing I got out of school was an enjoyment of reading. But I went into high school in 1968. We did everything everybody did at that time. Smoked dope, learned to drink early, hung out.

PLAYBOY: You were kicked out of school, weren't you?

WILLIS: When I was a senior I was expelled because I was involved in what was called a race riot. In retrospect, I don't think it had as much to do with race as it did with 17- and 18-year-old guys looking to fight. They expelled 25 white kids and 25 black kids. I ended up missing the last three months of my senior year. I was pretty shook up by that. [*Laughs*] I'm being sarcastic. I had a ball.

PLAYBOY: You stuttered but found that it stopped when you were onstage. Did you figure out why?

WILLIS: When I acted I was being a different person. The emotional trigger that caused me to stutter—I don't know what the fuck it was—stopped when I would act. Finally, I told myself I wasn't going to be affected by it, and I grew out of it.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you once busted for dope?

WILLIS: For two joints, one behind each ear. I was taken off to the calaboose. I was 19. At the time it was a misdemeanor. I inhaled.

PLAYBOY: When did you first act?

WILLIS: In high school. I was always into it, though. I trace it back to when I was in the Cub Scouts. We did a skit in the Scout jamboree that got a big laugh. There were 500 people on this hillside and we got this huge, thunderous laugh. I went, "Oh, wow, that is an interesting feeling." As soon as I got to college and auditioned for my first play, I said, "This is it."

PLAYBOY: Was your plan to be in the theater in New York?

WILLIS: Yeah. The college I went to was 20 minutes outside New York, in north Jersey. By my second year I was sneaking out of class to audition for plays. In 1976 I left school and never looked back. With each job I got a little better.

PLAYBOY: Did you make a living working as an actor?

WILLIS: I made a living by tending bar, mostly.

PLAYBOY: You knew John Goodman in those days, right?

WILLIS: Yeah. John was one of the gang. He really kicked it off when he got this John Deere commercial. Everybody thought, Wow, man, Goodman's got a John Deere commercial! I used to do a lot of extra work in commercials, too. Then I got a Levi's commercial and made some good dough for the first time, when a hundred bucks seemed like a million. Soon after that, I got a part in the play *Fool for Love*, and from that I got an agent. The agent sent me to Hollywood to try out for a little job called *Moonlighting*.

PLAYBOY: Did you know the show would be your big break?

WILLIS: I had no idea. It was just another job for me. I thought, TV pilots? Dime a dozen. I thought I would do this pilot and go back to New York. But it caught on and became—*boom!*—this thing. It was just magic. I would hold up the original pilot against anything that's ever been on TV. It was like an experimental theater group. We were doing something that was on the edge. There were hardly any rules. Cybill was fabulous. Particularly in the first few years, we were both really jamming.

PLAYBOY: Besides great lines, overlapping dialogue, occasional jokes in the direction of the viewer and intriguing plots, the show sizzled because of the relationship between your character and Cybill Shepherd's. The fights you and she had—on-screen and offscreen—became legend.

WILLIS: It's like any rumor that gets blown out of proportion. We would disagree about how scenes should be played, but that's part of the process. Ultimately the only thing that matters is what serves the story. They chose to say we were fighting about it. It sold a lot more *National Enquirer*s to say that we were fighting than to say, "Nothing happened this week on *Moonlighting*."

PLAYBOY: And then there was the sexual chemistry, which was, in the words of one writer, "hot enough to bend Plexiglas." Was it just good acting?

WILLIS: There were hot days, days when things might have sparked or something. But there was nothing to report. It wasn't like we were in love with each other or there was any kind of romance going on. If anything, at the end of the day we were sick of each other; we were together all day, every day, in almost every scene.

PLAYBOY: Around that time you became famous for your partying.

WILLIS: That was the middle of my so-called wild years. It was partly a lack of having anything to be responsible to. Now I have children and a wife and an extended family. I have a job, too. When I say "Yes, I will do this job," 150 other people get a job because of it. Before, I was a singular organism moving through the universe. It's not like I was ever out in a car drunk, running down little kids. But I was playing my music loud and partying with my friends.

PLAYBOY: And you were arrested for disturbing the peace.

WILLIS: Yeah, and I guess disturbing the peace is a fairly serious crime, right up there with drive-by shooting, kidnapping and setting the Los Angeles hills on fire.

PLAYBOY: What actually happened?

WILLIS: The disturbing the peace thing came because I had brought a New York party sense to Los Angeles. In New York, you live right next door to and above your neighbors. You do your thing and they do their thing. You party, you do whatever you want. When I moved to L.A., I got a house in the Hollywood Hills, in a residential neighborhood, and I was jamming with my friends all night. I was single, and I was in and out, people around all the time, all hours of the night. I was stupid. I was rude to my neighbors, and I just didn't think about it until it was too late.

PLAYBOY: Are all of your vices behind you now?

WILLIS: Yeah. I still do dangerous things, but I have cut way down. I have a much stronger awareness of my own mortality. I'm much more careful than I used to be. I wear a helmet when I ride my motorcycle. I don't need my kids saying, "Oh, Daddy fell off his motorcycle and cracked his head open. Now we have no more Daddy." I consider the consequences of things, which I never did before. I take my children into consideration before I make any decision. I'm more interested in my children than anything else. You have the opportunity to do so much for your kids when they are very young. That's a gift I'm fortunate enough to be able to give my kids—me. My time. So many fathers work 12, 14 hours a day, 50 weeks a year, just to keep the money and the machine moving. I'm fortunate, and I think my kids will benefit from it. The fact that parents don't have time for their kids is one of the biggest problems. And how bad the school system is. For kids who don't have strong families, the only chance they have is if the schools do their job. It's a problem that could be solved in—I'm going to guess—five years. If the government just threw money at it, in five years I guarantee you it would be a lot better than it is now.

PLAYBOY: Yet many of your fellow Republicans say money isn't the problem.

WILLIS: It is the only problem. You can't raise a family on a schoolteacher's salary. If salaries were doubled, you would have so many good people going back to teaching. Great teachers—smart people who want to teach but simply can't because they can't afford to make $17,500 a year. Whatever the fuck the money is being used for, give it to teachers. Don't

build a shuttle, OK? Take that off the list this year and give it to the schools. Take the money we spend right now to defend Japan. Send them a bill for it, at cost—wholesale. Spend that money on schools. Raise teachers' salaries. I'm sure the politicians can come up with a thousand reasons why it can't be done, but I bet if they just tried, it would make a huge difference. [*Shaking his head*] I have great problems with government.

PLAYBOY: Yet you were a vocal Bush supporter in the last campaign. Republicans are notoriously tougher on education spending than Democrats.

WILLIS: I'm not going to defend that. There are a lot of things about both parties that I don't agree with. I'm a Republican because I believe some of what they choose to believe: that smaller government and less government is better, and, ultimately, lower taxes. But first you have to spend money on education, on helping people who can't eat. It's common sense. It goes without saying: Take care of the elderly people who can't do it themselves; take care of the kids who can't eat.

PLAYBOY: You're sounding more like a Democrat all the time.

WILLIS: The Republicans, though, want to cut waste and taxes. Now there's no accountability from the time the money leaves your pocket, daddy-o. I envision a big pile of $100 bills up there in Washington, and they're all taking a piss on it. "Oh, there's one! You didn't get that one!" Can't we have accountability for 35 percent or 28 percent or 50 percent of every dollar we earn?

PLAYBOY: How serious is your interest in politics?

WILLIS: My checkered past will always keep me out of politics. Unless they start grading on a curve, I'm not going to get in. But I do know what we need: to clean house. Get them all the fuck out. Start over and put my dad and your cousin and your nephew and my aunt in. Say, "Figure it out and do the right thing. Start by watching the dough." There are a lot of good ideas down there that just aren't being considered because people are making too much fucking money off of not doing the right thing. Like: "Oh, there's too much crack! Kids are dying? The cocaine thing is an epidemic?" How about we declare war on Colombia? It's over or we're coming in and we're going to make you the 51st state. But somebody is making money off this. Billions, hundreds of billions, gigabillions. Whatever the fuck—the biggest amount. Houses of cash. Is there any doubt that some of it isn't bleeding up to Washington somewhere? It couldn't exist without somebody looking the other way.

Whenever it comes time for the government to make a correction for past abuses, Congress shirks its responsibility. It just voted down a law about taking money from lobbyists. Where are term limits, the line-item veto and lower taxes? No one will follow through on any of that—neither party. I am a big contributor to the U.S. Treasury. Half of every dollar goes to the government. It's a partner with me right down the line. The inheritance tax. Your dad or anybody's dad works his whole life to pay off a 30-year mortgage. At the end of it, when he dies, if his kids don't have the tax money, if they can't come up with 50 percent of the value of it, it gets taken away. That is not a government that's there to serve. That's just theft. It's stealing. And the government gets away with it. I would feel better about it if the money were going anywhere besides into this big pile in the backyard that they're all pissing on. It's why I got involved in the last election.

PLAYBOY: Will you be involved in 1996?

WILLIS: We'll see what happens this spring. We'll see how things shake out.

PLAYBOY: As the father of three girls, what can you teach your daughters that their mom can't?

WILLIS: The only gift that I really see myself giving them is the truth about guys.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

WILLIS: You know the truth about guys. What were you thinking about when you were 17 years old? The same thing I was thinking about. The same thing every 17-year-old guy thinks about. That's the information my girls have to get. I'll say, "Look, you've got to understand: This is your body. It belongs to you. No one can touch it, no one can take it away from you. No one can get in there without your saying so. You have to have enough knowledge and enough strength to know that it's your choice."

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, what would you tell boys?

WILLIS: "Go get 'em, guys!" [*Laughs*] It's a whole different speech. It's just acknowledging reality. I read Robert Wright's *The Moral Animal*, in which he sums it up. He presents the thesis that everything we do—as men and women—is in response to a genetic impulse to do one thing and one thing only: Get our genes into the next generation. It explains everything. I read it and went, "Oh fuck, of course! That's it." I could go back and explain every move I ever made with that in mind. Perpetuate the gene pool, man. It explains everything we see going on around us—politics, money, war. We try hard, but we're animals. We're just donkeys walking up to the trough for food and wanting to fuck everything we see because of this unconscious agenda. If you're heterosexual and you are honest, you must admit that the first thing that comes to mind when you look at a woman is, Hey, I'd like to fuck her. We have to admit it. It's programmed in our genetic map. You're not thinking, Oh, there's a good childbearer. I could have a good brood of apes with her. It's unconscious. All you're thinking is,

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Mmmm, yes. I'll take you and you. . . .

PLAYBOY: This is why, Wright points out, fidelity isn't always easy. Is that true even when you're married to Demi Moore?

WILLIS: [*Laughs*] Of course. It's why keeping any relationship going is such a struggle. We balance our responsibilities as parents and adults with our needs as individuals. You compromise, you sacrifice, you decide what you will and won't do. But the reason it's such a struggle is that we are human beings who were, not long ago, stomping around in the world, trying to fuck all the time to ensure the survival of our line. Wright says that out of all known human societies, the monogamous ones were a small minority. Everybody else was going fucking nuts.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a reluctantly monogamous man.

WILLIS: Let's be honest about what it takes. What is marriage? No woman is going to satisfy a man's natural impulse to procreate, procreate, procreate. The impulse doesn't go away because you have three or ten or a hundred kids. On an emotional level, to think that you are going to find one person who understands what you need right now and is able to give it to you, to anticipate what you will need ten years from now, 20 years from now, 30 years from now—for the rest of your natural fucking life—is a myth. Yet that's what marriage is based on. If you're lucky, you might get 70 percent of your needs met. Maybe 80 percent. Probably 50 percent sometimes, and sometimes you don't get any of your needs met. It's crazy, against our nature, but we choose to continue because it has other values. I'm still doing it. And I choose to believe it is worth it.

PLAYBOY: Is it worth it?

WILLIS: Yes, even with the knowledge that marriage is a myth. In fact, our marriage works because we both understand that it is a myth to think, I've found the perfect person and my life is fine now. It's a garden. You have to tend it every day. You water it, you keep the weeds out. In my early life, whenever I had a problem, a big problem, it was, "OK, we're breaking up. Done. Over." Demi and I have had problems that ten or 15 years ago would have made me walk. Now I know that it's just a valley and I have to hang in long enough to get back up on the hill. It's a hard gig. You've got to keep moving forward. We both know it's not guaranteed. We're in it together and trying hard.

PLAYBOY: Is it tougher or easier because you're both in the same high-profile business?

WILLIS: I don't know if any marriage could be harder than when both people do the exact same fucking thing, when they are, in the eyes of the world, big shots—celebrities, superstars, whatever you want to say. We both do the same thing, both travel all the time. We both average 300 hours a year on planes. On the other hand, when I come home after a day at work, how many people are really going to understand what I've been through? She's one of a few.

PLAYBOY: But in most jobs, you would come home at night and be with your wife. In yours, you can be isolated on a set for months with another beautiful woman. Many marriages involving movie stars fail because of those kinds of circumstances.

WILLIS: The time apart is, to a certain degree, controllable. But the opportunity to do anything bad, whether it's cheat on your wife, kill someone, take a drug, commit a crime—whatever—is always there. I truly believe that in every human being there's an ongoing struggle between good and evil. As that guy who is still getting the information from a 150-million-year-old genetic map inside of me, it's difficult. But I choose to stay monogamous, not to fuck around. I believe it's the right thing to do. Is the opportunity there all the time? Yeah, all the time. Every day. It's an adult choice, certainly, compared to the choices I made when I was 20 years old, when I was led around by my dick. Whoever I wanted to fuck, I'd fuck, whether or not I had a girlfriend. Done. Now I'm old enough to make an adult choice and not agonize over it. I know that I am choosing to be with my wife and to stay with my wife.

I'm going to try to eat it all up today. Try to squeeze as much fun out of each day as I can. Because—boom!—I could be gone.

PLAYBOY: You are both extremely successful. What would happen if one of you had five bad years while the other were still soaring?

WILLIS: Here's a short answer to that question: I don't know how to play the "What if?" game. You may as well ask, "What would happen if you died tomorrow?" I don't know if that's going to happen, either. I refuse to speculate. Sure, it'd be fucked up if all of a sudden I'm flipping burgers or I'm on *Hollywood Squares*. You know what I mean? "I'll take Bruce Willis to block." I'd get some *Moonlighting* question. I know this: I don't have anything to say about when I die. I don't know when it's going to happen or how it's going to happen. I don't know if I'm going to live to be old or die tomorrow. What I do know is that I'm going to try to eat it all up today. Squeeze as much fun out of each day as I can. I know that's an important thing because—*boom!*—I could be gone.

PLAYBOY: Was any of this new to you since you hit 40?

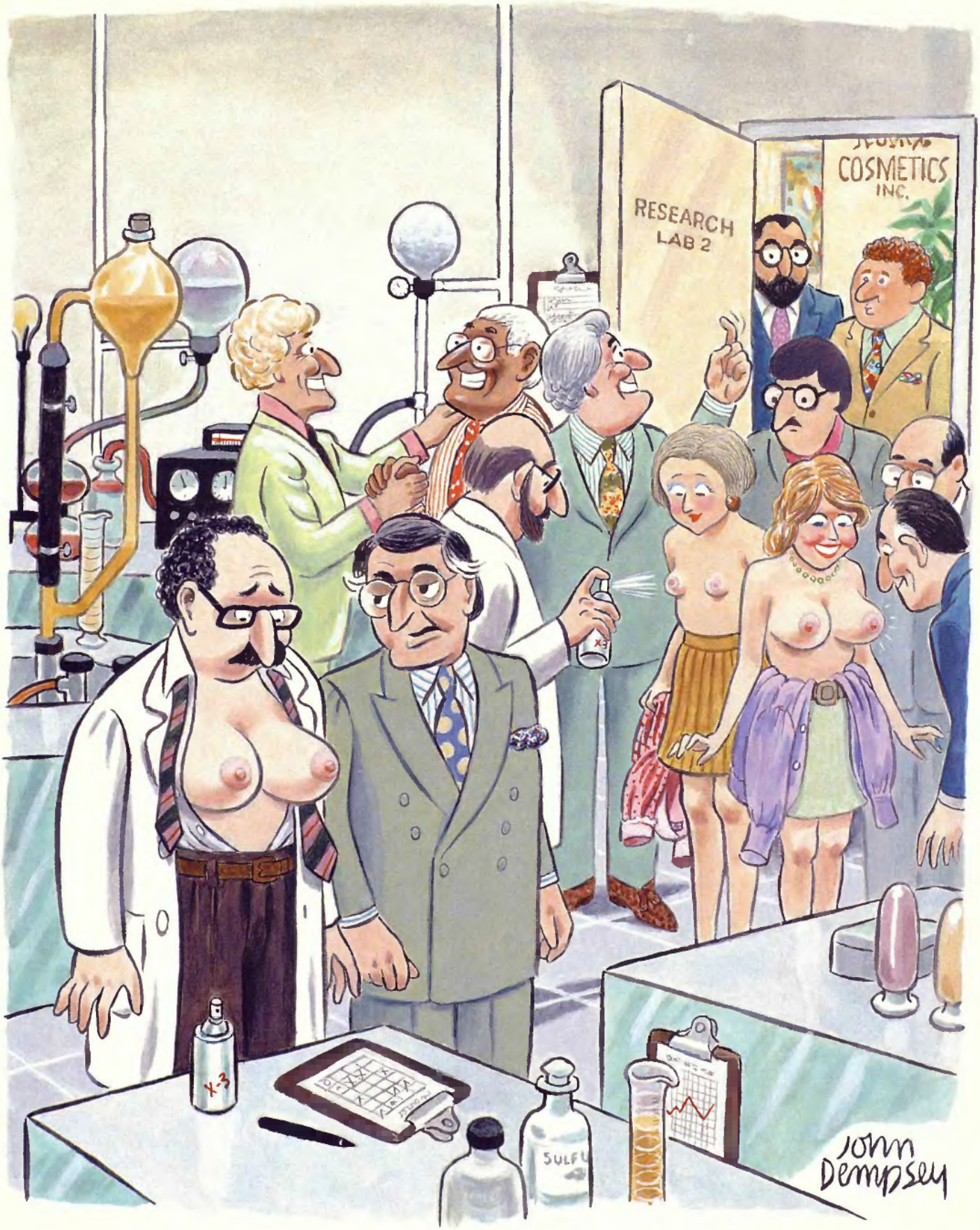
WILLIS: No. I was surprised how seamless it was to turn 40. I have a lot of things going for me. I'm in the best shape of my life. I've got a couple dollars in my pocket. I have a great family and great friends. Forty feels great. In my heart I'm like 22 anyway. I believe that around me are things I pulled into my orbit, things I made happen. I'll take responsibility for them—it's not like God put them there. I feel good about what's around me because I worked hard for it.

PLAYBOY: *Moonlighting*'s producer, Glenn Caron, once said: "Deep at his core I think Bruce is very shy. He became very cocky to compensate." Does that make any sense?

WILLIS: A lot of people don't know that Glenn was a psychologist before he became a writer and executive producer. Who knows? Maybe. For me cockiness is just a verbal tool. I think people generally confuse confidence with being cocky. Cocky is when you act confident but you can't really back it up. If you are confident, you can do what you say you can do. I've always been fairly secure in what I think about things and how I move in the world. I guess that's a form of confidence. People who are not confident are intimidated by that kind of confidence. It has nothing to do with being successful or famous; I experienced that 15 years before I was famous. But, hell, who cares? I've been called cocky by some of the best writers our country has to offer. And they all seem to remark on "that smirk." Hey, this is my face. This is just how I look. This is how I smile—crooked. I smile to the side. When *Moonlighting* first came on, everyone said, "Oh, the smirk. We love him. Look how charming he is with that fucking smirk." Then, all of a sudden, it became this negative thing. "Oh, he's smirking. I'd like to wipe that smirk off his face." I'm sure they'd like to barbecue me, but it's just the way I happen to smile. So anyway, being 40 is fine. The only thing I have really figured out in 40 years is how I want to live my life now. Try to do good things. Try to help people. Help my family, my friends. Try to live my life as a good man.

PLAYBOY: Anything else?

WILLIS: Yeah, you can print this caveat at the end of the interview if you want. If I have offended anyone during the previous discourse in which I reflected on how I feel about any number of things in the world: (A) I had no idea what I was saying or that they would print it. (B) It is my personal opinion and does not reflect the opinion of any group or organization. Take it or leave it at that. (C) Go fuck yourself.



"It's your own damn fault, Hoffman—testing it on yourself first."

RESCUE

(continued from page 120)

Both are usually armed, because more than one husband they have scammed has threatened to kill them.

got to our rendezvous point no one was there. I thought I had been dumped and started crying. Then, there was a CTU employee in a gray car. I got in and he drove Elias and me to a hotel, where we waited almost two hours for Judy to arrive with the boat."

Judy and another CTU operative had rented a speedboat on Pantelleria. They left the island in calm, sunny weather. When they arrived at a Tunisian port, they were met by police, who searched the boat and took their passports. Judy played the dumb tourist, smiling and nodding to the police. Before long, the police were smiling too. They gave the travelers coffee and returned their passports. The boat then motored south along the Tunisian coast toward its rendezvous with Connie and Don, who had joined the operation at that point.

When everyone was onboard and the boat headed back out to sea, the weather turned. Rough swells tossed the little craft as if it were a matchstick. Connie was bodyslammed from one side to the other. Three of her ribs were broken. Just as they were about to leave Tunisian waters, a Tunisian patrol boat spotted them and gave chase. With the patrol boat in pursuit, the CTU team rocketed over the high swells until it reached Italian territory and the Tunisians gave up the chase.

"Our operations are scams," says Don, "95 percent brains. We cannot use weapons or fake documents in foreign countries. If I do, it's federal time." But that doesn't mean CTU doesn't use the threat of physical force. In some cases, its operatives are armed, even if Feeney doesn't like to admit it. Gus Zamora is a former military man like Feeney. He's also, says Judy, "our resident bullshitter. He can talk his way out of anything." The operatives' physical presence alone, with beefy arms crossing their puffed-up chests, is usually enough to intimidate most of CTU's marks, who, like most bullies, are cowards. Overall, CTU uses a revolving band of five operatives—including a former commando in the Rhodesian army, an ex-policeman, a special operations Airborne Ranger and a former Royal Irish Ranger—as well as Don and Judy.

Don is the leader of CTU. His second-best attribute is his ability to blend into a crowd. He can grow a beard and pass for an Arab one day, then shave it off, trim his hair, put on a powder-blue leisure suit and pass himself off as a tourist in front of the same people the next day. Judy says her best asset is that she can play "the dumb tourist housewife." In one scam in Thailand, she passed a bar that advertised GIRLS and PING-PONG. Judy exclaimed, "Oh, I love ping-pong!" and went inside. The girls were on their backs on the bar, shooting ping-pong balls out of their vaginas at customers.

Judy is calmer and more reasoned than Don when under pressure. Don's first instinct, one former CTU employee says, is to "kick down the door and kill everyone." Sometimes, Don's macho, Delta attitude toward women ("He wants to protect them," says Judy) conflicts with Judy's knowledge of just how tough women can be. In one sting in Bangladesh, the second wife of a man who had kidnapped his first wife's daughter offered to return to him (they were separated) to help Judy and Don work their sting. Don was adamantly opposed to having the woman sleep with a man she despised. "Judy insisted she do it," Don says. "I said I wouldn't allow it. He was a scumbag. But Judy insisted the woman wanted to do it, so I gave in. Judy was right. We couldn't have snatched the kid if it hadn't been for the second wife."

Corporate Training Unlimited was founded in 1986. In the early years Don usually relegated Judy to the side of the distraught mothers as a calming influence. (The Feeneys have two teenage sons and a 21-year-old daughter.) In one case, Judy coached a mother, a California secretary, to sweet-talk her husband out of Iraq, where he had taken their son. "Iraq was too dangerous for us to enter," says Don. The wife convinced the husband to meet her in London for a reconciliation. When he arrived there with his son, he was arrested by Scotland Yard (the U.K. signed the Hague treaty). Mother and son were immediately put on a plane to the States.

Lately, however, Judy has taken a more active role in CTU operations. She helps conceive the scams and often takes part in them. Judy is a blonde who likes to dress in jeans and sweatshirts. She doesn't think of herself as an attractive woman. "When this guy came on to me once in Las Vegas," she says, "I said, 'You mean me?'" Then she adds, "I was

"This is our latest. A combination love-and-hate potion. Very sophisticated."

always tomboyish. I always thought men were more interesting than women. I liked what the guys did."

"Judy's specialty is countersurveillance and evasive driving," says Don. "She's also an expert with semiautomatic pistols." Judy says her favorite pistol is a Czech CZ-75, but she's equally at ease carrying a Glock or a Browning Hi-Power. Even at home in Fayetteville, North Carolina, she says, "I always have a gun in my hand when I get out of the car at night. I want the neighbors and their kids to see that Mrs. Feeney has a gun and isn't afraid to use it." Both Judy and Don are usually armed, even in Fayetteville, they say, because more than one husband they have scammed has threatened to kill them.

•

The CTU offices are situated in a nondescript strip mall along Raeford Road in Fayetteville. A white sign with red letters reads GLOBAL SECURITY, the name of CTU's umbrella company. It offers a host of courses and services: hostage rescue, shooting enhancement, protective security, defensive driving and professional bodyguarding. CTU trains American business executives in Latin America on how to protect themselves with semiautomatic weapons. For $900, it offers a two-week course to train people to become professional bodyguards. "We turn down guys with criminal backgrounds," says Don. Judy says, "And guys with Charles Manson eyes." CTU will also set up executives' homes with protection devices. "Either overt protection," says Judy, "with home video cameras and a secure perimeter to scare people off, or covert protection to capture a real threat. What do we do? We hide in the trees."

Both Judy and Don have been private bodyguards. Don worked for Mario Kassar, executive producer of Sylvester Stallone's *Rambo* series. "Mario is Italian and Lebanese," says Don, "and when he was filming in Israel he received death threats from Arabs who said he was a traitor. I set up a team to guard him there. Movie people are impossible to deal with because of their personalities. I couldn't guard Stallone. He's flamboyant. He wanted ten big guys flashing Uzis around him. I don't let people know I'm armed. Our goal is to save lives, not to put on a show. Sometimes I have to tell them their money's not worth my reputation if they were to get shot on my shift."

Inside Global Security, there are a series of small rooms sparsely furnished with cheap metal office desks and chairs. One large room is used as a conference room where instructors tutor a group of men Don describes as "government types" in the art of eavesdropping and countersurveillance. They are all ordinary-looking men taking notes—it looks

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like college. The instructor points to a chart that reads: Presence, Verbal Commands, Control and Restraint, Chemical Agents, Impact Weapons, Deadly Force—the stages necessary to overwhelm an enemy.

Behind the conference room is a storage room where CTU keeps its weapons in a safe. Alongside that is a small office adjoining Don's larger office. One morning two CTU operatives were sitting there, drinking coffee and talking. One man had a beard and the other evidently had lucked into employment despite having the "Charles Manson eyes" that Judy dislikes. Both were former Delta Force commandos. The bearded man was kidding the other about his habit of going to punk bars looking for fights. In one fight, the man with Manson eyes was badly beaten. He went to his car, got his .45 pistol and waited for his attackers to emerge. When they did, he shot them.

Finally, the two men begin discussing an operation, this one involving a difficult woman. "She's a manipulative woman," says the man with Manson eyes.

The bearded man says, "Yeah, she's the kind of woman that if you use her for a job you have to kill her before you leave."

"Do you want me to kill her?"

"No, I was just kidding about that."

"I can kill her," the man with Manson eyes says in the same tone of voice one might use to offer to drive to the grocery store.

Inside Don's office, Judy and Don plan another recovery, this one in the Philippines. Don has just returned from Manila, where he had gained entry to the Filipino father's house only to find it deserted. Now he has to go back again. "Time is running out," Judy says. The phone rings. It is another distraught mother who has heard of CTU. Throughout any given day the phone in the office will ring dozens of times. Don and Judy are always working on three or four recoveries at the same time. Checking the mothers' stories. Juggling finances. Finding time. Time is their most limited resource. They seem never to have enough. They are rarely home, rarely together. In one recent four-month period, Don was gone for 25 days, 23 days, 27 days and 29 days each month.

What is Don's motivation for recovering children? "No one else is doing it," he says. "It's primarily for the kids. We had a mother living with us who had no money. Her husband had taken her kid to Greece and we were trying to raise money to get the kid back. Most of these women are not wealthy. Wealthy people settle problems with lawyers in court. It's not uncommon for us to run out of money halfway through a mission. We continue because the kid deserves to live in America. An abduction in Ecuador cost us $13,000, and the mother could pay us only $8000. But still, we affected her life. We got her kids back."

Judy's motivation has more to do with her maternal instinct and her deprived past. "Don and I are two kids who never had anything," she says. "Now we're making a dent in this world. As a child I saw battered women, cheating men, alcohol, broken marriages. I asked God to send me a good man. He did. Now I'm a mother and I can see the pain in other mothers' eyes. I take it personally."

"This is what makes it all worthwhile," says Gus Zamora, smiling at Elias Ghozzi, the boy rescued from Tunisia. Gus is 40, a dark, bearded, hyper man of Basque descent, who has three children of his own. He was the pistol-shooting champion in the 101st Airborne Division in 1984, but left later that year because he wanted more excitement. "I wanted an adrenaline flow," Zamora says. Over the next four years he popped up in Israel, where he went on patrols in Lebanon with Israeli troops. Then Gus was in Nicaragua, working for the contras. Finally, he became a personal bodyguard to General John Singlaub, who was traveling around the States trying to raise money for the contras. When Gus first heard of CTU in the late Eighties, he contacted Don. Gus was so aggressive about joining CTU that Don grew leery of him. "He thought I was FBI," says Gus. This was not an unnatural fear of Don's. Most government agencies look askance at CTU, and Don and Judy are afraid of a government sting to lure them into some sort of illegal activity.

Gus' first assignment was as an interpreter and assistant bodyguard instructor, training Colombian bodyguards in the use of small arms for protecting their Shell Oil clients. He then joined Don in Saudi Arabia during Desert Storm. Don said they had drawn up a team of commandos to go into Iraqi-occupied Kuwait to rescue high-ranking Kuwaitis. The mission, instigated by the U.S. government, was so secret that Don refuses to reveal details about it even today.

Gus makes about $250 a day with CTU, but will often work for less. "I do things for Don I won't do for anyone

Local man 'rescues child from Tunisia
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Commando mission brings boy home
Houston woman's son found in Peru after kidnapping by former husband
Fayetteville Observer-Ti
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Father held by British authori
FBI
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American Woman Finds Kidnapping
With help from experts a woman beats the odds to regain her son.

The exploits of Don Feeney and his commandos have produced some heroic headlines. Feeney and his wife, Judy, field dozens of requests a week at their North Carolina office, which Feeney calls the court of last resort. "I can live anywhere," says Judy. "A pup tent, if necessary. I would sacrifice anything to rescue these kids."

else," he says. "I need the excitement. If I'm home for two days, I start to pace. I have to get out of the house. I'll carry Don's bags if I have to."

Don grew up in Brooklyn, where his major activity was sitting on his stoop at the corner of Clinton and DeGraw and dreaming of joining the Army. His parents were divorced when he was 13. "My father had an Irish beer habit," he says, "but he doesn't touch beer now." As a teenager, Don worked as a butcher and served coffee to the local wise guys while they played cards in social clubs that were not unlike Chez Bippy in the movie *A Bronx Tale*.

When he was old enough, at 17, Don enlisted in the Army, eventually joining the 82nd Airborne stationed at Fort Bragg in Fayetteville. He was 5'10", 117 pounds and, by his own admission, not much of a fighter. He immediately volunteered for special operations, where he was trained to go behind enemy lines, blow up bridges and lead insurgencies. Eight years later, in 1978, he heard of a secret new force being formed—Delta Force—and volunteered for that, too. "They were looking for innovators," he says. "People who would give 100 percent no matter what the odds. It was something real and I was the first."

It was "real" because its men were trained in the ultimate physical responses. Life was simplified for Delta men—good and evil, black and white, us and them. They were men taught to see life's conflicts in terms of physical solutions. When not training, they were men who ride motorcycles fast, skydive for amusement or scale mountains. "We were the best special ops in the world," says Don. "Delta always won counterterrorist games because we could blow down a door and not hurt the hostages inside. Other countries' commandos often did not care whom they killed."

In 1980 Don was on a C-130 transport plane assigned to the Iranian desert during the ill-fated attempted rescue of American hostages in Tehran. During refueling, a helicopter crashed into Don's plane. Both crafts plummeted to the desert, killing eight men. For days, Judy thought Don was dead until she finally got word that he had survived the crash. But that disastrous Delta operation would do irreparable damage to the psyche of Delta Force commandos. That day in the desert, they lost their sense of invincibility.

Over the next six years, Don continued to work for Delta Force. He was assigned to guard a diplomat in Lebanon in 1982. In 1983, he took part in the rescue of American missionaries held hostage by Sudanese rebels. "We killed some of the bad guys," says Don, "and the rest ran off."

Don's stay in Beirut in 1982 came back to haunt him. It ultimately destroyed his Delta career. While in Beirut, Don felt his per diem pay was insufficient to pay for his expenses. So he and other commandos worked out a deal with the owner of a hotel where several of them would stay in one room and the owner would give back $10 a day to each man. "Delta taught us to be innovators," he says. "To get the job done with no questions asked." Two years later, the Army demanded the commandos repay the kickback money and threatened court-martial. Don refused to pay back his share and refused to accept punishment.

"If this was the way the system worked," he says, "I wanted out. I had lost faith in it. The hierarchy didn't understand the way we were taught to do things."

Eventually, the Army dropped all charges against Don, and he was given an honorable discharge. "I never regretted one day with Delta," he says.

•

"The difference between Delta and CTU," Don says, "is that CTU doesn't have any support team." When Don started CTU in 1986, he thought he would mostly train bodyguards and SWAT teams and be a bodyguard himself. But in 1988 Cathy Mahone asked if he would help her get her kidnapped daughter, Lauren, out of Jordan. Don

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went to Jordan with his team and set up surveillance. When the child was going to school on a bus, he "snatched the kid" and fled toward the Israeli border in a car. Dave Chatellier, another operative, sped in the opposite direction with the Jordanian police in pursuit. When they caught up with Dave, he was sitting in his car, nonchalantly eating a candy bar, while Don and the child were crossing into Israel. The story of that rescue was eventually made into a TV movie starring Mariel Hemingway called *Desperate Rescue*. The attendant publicity from that movie led to dozens of pleas to CTU from other mothers who wanted help in recovering their children.

Ever since they founded CTU, however, the Feeneys' finances have been precarious. Twice they returned from recoveries to find a foreclosure notice on their house. The IRS put a lien on their house for payment of back taxes. And twice the Feeneys have had to declare bankruptcy, the most recent time just before Don served a year in an Icelandic jail. That grim chapter began with Judy.

It was Judy who devised a scam to rescue two girls from their Icelandic mother, Erna, a pretty blonde who had married two men and lost Florida custody battles with her two daughters' fathers. An alleged drug abuser and child abuser, she snuck the children off to Iceland. Judy followed, posing as an advance scout for a Sylvester Stallone movie. Don came later (pretending to be the movie's director), as did James Grayson, the father of one of the girls. They took the children from a hotel room in Reykjavík while Erna was asleep. When she awoke, she called the police, who were unable to stop Judy (who was already on a plane with one daughter). But they did arrest Don and Grayson at the airport. Both men were convicted of kidnapping and sentenced to prison, Don for two years and Grayson for three months.

Don was sent to a dormitory-like jail on a barren plain near a small, isolated town. He knew he could break out of the jail at will, but where could he go? He needed money, a passport, credit cards. He began to correspond with Judy, who'd eluded Interpol and was back in Fayetteville. She sent him greeting cards, all printed on thick, cardboard-like paper. He slit them open to find money and, once, an American Express gold card inside. By the time Don had accumulated $2000 and his gold card, he was ready to make his break.

One night, while the guards were watching TV, he slipped out of his room, picked the front gate lock and trudged into town. He rented a small plane that flew him toward the Faeroe Islands. But they were fogged in, so the plane had to land on an Icelandic island, where Don was captured by the police, returned to

prison and put in isolation for six months.

He ended by serving 12 months of his two-year term. Once he was reunited with his family, Don and Judy began to plot again on getting the two girls out of Iceland. (The child who left with Judy had been returned to Iceland.) They refer to their Icelandic caper as "the one that got away," and it bothers them. "It's not over yet," says Judy.

The Feeneys' Iceland misadventure was one of their few bungled recoveries. Still, it has come back to haunt them. When Don was jailed, the Feeneys had to file for Chapter 11 protection. And CTU received its first negative publicity. *Dateline NBC* aired a program on March 23, 1993 that hinted the Feeneys were a less than reputable couple. The show claimed James Grayson's mother had paid the Feeneys $40,000 and didn't get what she paid for. It suggested Don was forced to leave Delta under less than honorable circumstances for financial improprieties. The Feeneys slapped *Dateline NBC* with a $27 million libel suit that is still in the courts today.

•

Don's most bizarre rescue began in Brooklyn, when a mother hired CTU to recover her young son, Benjamin, whose American father had kidnapped him to Lima, Peru after the mother had won sole custody of the boy. And, the mother said, she was an Orthodox Jew and needed a rabbinical divorce, called a get, from her husband. In order to obtain the divorce she was sending three rabbis from the East Coast to Lima. They were going to convince her husband to say the words of the get so she could be free from her marriage.

"What?" Don blurted out. "Do you know how hard it is to hide even one rabbi in Peru?"

The three rabbis were precisely as Don had pictured them. They wore yarmulkes and long black overcoats and had long beards. Two of them weighed in excess of 200 pounds. One of them, the one from Brooklyn, was almost 300 pounds. "I tried not to be a wise guy," Don says, "but I told the one from Brooklyn how hard it would be to keep them unnoticed" in Peru. The rabbi said it still had to be done. The wife needed the get. It had already been transcribed by a special scribe with a quill pen, as it had been done for centuries. The rabbi from Brooklyn told Don that the words are usually recited by the husband of his own free will, but this time the husband wasn't cooperative. "The tribunal said we could do what we had to do to get this guy to say the words," the Brooklyn rabbi says now. "We could use force if we had to. Hey, he was a bad boy and I'm not such a simple guy myself. I've done stuff in my life."

While Don set up surveillance of the husband's house, the rabbis spent their time sight-seeing in Lima. One day, they were walking along a side street when they were mugged. They chased their attacker down an alley and caught him. "We beat him up," says the Brooklyn rabbi, "while a crowd watched and cheered, '*Viva los norteamericanos!*'" The rabbi had no qualms about that beating. "An eye for an eye," he says.

On the day of the recovery, Don drove with the wife, the three rabbis and a Peruvian cop to the father's house. He approached the front door and knocked. The boy opened the door and Don said, "Hi, Benjamin. I'm a friend of your father's. Where is he?" The boy said he was in the bathroom. Don told Benjamin his mother was waiting for him in the car. As the boy ran toward his mother, Don, trailed by the three overweight rabbis, charged through the house in search of the bathroom. When he heard a shower running behind a door, Don burst in, saw the steamy image of a body in the shower and crashed through the shower door. The father was bent over a girl, screwing her from behind. "He was 6'1"," says Don, "but he wasn't that fat." With help from the three rabbis, Don wrestled the soapy man out of the shower and onto the bed in his bedroom. One of the rabbis threw a towel over the terrified girl, while the other rabbis pinned the man to the bed. The rabbi from Brooklyn began to recite the words of the get to the man, but the man said, "That's not right." The rabbi said, "You wanna see a right?" and punched him in the face. Still, the man refused to say the words of the get, so the Brooklyn rabbi placed a pillow over his face and began to smother him. "Either you do the get," said the rabbi, "or your wife's a widow." The Peruvian cop became afraid that they were going to kill the father. But the rabbi lifted the pillow and the father, gasping for air, spluttered, "Whatever you want." After the father said the words of the get, Don tied up and drugged him and the girl so there would be time to escape with the boy.

When Don tells the story of the three rabbis in Peru, he conveniently forgets to mention the pillow and the drugs. But the Brooklyn rabbi doesn't. "We did it," he says, "but we didn't enjoy our work." Then he laughs.

When Judy later asked the rabbi if he would have killed the man, the rabbi said, "Would you have killed him? Some people don't deserve to live in this world."

Judy said, "And what about the fifth commandment?"

The rabbi said, "What about the eleventh commandment? You have to do what you have to do, and don't get caught."

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deep canyon (continued from page 80)

Mike uncoils the ropes. I tie in and begin moving up the cliff, but all the rain has turned the rock to mud.

splash forward until the darkness lessens and the sides begin to spread back. Suddenly they open wide, like massive stone doors, and we step into a primeval cathedral.

Baroque walls soar upward for 300 feet, reach out for each other far above our heads, then halt in mid-arc. It is a sanctuary left open to heaven. Only a small piece of sky is visible. There are tiny porticoes and hanging pulpits and ornate balconies. Split apses. A dissolving loggia. A choir of birds sweeping from one loft to the next.

The magnificence of the architecture stills us. We walk knee-deep in the stream. We crane our heads back on our shoulders. Our feet stumble over underwater boulders as if they were sacred hymnals and diluvial texts.

We pass through the nave. Through the chancel. Then the sidewalls drop in close again and we exit the cathedral.

"Jesus!"

"Yup," says Mike.

Not far beyond the cathedral, as if connected by an underground hallway, lies a maze of elliptical chambers.

"Catacombs," cries Mike. He squints at me over his shoulder. I know what he's thinking. Back to Palermo, Sicily. We were 18. We illegally explored the cavern beneath an old church. It was honeycombed with crypts like these—but in Sicily each chamber held a body.

•

At the end of a wide corridor with overhanging walls is a short headwall. It is our first obstacle.

The streambeds of slot canyons are not flat. Instead, they drop over a series of benches, or steps. The run, the distance from one step to the next, can vary from several hundred yards to several miles. The rise, the height of a step, can vary from ten to 100 feet. Each step is sliced up the middle with a single incision caused by a ribbon of water running over the step and slowly cutting backward into the rock. Thus, inside deep slot canyons there are even deeper slits. Imagine a hallway out of *Alice in Wonderland*, long and crooked with tall walls and no ceiling. The floor has sloping flat stretches separated by steps of all sizes. Now imagine that the Mad Hatter has used a chain saw to cleave each step.

Ascending and descending the headwalls inside a slot, either through the slit or on the face, is one of the biggest challenges of canyoneering.

As we near the step we begin to hear it: a low rumbling that pours from the slit and rebounds down the passage.

We enter the slit and wade into a glassy pool. The noise is tremendous. The sidewalls fit together overhead like a puzzle. The water rises to our thighs, then recedes as we gain a hidden sandbar. The pounding grows. We wade across another pool inside another cavern, slide around a wedge of stone, step inside.

We have entered an hourglass: the glass shell turned to sandstone, the sand to liquid. Water is time and stone is history. To canyoneer is to go back in time, back in history.

Falls roar down from a hole overhead in the top of the hourglass. The pool is forever exploding. The walls of the chamber are unclimbable.

"Impossible!" I yell.

Mike smirks.

We back out of the antechambers until we exit the slit. Mike points to a ramp that appears to ascend the step on the left-hand side. We scramble up it easily, gaining the next level in the canyon.

Onward.

Already we have fallen into our old rhythm. Trading leads. Moving fast. Moving single file. Moving in unison. Our strides match and we have the same pace. This is essential. In the wilderness, if you can't move together, you can't be together.

•

It begins to rain. Not hard. Just rain dropping down between the walls. Mike leans his head back and catches the fluttering drops in his mouth.

"Never go when it's raining, never go when it's cold." He's using that radio preacher's voice.

Up the canyon we go. We can't see far ahead. The bed of the stream curves and walls shut off the view like immense curtains. This creates a constant state of unknown—a thirst, a lust. When you can't see where you're going, every step becomes an adventure.

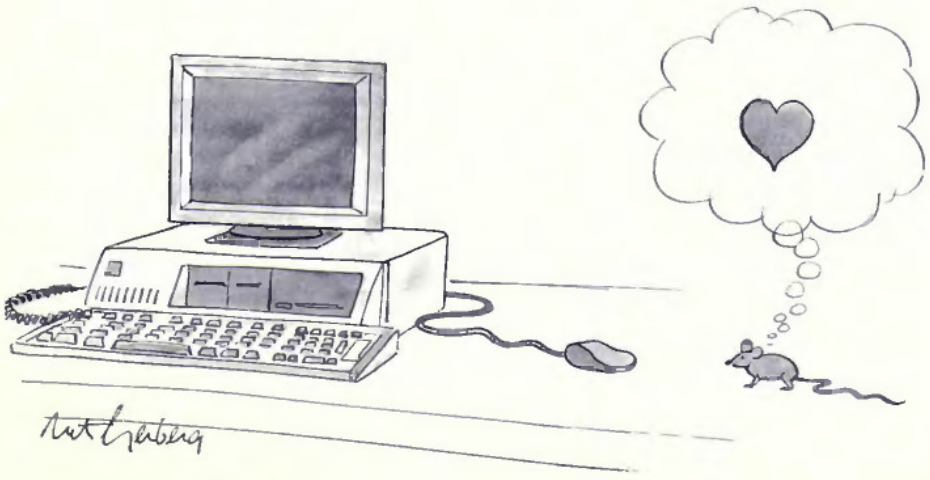
The canyon gradually begins to squeeze in. Another headwall appears. Again we pass into the iris. It is tighter than before. If we spread our arms we can touch both sides. Just a crack of sky above. The walls are closer so the water is deeper. When it leaps up and bites our nuts, we back off into a side cove and haul our dry suits out of our packs.

We brought them just for this. In summer you might not need a dry suit for canyoneering, but in spring you could die from hypothermia without one.

Dry suits are frog skins. They have rubber gaskets at the ankles, wrists and neck designed to keep cold water out and warm air in. They are warmer than wet suits—wet suits allow water in, next to your skin, which is then warmed by your body. For canyoneering, the best dry suits are those made with tough synthetic shells—you're likely to be dragging yourself across rocks.

Hypothermia is a deadly drop in body core temperature. First you start to shiver uncontrollably. Muscles become stiff. Your hands and feet become painful, then you lose the use of them. Your speech begins to slur and your heartbeat slows. Your mind gets stupid. You become uncoordinated and begin to stumble. If your core temperature (98.6°F) drops eight degrees, you'll no longer be able to walk—another eight degrees and you're dead. Submerged in extremely cold water without a wet suit or a dry suit, you can die in a matter of minutes.

We zip each other inside our dry suits and wade back into the current, floating our packs ahead of us. We pass between two smooth lips of stone and enter a vaulted slit so narrow our shoulders touch either wall. Water runs between our legs. The walls are sinuous and slippery. With each step the orifice enfolds us, closing over and behind us.



We glide deeper. The water rises. Above the thighs. Above the crotch. Above the waist. I sink to my chest and begin to swim.

I am swimming in the fluid of earth in a fold of stone. The walls bend and curve so wildly above me that the sky is gone. I am inside the flesh of stone.

I swim through one chamber, into the next, into the next, into the last: a womb. A waterfall spills down above me from a hole in the ceiling. I can make out just a sliver of sky. I leave my pack and move forward, into the cascade.

You cannot canyoneer if you cannot climb. You must have balance, and agility and strength. You must also believe that nothing is insurmountable.

Right arm and right leg against one wall, left arm and left leg against the other. It is a classic canyoneering position. I lift myself out of the water and climb straight up the waterfall, pushing against the skin of the chamber. Twenty feet above the pool I pass through the hole and exit into the next level of the canyon, stunned and jubilant.

I stand on the edge and look over the waterfall, down into the hole. Mike is grinning up at me, his red hair plastered across his face.

We can't get the packs up through the falls, so Mike floats them back down the channel. I walk above until we find a spot where we can shuttle them up. Mike turns around and swims back. At the waterfall he howls with delight, then skillfully chimneys up.

"Jesus Ann, that was great!" He is trembling. "If only the whole canyon could be like that. It was, was——"

"Primal."

•

We leave the dry suits on. Raining steady now, occasional waves of sleet.

We eat lunch, our hands stiff from the cold. Candy and smashed bananas. No three-buck energy bars. They're a con. They won't make you a better athlete. Mike likes M&M's. I like Butterfingers.

We shoulder our packs and move on.

Always the walls rise above us. We pass between black-streaked cliffs and hoodoo galleries. Through ventricles and veins. Through lost gardens with downy cottonwoods and rock-cupped purple flowers. Over sand—black, red, white, green, blue. Over stone that is scalloped as sharp as waves or as smooth as a cat's back.

Late in the afternoon we reach another bisected headwall. The water beyond is running harder and deeper now. It has changed color. Deeper brown, almost black. An ominous sign. The canyon is flooding. Still, into the aperture. The walls sandwich us, the water becomes deep and again we must swim. It is a dark channel with dark, wet walls pushing in against our shoulders.

My pack becomes wedged in a cave behind an eddy, and I try to pull it loose. Suddenly I'm shouting. But nothing will come out. My whole body tenses. The shock is so great it cuts away my breath.

"What's wrong?"

"Zipper burst!"

My dry suit is filling with icy water. I abandon my pack and begin to slam myself forward, my arms whirling in short choppy strokes, my legs frog-kicking violently. In seconds I weigh 300 pounds.

I can feel the temperature of my body plunging. I know what is happening but I cannot climb the walls around me. All I can do is swim. *Swim.*

My movements become jerky, like a puppet's. My hands and feet turn to wood. I must get out of the water.

My mouth begins to seal. My jaws lock. I must get out of the water.

At a small narrowing where the channel bends, I pull myself out of the current, wedging my body between the gelid walls. A hundred pounds of water spills out of my dry suit. I can do nothing about the legs. They are ballooned full of water. I move upward by suspending myself in the vault in a jumping-jack position. Left hand and left foot against left wall, right hand and right foot against right wall. One limb at a time. One hand, one foot, one hand, one foot. My fingers and toes cannot feel the stone.

Slowly I ascend. I reach the top of the slit shivering badly.

Once again we pulley up the packs. Then Mike swims the channel gracefully and ascends the waterfall effortlessly. I am waiting for him above the throat of stone, trying to control my shivering.

"You all right?"

I nod.

"Your lips are blue. Sure you're all right?"

I nod again. If I try to speak he will hear my teeth rattle.

Looking back, after it is all over and you have survived, you can recognize the point at which you should have turned around. Problem is, that is precisely the point at which the real adventure begins.

•

We have to do the whole canyon to get out. We know we are close. We quicken our pace. Become efficient. Focused. We pass swiftly through corridor after corridor, jogging on the rock beside the river. We leap between boulders and negotiate steep slabs without thinking.

Another headwall.

Another narrow cavity.

Climb up through one waterfall, up a spiral chute and into a small shaft.

"Shit!"

We are at the bottom of a well. The walls are slick with moss. The well is filling with dark water.

"Dead end! Back. Back!"

We are making decisions instantly. Operating on automatic. On experience.

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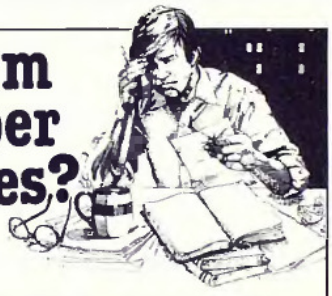

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On instinct.

We climb back down to the first waterfall and traverse sideways onto a ledge that rises up the right-hand wall. We can see the rim of the canyon. We are almost out. Only 30 feet.

Mike uncoils the ropes. I tie in and begin moving up the cliff, but the walls are too soft and slippery. All the rain has turned the rock to mud. I try kicking the toes of my boots into the face, but they drip back out. Every handhold I grab comes away in my palm. I cannot keep my balance.

"Mike, this won't go!"

"We have to turn back. Find another way out."

I downclimb while he sets up a rappel. It is twilight. We rap back into the inner gorge where we had been just minutes before. It is a 50-foot drop straight into black water.

Coil the rope. Sling it over a shoulder. Go. Move. Downstream. Down canyon. As fast as we can.

The water is growing deeper by the minute. The canyon is flooding. I discover a side canyon with a waterfall and climb halfway up. "We'll need the ropes."

"We don't have time!" Mike says.

The rain is pouring. We are running. Farther back down the canyon we search for a plausible exit.

From a short straightaway we think we see a weakness in the canyon wall. A climbable gash. When we reach the base of the cliff we don't stop to rope up. We start climbing.

Water is running off the walls everywhere. In the gloaming it looks as if all the water in the world is flooding into the canyon. The great deluge. The preacher was right.

We are scaling a steep gully, hand over hand. Liquid streams down over rocks and plants and roots, into our sleeves and our mouths and down our necks. We yank ourselves up through the mud and can't see a thing and can't stop and can't think of anything but ascend, ascend, ascend.

I choose the wrong line. I am stuck halfway up the wall. The canyon rim is a hundred feet above me, the raging brown river as many feet below. I must turn around. I carefully climb back down to the ledge Mike is standing on.

Now we are climbing side by side. In the rain, up the wall, sweating and freezing. We use the same holds. Stand on the same blocks. Up through an ugly chimney, straight on through a tree burned by lightning, out over a broken overhang. We are rising out of the canyon. Suddenly we know we will get out.

Twenty feet from the top we are rimrocked, stymied by a smooth band of featureless stone. It is pitch-dark now. Mike is below me, clinging to the wall. The canyon yawns under my heels. Two hundred feet of empty space.

I skin off my pack and throw the rope over my shoulder. It is impossible to climb straight up. I move sideways. My feet tiptoe along one ledge, my hands fiercely grip another.

I am still sliding sideways, sticking to the pouring wall. It is as if I had climbed over a balcony on the 20th floor. I find a wide vertical crack, put both hands inside and pull myself up. The handholds are slick. I have to regrip every few seconds. I twist the toes of my boots into the seam. I think they are solid, but when I put weight on them, they pop out. My body swings out above the abyss.

I understand. It is simple. I am 200 feet in the air in the dark in a rainstorm, fastened to the canyon wall only by the strength of my fingers. I can even see myself. As if my eyes were inside a small bird arcing through the rain above the roaring canyon, watching me, knowing I can't fly.

I get my feet to stick. Rest. Close my eyes. Control my heart.

I reach for a knob on the edge and it breaks away. I find another. It holds. My feet hold.

Carefully, ever so carefully, I pull up. Suddenly I pull over the top. I am out of the gorge.

The rain has turned to snow. I tie the rope to the trunk of a juniper. The arms of the juniper reach out over the rim, into space, catching snowflakes like falling stars.

I drop down the rope. Mike ties on my pack and then his, and I haul them both up. I throw the rope back down and Mike ties in.

Then we are both on top, standing in the blackness on the lip of the abyss, escaped. Escaped from our upside-down mountain.

•

It takes another two days to get out of cavern country. Plugging through gumbo. Using muddy ropes to scale seeping mesas. Rappelling into unknown canyons. Fording swollen streams.

Ahhh, the truck. Never so welcome a sight. Turn the heat on full blast. Turn the radio on full blast.

Midnight on the highway north of Hanksville. The engine hums to itself like an old man. No need to drive fast.

"We could go all night."

Mike's eyes are closed.

"Do like we used to do. Throw the bags out alongside the road."

We both crack up.

We find a strip motel back in Green River. Flat roof, blinking neon sign. All the doors painted bright turquoise.

Showers so hot that steam curls along the ceiling. Each in our own big, sway-backed bed, sinking into the canyon of sleep watching an old Western about the adventures of two cowboys.

It's a sacred journey. A magical experience. A spiritual sojourn... That's what love is.
Are you saying I should return all the lingerie I just bought?
Khlssnt

GREAT BALLS

(continued from page 74)

sphincter relaxes, your breathing resumes and you basically feel nothing as the doctor makes a centimeter-long incision in your scrotum, then cuts and removes a section of your numb vas deferens. After cauterizing the open ends in a cloud of acrid white smoke, the doctor also ties them off as a safety measure, kind of like a belt and suspenders. (Despite this overkill, it is remotely possible for your testicles to later undergo a spontaneous formation of new vasa deferentia, which shows just how determined those little guppies can be.) Finally the doc stitches up your scrotum and then repeats the whole thing on the other side with another kick in the nuts. If you think the second shot will be less painful than the first, I'm sorry to say that you're going to be very sorely disappointed.

Despite all this, Harry and I conceded afterward that none of it was as bad as our paranoid fears. An hour after we arrived, we were laughing our way out of the clinic when Chopp, in a another burst of levity, told us: "Hurry back, the next one is free." Yeah, well if there is a next time, pal, I damn sure won't sober up first.

Not eager to have any rambunctious children bouncing on our laps, Harry and I took a cab to Austin's top-shelf hotel, where we began to knock back their top-shelf margaritas—dollar for dollar, still the finest painkiller known to man or pharmacist. After three or four with no salt, we limped to our rooms. Every time we felt the slightest twinge of pain—which was pretty damn often—we ordered a couple more margaritas. At some point, the bartenders must have decided all that ice and lime juice were going to kill us, because they finally sent up just a bottle of tequila, which we plowed into like, well, like two guys who had just had their nuts set on fire.

•

The next morning Harry barged into my room. He was apparently suffering no ill effects from either the vasectomy or the tequila and seemed ready to hit the gym. When it became clear that I could hardly walk, much less conquer the Stair Master, Harry had a snappy explanation for his more speedy recovery.

"I think we can attribute the difference," he said, "to the fact that you had the surgery done, and I did not."

Now that would have been a practical joke to remember.

Once on my feet, I felt a little better. We made it till noon before a distinct rise in below-the-waist throbbing had us hustling for the nearest restaurant whose name started with either "El" or "La" for some Tex-Mex and more recreational painkillers. It was not until the next evening that we found an anesthetic superior to frozen margaritas, and that was courtesy of Willie Nelson on his bus prior to a concert. Willie's solution, unfortunately, is a prescription that neither the AMA nor the DEA seem willing to write for any of us.

On day three, when I finally strolled bowlegged to the airport gate to see Harry onto the plane back to sitcom land, he had arrived at a new Zen-like perspective of our experience. "Sure, we had our nuts sliced and diced like a ripe tomato, and we've been limping all over town," he told me philosophically, "but on the other hand: We're sterile."

So having killed two stones for one bird, as we finally defined the procedure, I went to my office and tried to get back to work. Somehow, between the hangover and the throbbing balls, I found it rather hard to concentrate and soon adjourned for yet another meeting with my friendly neighborhood bartender. A couple of days later I was still at it, knocking back the black and tans at a local brew pub and telling the last of my pitiful dick jokes.

"The night before the vasectomy," I explained to the bartender, "I told my wife she could kiss my vas deferens goodbye. In fact, I insisted upon it."

Of course, I'm a big enough boy to know that, in a good marriage, there's no insisting on much of anything. But my wife, bless her sweet, beautiful heart, is still offering to honor our original Fourth of July agreement. And it's a darn good thing, because I've had to abandon the argument that a blow job is the finest form of birth control yet invented.

According to Chopp, I'll be safely shooting blanks after 20 or 30 more ejaculations, and my wife and I are counting the days (and nights) in a most enjoyable fashion until that first sperm check.

In retrospect, I realize that the purpose of the dick jokes and the booze was not only to distract myself from the physical discomfort but also to come to grips with the fact that I'll never have a son. Yes, I know I embarked on this mission with exactly that purpose in mind. No, I am not haunted by second thoughts and deep regrets. But, on the first couple of nights back home, I did suffer from an ennui similar to my wife's depression following the birth of our children.

Ah, but there is a happy ending. It comes to me over and over with the daily realization that now my wife seems to love me more than ever, and that, boy or no boy, my two little girls are already my dreams come true in a fashion much grander than I ever could have imagined. And what the fuck, if we change our minds, we can always adopt.

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MEMO TO MICHAEL

(continued from page 54)

We're talking megabuff. You're gonna strip down just like Demi did, only you're gonna show everything.

culture. Newscaster Phyllis George became famous by asking an innocent man to hug the woman who had falsely accused him of rape, a charge that resulted in his lengthy imprisonment in a state penal institution, where rapists do not usually get the red-carpet treatment. So your kiddie friends should have no trouble at all with this. Maybe we could get that Al Franken guy from *Saturday Night Live* to supervise the hug. It could be the most heartwarming event since Tiny Tim married Miss Vicki on *The Tonight Show*. Let me know what you think.

THE BUDDY FILM

How did Dustin Hoffman jump-start a flagging career? He made a buddy film with Tom Cruise. How did Paul Newman jump-start a flagging career? He made a buddy film with Tom Cruise. How did Christian Slater jump-start a flagging career? He made a buddy film with Tom Cruise. Mike, it's time for the buddy film. *Top Gun II*? A tad implausible, *n'est-ce pas? Interview With the Vampire II*? Unwholesome undertones. What's our idea, then? Get this: A sequel to *Rain Man* titled *Rain Elephant Man*. Here you get to play an incoherent, brain-damaged guy who also happens to be the weirdest-looking cocksucker anyone has ever seen. Mike, nothing personal, but it's the role you were born to play.

THE VANITY FAIR COVER

Talk about a shot in the arm: Remember what that cover did for Jessica Lange last year? She appears in a sucky movie by a dead director that's been sitting in the can for years that does nothing at the box office, but *Vanity Fair* puts her on the cover the one month that Demi Moore isn't available and she cops an Oscar. Mike, I don't need to tell you what a *VF* cover could mean. It sold tickets for Big Jack in *Wolf*. It turned Sandra Bullock into America's sweetheart—despite that nose. It made Demi a household name. True, the Keanu cover didn't sell many tickets to *Johnny Mnemonic*, and being on the cover didn't do much for Andie MacDowell's career, but with those teeth, what the fuck could?

Mike, I want to be up front about what kind of cover we're talking. We're talking buff. We're talking megabuff. You're gonna strip down just like Demi did, only you're gonna show everything. Everything. That way, every parent in America can see that you don't have the incriminating splotches on your weenie that could result in your being incarcerated in a state penal facility, where child molesters do not usually get the red-carpet treatment. This is your one, perhaps your only and probably your last opportunity to prove that you've been the victim of a massive shakedown operation, that there are no telltale blemishes on your cock, that the whole thing is a crock of shit. It is a crock of shit, right, Mike? Right, Mike? Only joking.

THE SMELL OF THE GREASEPAINT, THE ROAR OF THE CROWD

Obviously, if you do have some incriminating splotches on your genitalia, the *Vanity Fair* cover goes right out the window. We could do a rear view, à la Stallone or Jim Carrey, but let's face facts, M.J., does anyone really want to look at your bony ass? Just teasing. Anyway, if the *VF* cover is a nonstarter, we can always resort to another tried-and-true showbiz ruse: the triumphant run on Broadway. This will get you close to the people, bring you back down to earth, restore you to the normal three dimensions. If you get my drift.

What kind of show do we have in mind? Obviously, a star of your luminous magnitude is too big to do one of those Brooke Shields–Jon Secada turns in *Grease*. But many other options remain. Like, how about Jean Valjean—the unfortunate victim of a ludicrous miscarriage of justice in *Les Miserables*—a good, trusting, loving man who spends 19 years as a galley slave for stealing a goddamned croissant just so he could feed his children, and who is then persecuted for the rest of his life by a megalomaniacal police force run by vindictive white people? Not unlike a pop star who spends 19 months being persecuted by a megalomaniacal police force run by vindictive white people just because he tried to make some children happy. We could even change the villain's name from Inspector Javert to Inspector Fuhrman. Can you picture the billboards, Mikey? You, clutching a loaf of bread, high above the Great White Way. It brings tears to my eyes just to think of it.

You might consider going upmarket with Shakespeare in the Park. Who would make a better Othello than Michael Jackson? The Moor the Merrier! Especially if we got Liz Taylor to play Cleopatra and Brooke Shields to play Ophelia. Then, when you held up old Yorick's bones, everyone in the audience would think they belonged to the Elephant Man. It would show your playful, puckish side. I think you should consider it, Michael. I really think you should.

THE TRAVELING BLACK WILBURYS

Put five pathetic old losers onstage one after the other and what do you get? The Republican National Convention. But put five pathetic old losers onstage all at once and what do you get? Fucking magic. If the Traveling Wilburys could reignite Dylan's career and Roy Orbison's career and George Harrison's career after 20 years of sucky records, think what the concept could do for you.

Now, where are we going to find four pathetic old losers to fill the stage with you? Hey, Mikey, do the names Jermaine, Tito, La Toya and Marlon mean anything to you? Only joking. Obviously, we don't want anyone as lame as La Toya in the band. No, what we have in mind is four artists who used to be legitimate stars, who crashed and burned and who are now attempting a comeback under the aegis of the Traveling Black Wilburys. My suggestions? Stevie Wonder on keyboard. Rick James on bass. Sly Stone on guitar. Sheila E. on drums. Or maybe we could get Lionel Richie, the black Elton John, in there somewhere. And you know how the Wilburys had those hokey pseudonyms—Lucky and Lefty and Spike? You guys could go by names like Rufus and Otis and Kingfish and Sportin' Life. The public will love it. It'll show your human, puckish side.

EMBRACE THE LIZARD

It's an extravagant proposal, perhaps even a demeaning proposal, but the one sure way to show what a man you are is to marry Liz. You know that line about boldly daring to go where few men have gone before? You would be boldly daring to go where every man has gone before. The way the American public will look at it, no one capable of marrying a guy named Larry Fortensky could possibly marry a child molester. The American public is funny that way.

Those, M.J., are our proposals. I know some of them seem a bit offbeat, but then again, consider the client. Should you find these stratagems unsatisfactory, all we can suggest is what we suggested to Jim Morrison 25 years ago: Pull a Pere Lachaise. Fake your own death, go completely underground, get yourself buried in an obscure part of a depressing old French cemetery and then pay some peasant to spray-paint THIS WAY TO JACKSON'S GRAVE on the front gates every morning for the next 50 years while you collect royalties from your back catalog. But I don't think you want to do that, Mikey. I don't think your career is that far down the toilet. Though I am reminded of a little joke I heard last week:

How are Michael Jackson and Kmart alike? Both have boys' pants half off.

Cute gag, huh, Mikey? Only joking.

Best wishes,
Slade Gruber

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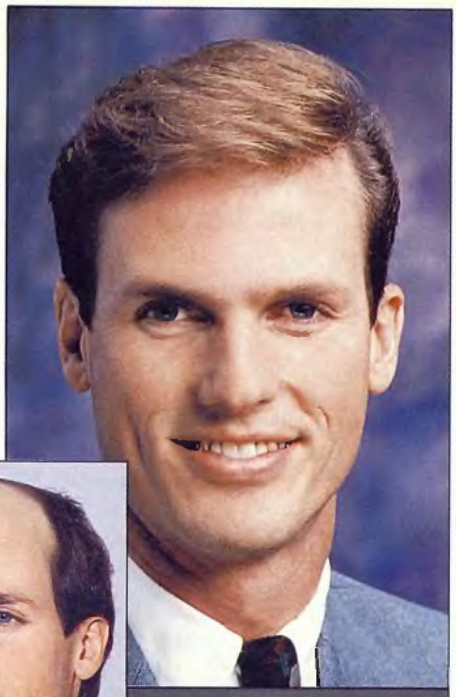

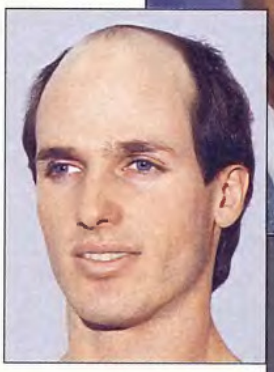

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RANDY REASON

BOSLEY MEDICAL PATIENT, AGE 29, BEFORE (LEFT) AND AFTER (ABOVE) NATURAL HAIR RESTORATION

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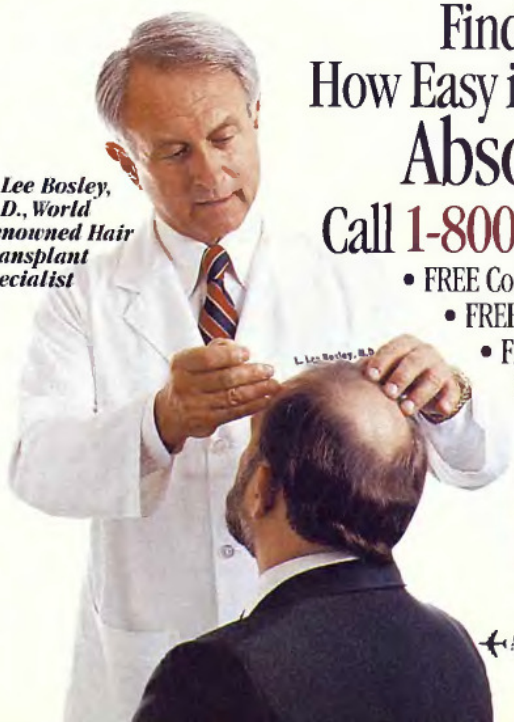

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COURTNEY LOVE *(continued from page 110)*

"I grew up with hippies and feminists. I thought 'Ms.' had killed all the sexism and I could be president."

Frances Bean. "No man could have done to me what Lynn did to me," she said. With little provocation, she would pull out the offending piece and go over it line by line, compulsively tracing over sentences for loopholes like a manic attorney appealing a death-penalty sentence. (Courtney admitted to Jim DeRogatis in the *Chicago Sun-Times* in May 1995 that she did take heroin when she was pregnant, "in the very beginning of my pregnancy. Otherwise I could have sued the hell out of them.") Next up was Susan Faludi's *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*. Out would come the book for much of 1993, with highlighted references to how strong women—her favorite example, of course, was herself—are always written off as evil freaks. "Women are total failures at unifying," she said. "I think women tend to unload on other women. Jealousy among women is hard to define, admit or discuss. I grew up with hippies and feminists and 30-something people. I thought that *Ms.* had killed all the sexism in the world and I could be the president. If I didn't have that upbringing I wouldn't be strong."

•

Her father is Hank Harrison, author of *The Dead: A Social History of the Haight-Ashbury Experience*. Love has rarely minced words about him: "He makes his living as a parasite off the Grateful Dead," she said. "He scams all these Deadheads who worship him because they think he is close to the Dead." In fact, the Dead's Phil Lesh is her godfather. Linda Carroll, her mother, earned some renown as the psychologist of Katherine Anne Power, a member of the Weather Underground who resurfaced in 1993 to face old murder charges.

Courtney's parents broke up when she was a little girl. She and her mom moved to New Zealand. Her mom lived in a commune and Courtney was sent to a boarding school. Another boarding school in England followed and by the time she was 12 she was sent back to Eugene, Oregon to live with her mother's therapist. Her teenage years were even more scrambled, with stints in juvenile care facilities—she had been busted for shoplifting—and foster homes. Living off a $1000-a-month trust fund, she popped up in Liverpool in the entourage of Julian Cope's Teardrop Explodes. (After Love had taken up with Cobain, Cope took out an ad in the British press saying: "Free us from Nancy Spungen–fixated heroin A-holes who cling to our greatest rock groups and suck out their brains." Love claims not to understand what motivated Cope to publish such vitriol.) Back in Oregon at the age of 18, she met Kat Bjelland.

Kat would serve alternately as Courtney's best friend, prime adversary, artistic inspiration and competitor. As the leader of Babes in Toyland, Kat helped germinate the entire girl grunge scene, which includes bands such as L7, the Breeders, Bratmobile and 7 Year Bitch.

"Kat was a hot high school babe," Courtney said. "The fair-haired girl, head cheerleader, editor-of-the-yearbook type." Both had fantasized about a virtually unattainable female dream: to be in a rock band.

As soon as they were able, they bolted to the cavernous punk clubs of San Francisco. Together with their pal Jennifer Finch (later of L7), they soaked up the experience. "We were all known as groupies, notorious scenesters before we ever had bands," Courtney said. A transcendent moment came when the threesome went to see an all-girl punk band. The band came on and was immediately heckled by a group of men in the audience shouting, "You're too ugly to be in a rock band!"

Jennifer, Courtney and Kat were appalled. The only answer, they decided, was to start their own punk band. They called it Sugar Baby Doll, but Courtney and Kat had a temporary feud. "Kat kicked me out of the band," says Love. "It was the first of three bands she kicked me out of."

In San Francisco, Courtney sang for a while in a band that would become Faith No More. She then had a brief gig with Social Distortion. At one point, she tried acting, and landed a small role as Nancy Spungen's best friend in Alex Cox' classic *Sid and Nancy*. "Now I see those four little scenes and I say, 'What a cute me,'" she told me. She also got the lead in Cox' 1987 film *Straight to Hell*. The film bombed and went straight to video.

In 1988 Kat and Courtney moved to Minneapolis, where the underground scene had already produced such bands as the Replacements, Hüsker Dü and Soul Asylum. The two began to mirror each other. Their role model was Edie Sedgwick, the Andy Warhol party-girl superstar. They bleached their hair and began wearing baby-doll dresses found at Minneapolis rummage sales. For Courtney, it was the latest in a new series of obsessions with such women as Carroll Baker's kiddie sexpot in *Baby Doll*.

They were determined to try a band again. Kat lined up Lori Barbero to play drums in the neonatal Babes in Toyland. Courtney assumed she'd be involved somehow. However, Bjelland decided she didn't want her best friend in the band. "Courtney practiced with Babes in Toyland only once, and it sucked," Bjelland said. "After that, it was like 'Bye, Courtney.'"

Love's version has her chastising

"There's no smoking anywhere in the building, but on Fridays you can come to work in drag."

Bjelland about not showing up for rehearsals. "I was willing to give up my individual pursuits for a band. I thought a unified feminine force could be more powerful than me. And I was willing to take a backseat—to play bass and do backup vocals—when Kat decided I was an asshole." In recent years, their relationship has deteriorated; Kat will no longer talk about Courtney.

Courtney was not having any luck in her personal life, either. Briefly, she was married. She also had an abortion. "I did a really bad girl thing. I told somebody that I knew wasn't the father that he was, and hit up the poor son of a bitch for cash."

According to Courtney's time line, she made a brief stop in Alaska to strip because, she said, "I didn't know what to do. I didn't know how to work then. And the only stripping jobs I could get weren't good ones because I was fat." Then it was on to Los Angeles and another stripping job, where she asked herself the questions, "'Why was I always the one who sat in on other people's rehearsals? Why was I not allowed to play guitar?' I decided I would not covet what boys have, I'd create it myself."

In late 1989 she formed Hole. She lost weight, had her nose cropped and worked on her guitar playing. By 1991, when she ran into Kurt Cobain at Los Angeles' Palladium, she was ready. The two had met in Portland in 1989 ("I thought she looked like Nancy Spungen," Kurt told author Michael Azerrad in *Come As You Are*). Now, they began their courtship when Courtney punched Kurt in the stomach (and Kurt punched her back). Ironically, for people who later claimed Courtney clung to Kurt as her meal ticket, her band's first album, *Pretty on the Inside*, was outselling his (*Bleach*) two to one at the time they started dating. The two were married in February 1992 in Hawaii, with Courtney wearing a dress that Frances Farmer once wore. By the time Love and Cobain married, Nirvana had become a huge, if unanticipated, success.

As the two battled their way around the world, rumors of their heroin use continued. Courtney had no illusions about the drug. "I realized that I can't do a constructive thing with my life on any level if I'm fucked up on heroin," she told me.

"I could never find solace in alcohol," she said. "I drink like the most advanced alcoholic, five drinks just like that so I can go onstage. Other than that, I never drink."

She said Cobain was sick from heroin withdrawal in an adjoining hospital room when Frances was born. In March 1994, he apparently tried to commit suicide with tranquilizers and champagne in a Rome hotel. A month later he succeeded with a shotgun, in his Seattle home, alone.

Courtney's record came out the Tuesday after Cobain's death and sold out in at least one Seattle record store. She gave away Cobain's T-shirts in a Seattle park. At a vigil held for Cobain, a tape of Love's voice was played on which Love demanded that the crowd call her late husband "an asshole." On the same tape Courtney is heard reciting parts of Cobain's suicide note while dramatically interjecting her responses to what he'd written. And she felt up to talking with Tabitha Soren on MTV the day after Cobain's suicide, and chatted about his death. Indeed, Courtney courted media attention for herself and her record unhesitatingly after the news of Cobain's demise broke. One of her initial public responses to her husband's death was to mention that she had a new album coming out that week called *Live Through This*. "How's that for sick?" she asked. To some, her actions appeared crass or self-serving; others admired her for her resilience.

Apparently, Courtney thinks her opinion alone is not influential enough. Since his death she has unabashedly invoked Cobain's name in public. If she wants the public to like someone she likes, she tells us they have Kurt's imprimatur. And if she behaves rudely toward a person, that's OK because it would have made Kurt happy.

She also speaks often about Cobain's problems, some of which he probably would have preferred remain private.

•

Two months after her husband's death, Love strolled across the lobby of West Hollywood's Mondrian Hotel. Barefoot, wearing a yellow dress, she was perhaps the most reviled woman in rock and roll, the interloper blamed for Kurt Cobain's early exit in April. Edging her way toward the door, she was greeted by the stares of music industry insiders assembled for the MTV Movie Awards. The strain of her husband's death was on her face and in her voice. She no longer possessed the optimism of a punk rock Doris Day. "I'm a survivor," she said disconsolately. "At least that's what everybody tells me."

Baring bruised legs and wearing smeared makeup, she sat on a cab that was to take her a block up the street to the Chateau Marmont. Rumors persisted in the few months after Cobain's suicide that she was on hard drugs; it didn't help when Hole's bassist Kristen Pfaff died in June 1994 of an apparent heroin overdose.

Courtney examined her knee, which was outlined in stitches. For years she'd reveled in the venality of music business gossip, sharing her latest tidbits of hearsay and innuendo about other rockers with the passion of a yenta. Now she had no doubts as to what was being said about her. She explained, "I fell down is

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all." Then, tilting her head in the direction of the record people in the lobby: "But we know what they'd say about it."

The charge against her was brutal: She had turned Cobain against his band Nirvana, enmeshed him deeper in drugs and driven him further from his friends. Everybody was willing to believe it was all her fault. "I wish that I'd been as much of a slut as I've been told I am or once was," she had informed me earlier.

For a woman who had always managed to surround herself with theatrical personalities, Courtney seemed utterly alone. When she spoke of returning to the hotel where Frances and her nanny waited, she seemed more tender and fragile than I had ever heard her. Courtney's deathwatch would continue for months.

But with the commercial success of *Live Through This* at the end of 1994, the Courtney of old resurfaced. The widow got involved with unseeming haste with Trent Reznor of Nine Inch Nails (though Reznor denies it). After they had a falling out, she said Reznor's band should be renamed Three Inch Nails. A tabloid also pictured Love in a bed, kissing the Lemonheads' Evan Dando (whom Cobain had repeatedly dissed during Nirvana's final European tour).

In November, she was seen running barefoot down Sunset Boulevard, chasing indie singer Mary Lou Lord, who was once linked romantically with Cobain. Rumors along the New York junkie grapevine had it that she was back on hard drugs. Then, in January, she was threatened with arrest on a Qantas airplane in Australia for placing her feet on the wall of the cabin. Courtney responded, "Go the fuck ahead and arrest me." They did.

•

Then things changed. For its June 1995 issue *Vanity Fair* made good for sullying her reputation with a cover shot that showed her adorned with angel wings. The generous *VF* article characterized her as a caring, if unconventional, mom. Her breakout from punk terror was almost complete; acting roles were in the offing and she was all over the people page of most major dailies. Lollapalooza, which started for her as a triumph of publicity, ended as a victory for her music. There were signs in her magnificent stage performances that she might finally have control of her demons.

Still, the critics' knives will be out for Hole's next album. Without Cobain around to serve as Courtney's mentor, goes the scuttlebutt, her next effort can only suffer. It doesn't have a release date, but Courtney said it is tentatively titled *Celebrity Skin*, named after the magazine that publishes any nude shots of celebrities it can find. It was an apt name, she told an interviewer, because "I've touched so much of it."

Yet it may not even matter if the album bombs. Her latest obsession is Hollywood, where her thirst for attention has left her old rock friends shaking their heads. Her husband's former bandmate Dave Grohl of Foo Fighters refuses to talk about Courtney. However, he told *Rolling Stone* that seeing her acting like a rock star is "the moment I've been dreading." Not naming names, on Foo Fighters' debut album Grohl sings, "How could it be/I'm the only one who sees your rehearsed insanity?" Thurston Moore of Sonic Youth bad-mouthed her constantly online. "Everyone is disgusted and totally grossed out," he wrote after she punched Hanna. And he was equally turned off by her "useless rock star bullshit" during Lollapalooza. In her *Spin* apologia, however, Courtney would have us believe that Moore was exaggerating and that she and Sonic Youth get on swimmingly.

Courtney now lives in the world of international celebrity, her life propelled by limousines and gossip. She follows up each new friendship with a confidentiality agreement. She pals around with Danny DeVito and cavorts at Oscar parties in Los Angeles with her new bad-girl best friend, actress Amanda de Cadenet. Shortly after her appearance at the Oscars, she entered into negotiations to do an interview with Barbara Walters.

Reports on her progress will arrive this year with the release of *Feeling Minnesota*, in which she plays a waitress opposite Keanu Reeves. Though on-set rumors had her falling asleep suspiciously at the most inopportune times, she has remained on the wish lists of various Hollywood directors, including Quentin Tarantino and Oliver Stone. Recently, she edged out Patricia Arquette and Mira Sorvino in screen tests for an upcoming movie on *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt. (She seems to be a lock for the part of Flynt's wife Althea.) "She's going to act, and she wants to blend with mainstream America," says a friend. "That's why she's now hanging out with people acceptable to mainstream America, like Brad Pitt. She wants to be accepted by all sectors of American society."

The aura of craziness still hovers around her. Among the weirdest developments has been the continuing investigation of Cobain's death by Tom Grant, a Los Angeles private detective. Grant had originally been hired by Courtney to find Kurt in the days before he died. He continued poking around after the reported suicide and eventually came up with the theory that Cobain was murdered and Courtney was involved. Despite warnings from her lawyers that the media outlets who present his story will be sued, stories about Grant's murder theory made the covers of the British magazine *Vox* and the low-circulation U.S. publication *Insight*.

While Grant's notions of retirement speeches misread as suicide notes and Courtney-inspired hanky-panky sound dubious, his messages have found willing audiences of Courtney-haters on the radio, on the Internet and in zines. "I found Courtney to be extremely intelligent," writes Grant. "She's also a psychopath, a pathological liar and an opportunist who will use anyone and any situation to self-promote her ambitious goals of fame and fortune."

Grant's assessment is not a particularly novel character study. Those who have known her for years have always bridled at her ability to climb past, weave tales around and blow smoke through anybody who dared stop her progress. Hitting the pinnacle that only she ever thought she would achieve, she's turned old friends (and even her late husband, whom she had cremated) into ashes and new pals into springboards.

Still, she seems willing to try for the right side. In September, she pleaded guilty in a Washington State courtroom to assaulting Kathleen Hanna, and her sentence of one year in jail was suspended. In return, Love agreed to take lessons in controlling her rage. Courtney Love without her rage? Perhaps now she won't even need it.

"Whatever you say about Courtney, you can also say the opposite," says Melissa Rossi. "She's a walking Greek tragedy, and a comedy. She's horrible and great, inspiring and frightening, strong and weak. She's a role model—and everything you wouldn't want your child to be."

Billy Corgan, leader of the Smashing Pumpkins, told *Alternative Press* that Courtney had a profound effect on his music. "If she had her act together," Corgan (a onetime lover) said, "she could obscure someone like Patti Smith—she has that much raw talent. In terms of intelligence, she's almost a genius in an insane kind of way."

Courtney isn't as insane as she can seem. Indeed, Kurt's mom, Wendy O'Connor, can vouch for that. She told an *Entertainment Weekly* reporter, "One of the tabloids has her insane, sleeping with Kurt's ashes and her new man. Courtney is far from insane." But she knows when to play it up. "If someone thinks I'm insane," Courtney says, "I'll just fucking pour a beer on their head. I have guns and I punch. They would still think I was insane, but they would think I was violent and insane." In her pre-Lollapalooza days, Courtney used to gripe that rock was dominated by guys. Now that she's trying to go mass market, she seems to have had a change of heart. The griping has stopped. She's ready for her close-up.

RAPID TRANSIT (continued from page 99)

Once you've driven an aftermarket supercar, you may never be satisfied with a standard model again.

brake-pedal effort and lower fuel economy in exchange for blinding acceleration and a top speed that a decade ago could have won the Indianapolis 500. Their work, not surprisingly, doesn't come cheap. The Saleen Mustang begins at $43,000 and a Dinan 850i BMW or RENN Tech Mercedes-Benz SL500 conversion costs an average of $60,000. (That's $60,000 in addition to the original purchase price of the car.)

Aftermarket conversions begin with a car's chassis. It has to be enhanced in order to handle the increase in horsepower and torque that's to come. Bigger brake rotors are added, and they're fitted with competition pads. Then the exhaust, intake and fuel-injection systems are reworked. Aftermarket experts are able to increase an engine's displacement, raise its compression ratio and even substantially rewrite its computer programming.

These aren't just bolt-on modifications or casual tweaks. Considerable experimentation is necessary, and extensive dynamometer tests and on-the-road trials are required. Special performance equipment often has to be custom fabricated and then tested.

The resulting specialty car should be as smooth a performer as it was when it arrived from the factory—even though zero-to-60 times may be drastically altered and stopping distances may be shortened. Development work like this takes skill, time and money because you don't want a road rocket that will overheat in traffic or refuse to idle at less than 2000 rpms.

You will have to do a little homework to acquaint yourself with these specialty cars. But once you have had the pleasure of driving one, you may never be satisfied with a standard model again. Here's what flies in the really fast lane.

CALLAWAY CAMARO C8

Reeves Callaway is one of the most successful aftermarket builders of high-performance road cars in America. Callaway's Old Lyme, Connecticut–based company has been bulding modified Corvettes since 1987. His extensive line of components and complete packages are also available for Impala SS sedans and Camaros.

If you want to turn your Z28 Camaro into a Super Natural C8 like the one pictured in this feature, all you have to do is ship your car to Callaway. In about five weeks, you'll get back a Camaro that more closely resembles a Ferrari 456GT 2+2. Under the hood will be a modified 404-hp Chevy small-block engine. Add Italian-made four-piston Brembo brakes, a Hurst shift kit that shortens the throw of the stock six-speed gearbox, new tubular rear trailing arms and sway bars all around, modified 17-inch alloy wheels fitted with BF Goodrich Comp T/A tires, leather seats, interior wood trim and a custom paint job—and you'll know why the check you write Callaway can reach $35,000. Add the $25,000 that you spent for a stock Z28, and for 60 grand you will have a 170-mph four-seater that will outperform an Acura NSX or a Dodge Viper.

DINAN BMW 850i

Steve Dinan's shop in Mountain View, California is America's headquarters for BMW 850i aftermarket performance and handling products. What can you possibly do to an expensive 2+2 coupe that already combines a 296-hp, 12-cylinder engine with looks that kill? Plenty. When Dinan's crew is finished

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RAYE HOLLITT

modifying an 850i, this twin-turbo edition has been given a new front suspension and an upgraded rear end. Yokohama performance tires on wide-based 17-inch alloy wheels help this monster to outcorner a Porsche 911 Turbo S2. To achieve 607 hp, Dinan punches out the BMW's 5-liter V-12 engine to 5.6 liters and performs various other enhancements. The modified 850i tops out at 186 mph with an automatic transmission—and at 205 mph with a six-speed manual. The price is $60,000 for the conversion.

GULDSTRAND CORVETTE GS90

Dick Guldstrand is a former racer with a yen for Corvettes. He restyles and modifies Grand Sport 90s on 1990 to 1995 ZR-1 chassis. Whether you bring your own ZR-1 to his Culver City, California shop, or allow him to find a model for you, Guldstrand will completely make over a Corvette ZR-1 in ten to 12 weeks.

The conversion process goes like this: The old ZR-1's stock wheels, tires, intake, exhaust and engine computer are scrapped, along with most of the factory suspension. Then the stock brake rotors are cross-drilled, and competition pads and stainless-steel lines are fitted. Custom coil-over shocks are then installed and every rubber bushing is replaced with heavy-duty polyurethane units. Bigger sway bars are matched with full-race camber rods, upgraded trailing links and a beefed-up rear end. The engine is souped to 435 hp. Topping it all off, Guldstrand installs a composite body, and then paints it with two-stage enamel. The total price for these upgrades begins at $39,000 above the cost of the original ZR-1. You can get a 475-hp engine upgrade for yet another $10,000, or a mind-boggling 550-hp stormer for $19,000 more than the base package.

PETER FARRELL SUPERCARS MAZDA RX-7

From the looks of Peter Farrell's understated shop in Manassas, Virginia, you'd never guess that the New Zealand–born racer designs and builds RX-7s that are faster than anything the Mazda factory can manage. Farrell's Limited Edition PFS Mazda RX-7 (pictured on page 101) offers performance that easily exceeds the stock RX-7—even one equipped with Mazda's R2 high-performance package.

Engine modifications include computer enhancements and intercooler, exhaust and intake upgrades. Farrell's RX-7 develops 360 hp against the stock model's 255 hp. His power-train computer comes with three separate performance calibrations and is capable of being programmed to suit different grades of fuel.

As for looks, you won't mistake a PFS RX-7 for a stock model, thanks to its custom nose and distinctive deck-lid spoiler. The PFS package adds about $15,000 to the price of a $38,000 RX-7.

SALEEN S351 SPEEDSTER

Specialty-vehicle manufacturer Steve Saleen is known for the magic he works on Mustangs. Saleen has produced more than 3500 of his Mustangs since setting up shop in Irvine, California in 1984. Saleen prefers to start with a six-cylinder Mustang coupe or convertible that he then strips and enhances with a handsome interior package and his own performance parts. He adds ceramic-coated exhaust headers and oversize stainless-steel pipes and mufflers. To handle the engine's increased output, Saleen alters the Mustang's chassis with progressively wound springs and hefty roll bars. The S351 stops on a dime, thanks to four-piston, competition-style disc brakes. A heavy-duty Tremec TKO five-speed transmission and custom-balanced driveshaft ensure that power reaches the rear wheels. For that down-to-earth racer look and feel, the ride height drops 2.5 inches, and the modified ponycar rides on five-spoke Saleen 18-inch alloy wheels and wide Dunlop SP8000 tires. The complete 1996 Saleen S351 begins at $43,000. The hottest Saleen option? Add a Vortech supercharger at an additional $6300 for 500 hp.

MORE HOT WHEELS

In addition to the five souped-up vehicles we've shown, there are several other models that make for wild conversions. RENN Tech's Hartmut Feyhl, for example, will create a custom Mercedes SL500 convertible for up to $200,000 (that's double the stock price). The SL's interior is dressed up and the four-cam V-8 is pumped with extra power, resulting in an output of 440 hp and a top speed of 182 mph.

Drag racer John Lingenfelter's specialty is engines—and Corvettes. His shop in Decatur, Indiana produces LT1s-on-steroids that develop a solid 440 hp (about 140 more horses than a stock Corvette) and can hit 189 mph on a track. The conversion price starts at $14,000.

Hennessey Motorsports in Houston makes the latest 1996 Dodge Viper even faster—increasing its 415 hp to 565 hp by modifying its induction system, camshaft, compression ratio and exhaust, plus a displacement boost to 520 cubic inches. Road testers have reported astounding 3.5-second zero-to-60 clockings. The bill for his modified Viper is about $30,000 added to the stock model's $58,500 base.

Finally, Fred Opert Racing of Ramsey, New Jersey imports the exclusive line of Strosek Porsches from Munich. His dramatically restyled and retooled Strosek Porsche Mega Carrera 993 costs about $100,000 in coupe form and almost $110,000 for a cabriolet.

Be aware that new car warranties are often voided by aftermarket modifications. However, most reputable modifiers, including all of the ones we've featured, guarantee their work if the car is maintained properly.

"Why do I have this feeling I'm not the first?"

SCOTCH (continued from page 106)

Edinburgh is equal to Jerusalem in beauty. The castle's on the rock, like in an adolescent girl's fantasy.

magical indulgence with which the grown-ups seemed so pleased.

Cognacs were, to me, too sweet, as were even the sharpest bourbons. Scotch was, in my experience, a thin, acid poison. I drank when I was young because I was young, for all those pleasant reasons, one of which was to aid my choking down the cigarette smoke.

I held the Midwestern belief that anyone who knew too much about wine would do well to guard that knowledge closely, that cognac was just sweet rye and that opera was just fat ladies shrieking. (I recognized and relaxed in the very similar proletarian disposition or pretension of Edinburgh and Glasgow, where one could, I suppose, drive a Bentley, but would have to explain it as a "workingman's Bentley.")

Yes, Scotland, I say. And there I was, sitting at the bar in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that charming Athena of backwaters, and I tasted the good scotch and thought, How long has this been going on?

It tasted as it might have tasted in a world where all advertisements were not only true but also brought to our attention to increase our happiness.

It was dark and rich and not at all sweet, and quite sharp without being bitter. It tasted overridingly of smoke and, curiously, of iodine. It didn't taste like any scotch I'd drunk or could imagine. (I try to think of things as perfect of their kind, and comes to mind only the IBM Selectric typewriter and the mid-Sixties Karmann-Ghia. If I can get giddy about them, I suppose I can get giddy about scotch. In for a penny, etc.)

Which brings me to Edinburgh.

It is, I think, equal to Jerusalem in beauty. The castle's up there on the black lava rock, like in an adolescent girl's fantasy. The whole city is gray stone, and it rains and is cold all the time, and that's just fine. Maugham wrote that there are climates where one writes, and climates where one sweats, and I vote with him.

I asked my wife why I saw such a lot of old people walking around Edinburgh, and she said, "It's healthy. And the people enjoy themselves."

I think that much of our American attitude toward pleasure can be seen in the coy, childlike behavior of the flight attendant offering a dessert:

"Are you sure I can't tempt you?"

"Thank you, no."

"Just a little bit?"

Well, no, you know, it's an ice-cream sundae. I haven't had one in 30 years, and if I did require one, I wouldn't need the accompanying nursery charade: "Are you sure that I can't tempt you to this naughty pleasure?"

Our undeniably puritan society can countenance chastity or pornography, but little in between. It seems we have a problem with the issue of control, and that we cycle from conservative to liberal excesses like a child with two sets of toys: joy with the new giving way to boredom, at which point the old is produced to our amnesiac delight.

It is an atmosphere productive of pleased tattletales and uneasy libertines—a puritan country, in short.

No, but I gotta say. . . .

(I take the above from *il migliore fabbro*, Alan King, who, years ago, solved the problem of the segue beautifully, elegantly and categorically. He tells the joke, adjusts his tie, and says, "No, but I gotta say," and proceeds to a completely unrelated matter.)

Now this:

We were in Edinburgh visiting the in-laws. I was, as usual, being a grumpy old curmudgeon. My people don't travel well. For the past 6000 years we usually moved only because someone was trying to kill us. That is my excuse, and I am not too proud to use it, and am happy to share it with you.

So there I was, jet-lagged and grumpy in Edinburgh.

"How would you like to visit the Scotch Malt Whisky Society?" Trevor asked me.

"OK," I said.

We went down to Leith, the old port of Edinburgh, to the Vaults, which claims to be the oldest building in continual commercial use in Britain—built in the 14th century, and, for some hundreds of years, a storage and auction house for sherries and other wines from the south.

The sherry arrived and was auctioned and bottled. The casks were bought by the Scots, who aged their whisky in it. So the whisky, the true scotch single malt, gets much of its flavor and all of its color from the cask. It can be aged in casks that once held sherry or bourbon, or casks previously unfilled. Its character will, in the main, come from the wood, the previous contents, the age and the history of the cask: a second-fill cask will have a different character than a first fill, for example.

The character of the whisky will also come from the water, the position in the run (as whisky is drawn from the still), the nature of the malt, time in the cask and, I am told, even from where the cask is placed in the maturing room (a more moist corner imparts a deeper flavor).

The basic ingredients and technique, like with acting, cooking, courting and other fine arts, are simple and straightforward. Barley is soaked and the grains are allowed to germinate. These are dried in a kiln—in the best breweries, by peat smoke. The malted barley is dressed (cleaned of sprouts and imperfections), ground and mashed with hot water. The liquid is extracted several times at increasing heats. The final liquid is called wort. Yeast is added to the wort, and the mixture is fermented, then distilled—boiled into vapor and condensed back into liquid—twice. The final distillate is scotch whisky, which is aged in oak casks for a minimum of three years, bottled, sold and drunk. (I am indebted to David Daiches, and to his most clear, charming and informative *Scotch Whisky: Its Past and Present* for the above rendition of the distilling process.)

So down, I say, I went to Leith, and there met Pip Hills, head of the Scotch Malt Whisky Society. Pip is a Scotsman, a lover, protector and practitioner of true Scottish culture.

Mark Twain wrote that *Ivanhoe* was the book that ruined the South. And there is, I think, a certain addictive similarity of wistfulness in the two conquered countries.

(After World War Two the British postal system briefly designated Scotland N.B., i.e., North Britain.)

In the late Seventies Pip and some friends would tour the small distilleries and purchase for themselves a cask or so of the native potation. This was (and is) the true single malt, straight from the still to the cask, nondiluted and unfiltered. Most scotch sold in the U.S. as single malt is approximately 50 percent of cask strength, and has been filtered to remove undissolved solids.

England discovered scotch in 1890, when it replaced brandy as the national drink. Its discovery came about as part of their apostrophization of Scottish culture. The Victorian English made a fetish of Scotland, and frolicked in kilts and tartans. Scotland changed, in their estimation, from a backwater to a wild and romantic, more "natural," spot. Well, the designation "tourist attraction" tends to adulterate and eventually to obliterate the local character. The Black Hills become Mount Rushmore, the quaint fishing village becomes Cannes—or Provincetown—and Scotland, a vassal state of England, became Scotland-land. And as scotch replaced brandy as the British national drink, a way was found to make it faster, cheaper and worse.

The patent substituted grain-neutral spirits for malted barley. Blends—mixtures of various whiskies of various distilleries mixed with grain whisky—replaced the single malt. Color was added, and scotch became synonymous in

England—and then the world—with whisky.

True scotch whisky was a farm product, a cottage industry, an indigenous treasure, like maple syrup or white lightning, full of character, idiosyncrasy and taste. Now this thin, characterless blended drink was being sold under the same name and made me ill in 1967.

Pip Hills and his friends decried this "tartanry." They toured the distilleries to buy the odd cask, first for their own consumption, but one thing led to another and in 1983 they founded the Scotch Malt Whisky Society in Leith, and there you are.

On my first visit, Pip took me to the Members' Room, took down ten bottles, and poured a thimble full of each. The colors ranged from straw to lemon to red-brown. We tried the bouquet, first without and then with a bit of water—the water changed each bouquet dramatically, opening some, closing others, altering all—and then had a small sip of each. The whiskies were listed on the bottle and the brochure by age, cask number, region, and characteristics (but never by the name of the distillery): "Highland Northern: like tooth tincture in honey. Distilled April 1976. Gold with a touch of green. Bourbon cask. Nose rich and creamy, of cut grass and malt to begin, of oil and cloves with water. Taste very sweet, wild and astonishing. Medicinal but not peaty." (Sound good?)

Well, they all sounded good, and they all tasted good. The ten were extraordinarily various. I tasted each, and my easily identifiable favorite was that Lagavulin, potation of the gods, which I'd first encountered at the bar in Cambridge.

I spent a lovely afternoon at the society, resisted buying one of their ties, and went off with a cask-strength bottle and their brochure. I got a kick out of that brochure. These fellows enjoyed writing about whisky. I found whisky described as peppery, woody, tasting of vanilla, straw, leather, apricots, nutmeg, wet hay, creosote, saddle soap, rhubarb. I remembered tasting the whiskies and thinking, "Yes, it's true, it's that various." And I wondered who arrived at these distinctions. What immortal hand or eye was framing these luscious descriptions? What agency was raising the status of what could arguably be described as mere booze to that of an art?

On my next trip to Edinburgh I got to find out. We were once again visiting the old folks at home, and I, as usual, arrived jet-lagged and happily out of sorts. I announced I was going to bed, and would see everyone the following noon. Would I not like to stay up for supper? No, no, thank you, I said, much too fatigued.

The phone rang and it was Pip Hills. They were having a tasting, he said, a meeting of the new cognoscenti who chose and then described the whiskies that would be offered to the society. Would I like to come?

Yes, I would. Well, the meeting was to be in Leith in one hour.

I will now confess.

Once, on a trip to the previously mentioned Jerusalem (no, but I gotta say), I was invited to study Torah with a world-renowned scholar. My wife and I were both acquainted with his work, and excited at the prospect until we were reminded that his particular profession of faith did not admit women to study. So we regretfully declined.

You see where this story is going.

Yes, Pip, I said, I would love to come to the tasting, and might it, do you think, be appropriate if I were to bring my wife?

He said he did not think it was particularly the thing, and I found myself in the position of wondering if I were the sort of man who would decline the possibility of religious enlightenment that did not include my wife but would accept a similarly exclusive invitation to taste whisky.

Yes, I was that kind of guy. "Darling," I said, "I'm off to Leith. Do not wait up."

I adore Scotland. One afternoon I was haunting the Botanics—the Royal Botanical Garden in Edinburgh, which manages to be a surpassingly lovely spot despite being filled with what can be described only as plants—I was in the checkout line of the café up at the top, and I was looking out of the windows at a faraway cathedral, and beyond it, the Pentland Hills. I'd been to a wedding the day before at Rosslyn Chapel out by, or perhaps in, those very hills. Many of the men wore kilts.

A fellow told me later that Rosslyn Chapel is the spot most sacred to World Freemasonry. He told me that the Holy Grail is buried at Rosslyn Chapel, that the intricate stone carvings around the doors are sacred to the devil, and that they depict intricacies of a religion that far predates Christianity.

He took me back inside the chapel and showed me the Apprentice Pillar. It is an extraordinarily intricate—and nonetheless beautiful—piece of stone carving, a column up by the altar. The other columns in the group are fairly plain, and this one stands idiosyncratically turned and worked, disbalancing, but giving a rather lovely weight to, the whole effect. An apprentice, the man told me, was assigned the work of this one column.

When the master Mason saw the beauty of the work, he ordered the apprentice killed. He may have added that the apprentice was buried in the chapel, but if he did I chose and choose to ignore it, as that would tend to take his two disparate and intriguing tales and suggest a unifying idée fixe bordering on the unfortunate.

Rosslyn Chapel is gorgeous. It is small and cold and carved everywhere.

I shuddered at the geometry—or perhaps it is trigonometry—necessary to align those stones. I thought of the old saw that the cathedrals took centuries to build, and yet no builder's name is found on them.

Is it my imagination, I wondered, or is this story always and only repeated by those with second-class minds?

So I mused in the checkout line, and the pretty young girl at the cash register said, "Fritz Kahn."

Fritz Kahn, I thought. Yes. Architect. No. If it's an architect it's Louis Kahn. Or Robert Kahn.

"Fritz Kahn?" she said.

I nodded, playing for time. Surely, though, there must be an architect of that name. But how did she know the tend of my thoughts?

"Fritz *Kahn*, sir?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Could you repeat that slowly?"

"D'you want a Fritz Kahn?" she said, and pointed at some pastries a sign proclaimed to be the day's special: fruit scone. And yet I maintain there is, or should be, an architect of that name. And I also had a marvelous morning at a café up by the castle. I sat at a table on the second floor, with an oblique view down the town and all the way to Fife, drinking basins of coffee and stuffing myself with breads, writing intently and watching various squads of young folks courting.

The young people seem happier in Edinburgh, too. All right, I am a sucker for things Scottish: folksinger Jean Redpath, James Bond's housekeeper, my wife.

Ah, yes. "I'm off to Leith," I said.

We met in the small boardroom of the Vaults. On one wall there was a low niche, from the floor to, perhaps, five feet in height.

On my first visit Pip had asked me to guess its purpose. Statuary came to mind, but was not interesting enough for me to employ as one of my guesses. "Don't know," I said. "Closest thing it resembles is the niche in the coffin corner of a staircase."

Pip had never heard of that and so I accomplished my objective of unseating him—for the nonce—as the master of mystery. But it seems the niche was the appointed station of the auctioneer in days gone by. (You will remember the Vaults was employed as a warehouse and auction house for sherry as early as 600 years ago.)

Back then, it seems, people were in fact quite small. That's where the auctioneer stood, and prospective buyers took the rest of the room to make their assessments and bid on the goods.

No, but I gotta say, which was just the sort of clambake to which I had been invited.

I showed up in a respectful coat and

tie. The others were dressed variously—jeans and leather jackets, jeans and sports coats, two fellows in suits.

The tasters were men from mid-40s to mid-80s. The youngest was a wine merchant, the eldest was David Daiches, author of the aforementioned *Scotch Whisky*. There was a physics professor, a commercial man, a barrister, a fellow who I think was ex-military, Pip and myself—a total of eight.

We began with a Portuguese wine brought by the wine merchant. It was rather stunningly good, and was called Quinta de la Rosa, 1992.

We had crackers and some cheese, and then we sat down.

It was as good as a poker game.

We had eight whiskies to taste, we had eight glasses in front of us, a pitcher of water and another for spit.

Pip began. He would announce the whisky's name (this information would not appear on the society's bottled offering) and pass the bottle around. We'd each take perhaps a half ounce, and would discuss it in this order: by color, by bouquet, by bouquet after the addition of water, by taste and by general impression. We would then assign it a score from one to ten. I was told our sense of smell is vastly more perceptive than our sense of taste; that taste is, in fact, made up primarily of smell—that our perception of taste is basically limited to sweet, sour, bitter or salty, but that our descriptions of smell are virtually limitless.

In gauging the bouquet the gents held their noses over the glasses and swirled the liquor, as one would expect. They also rubbed it on the backs of their hands (this was a test for smoke, which would appear in the bouquet as the whisky evaporated) and between their palms. Before the tasting began, Doogie (whose treatment by Pip seemed to indicate his place as somewhere between factotum and brains of the outfit) brought around a cookie tin filled with what appeared to be charred black cloths and corks. Several of the men sniffed the contents.

It seems that at the last tasting, someone had suggested that a scotch tasted slightly of "bung cloth" and another, to aid in his ability to identify the same in future samples, asked for some bung cloth to be procured for examination. (Bung cloth being, of course, that cloth—burlap, or hessian—placed over the bung, or stopper, of a cask to ensure a tighter fit into the bunghole.)

This bung detritus was charred from the sediment in the cask. It smelled sharp and rather pleasant. I took a bit of the cloth and rubbed it between my palms and sniffed them, electing this as a reasonable occupation for one who had no idea of what he was doing.

So we began.

Blank Blank Distillery. Sixteen years old. Water brings out the pepper. Oaky. More Islay than Orkney.

Comments came from around the table. Yellow cast. Peat and fruit. Peachy. Peppery. David Daiches identified it as being from a fino sherry cask.

Addition of water dissipates its peatiness. Brings out a saltiness. Pear drops on top. Gotten more bland. Now peppery. Taste thins. Takes a lot of water. Rate it a four. General agreement. Send to Sheol.

Daiches' comment reminded me of a story Zino Davidoff tells in his fine *Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar*: Three Spaniards came into his shop. Each chose a cigar, smoked it and then identified the tobacco of which his cigar was made. Davidoff confesses himself impressed, and laments that such expertise probably exists no more.

But I saw it around the table, and was impressed and delighted to be included.

Thorstein Veblen reminds us that any endeavor using a preponderance of jargon is largely make-believe. But the talk around the table was not jargon, it was dedicated amateurs speaking lovingly of an object of their admiration, and doing so in standard and quite charming speech. We heard the designations: late run, early run, second fill. But in the main the talk ran to concrete attempts to describe the evanescent: orange peel, citrusy, marzipan sweetness, almost reminiscent of anchovies, yeasty aftertaste. Very clean, a good "breakfast" whisky, good aperitif.

There is a sign in the Members' Room that connoisseurship is the adversary of inebriation; and, indeed, one could not have encountered a more respectful attitude than one found in the room. The tasters were engaging in preserving and extending a beloved native heritage—the single malt local product. Its vagaries and quiddities, distillery, year and cask, were of as much moment to them as wine is to the chaps in Bordeaux. In the best Scots tradition, their expertise was not that of an elite, but of the simple citizen's right to enjoy the good things naturally incident to the locale.

Well, I was glad to be there.

"Linseed oil."

"Rubber? Does the water bring out rubber?"

"Hessian?"

"Verbena." (All chuckled.)

"Tight-ass." (Corrected to "reticent.")

A: "I find it muddy."

B: "You've been very fortunate in the mud you've tasted."

So it went around. Sooty. Wood shavings. Caramel, corrected to burnt toffee. Brackish. The kind of whisky a lady ought to carry in her handbag. (This the most aggressive opprobrium of the evening.) Musky. Bicycle seat (with concomitant digression). Nutmeg. Custard-apple. I noticed that many of the descriptions were terms from childhood. Well, of course, the senses are sharper

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then. Life, for the happy child, is simpler; and the special treats, the special pleasures, are pleasures indeed. The Stoics wrote, "You will not have to endure old age. That man is being trained now, by the gods."

And, indeed, much of the delightful seemliness of the tasting was this: We were indulging in a pleasure legitimately attendant upon advancing age. (Did not Escoffier remind us that gustatory pleasure will persist when all others are gone?)

Our next-to-last whisky was aged 30 years. I suggested it would likely be quite good, and was informed yes, it would, or quite vile. It was reddish and dark. We heard "elusive, intoxicating nose." "Got to be a refill cask—no wood in the nose." The table got quiet as the men sniffed it. "Good-quality fresh root ginger," one said.

Water is added, we taste, conversation derails. "Cinnamon on top." Pause.

"Very noble," all agree. Pause. "Spices come through on the palate." It is awarded an eight, the highest mark of any of the whiskies we have tasted in two sessions.

We go reluctantly on to the last of the evening, which nobody likes. "Miles away from the bonfire," says one. "Sour plaster." Pause. "Sour plaster." It is given a wretched four, and that's it for the business of the evening, and we all return to the previous (Inchgower, 1966). I am invited back the following week.

We taste another 30-year-old, doesn't age well. "As you would expect of any old whisky, no individual odors coming off. This whisky is a perfect example of the workings of natural justice—only the wealthy and misled will pay £60 a bottle for it."

That evening we also hear, "Like the sea breeze blowing over grass," and of a Bruichladdich, 1979, "Not just balance, but coexistence," and then, "The distillery just closed down. It's a fucking disgrace."

•

I remember a wonderful inn-restaurant in South Royalton, Vermont. The cooking was French and light, and the food was hot and clean, and just right. Ten years intervened and I found myself back. The name was the same, but it had changed hands, some consortium had got it.

"How's the food?" I said. "Still good?"

"Well," the fellow said, "it's a lot more consistent."

Gene Debs said that you can vote for freedom and you'll probably lose, or you can vote for slavery and you'll certainly win. And our particular time and clime value the idea of winning above all else.

The ancient province of the proletariat, fresh, simple food and drink—the local bakery or brewery, the pot still, hand-pressed cider—is now enjoyed by only a few. The Bruichladdich distillery closed (1979: "Subtle, beautifully balanced whisky, a refined drink"), and the lesson of Babel we see all day every day is that when too many of us band together we must turn to mischief.

I wrote long ago (in the employ, I believe, of this same magazine) that fashion is an attempt of the comfortable to co-opt tragedy. I look back at that jejune pronunciamento and wonder if, in spite of its being dramatic, it might not after all be true.

America not only expresses itself but to a large extent also defines itself through African American music and Jewish films.

Victorian England was raised on Sir Walter Scott's *Waverley* novels, but England could not have the dignity and tragedy of the Scottish defeat—they say a loser can't get enough to eat and a winner can't sleep—so the English took the tartan and *Waverley*, and glorified their Scots regiments, and took up drinking scotch.

Pip Hills and I were sitting in his kitchen in the New Town, Edinburgh. The kitchen was graced by a fire-engine red Aga cooker—the stove-oven-cook-top-heater that is the best of things British.

We were drinking superb coffee and feeling expansive. We spoke of things which were perfect of their kind—the Aga, of course, and I mentioned Lagavulin, the 88-inch-wheelbase Land Rover, the Selectric typewriter. He asked if I would like to see the most beautiful object he had ever seen.

He brought out what looked to be a small steam engine—the whole affair perhaps ten inches long and five high.

"Now, what is it?" he asked.

"I don't know. Looks like a patent model of a steam engine."

He shook his head.

It was a Stirling engine. Designed and patented by a Robert Stirling, a Scottish minister, in the 19th century.

The engine worked, Hills explained, on heat. Heat was applied to a cylinder and the resultant expansion inside moved a valve, thus creating a vacuum inside the cylinder, which drew a reciprocating valve.

Its efficiency, he explained, was only six percent—considerably lower than a steam engine's—and for more than 100 years engineers had searched in vain for application.

Then one day, he said, someone observed that the reverse of its inefficiency as an engine was its efficiency as a heat pump—and a variation is now in use extracting the heat given off by supercomputers. It was a beautiful machine. But I thought it excessive, calling it the most beautiful object he had ever seen.

Reflection suggested, however, that its beauty rested not just in the engine as such, but in the engine and its history—for it took almost 200 years of thought for its simplicity and worth to be recognized, and then the stone that the builders refused became the cornerstone—the fast-moving, self-important world came back to Scotland.

"For us it was a case of love at first sighting."

ANDES

(continued from page 66)

their pockets. They tied the travelers' hands behind their backs with lengths of rope or animal gut.

"We're not your enemies, and we're not political. We don't work for the government, we work for all Peruvians," said Señora d'Harcourt, extending her hands to make her captors' work easier. "Our job is to defend the environment, our natural resources. To keep nature from being destroyed so that in the future all the children of the sierra will have food and work."

"Señora d'Harcourt has written many books about our plants, our animals," explained the engineer. "She's an idealist like you. She wants a better life for the campesinos. Thanks to her, this region will be covered with trees. That's a wonderful thing for the *comuneros*, for Huancavelica. For you and your children. It's good for all of us, regardless of politics."

They allowed Cañas and Señora d'Harcourt to speak without interruption, but they did not pay the slightest attention to what they said. They had mobilized, placing sentries at various positions that allowed them to keep an eye on the road to the village and the trail that climbed along the snowfields. It was a cold, dry morning with a clear sky and a cutting wind. The high walls of the hillsides seemed renewed.

"Our struggle is like yours," said Señora d'Harcourt, her voice calm, her expression revealing no sign of alarm. "Don't treat us like enemies; we're not your enemies."

"Could we talk to your leader," Cañas asked from time to time, "or with any person in charge? Allow me to speak with him."

After some time had passed, a group of them entered the shack, and those who remained outside had the members of the traveling party go in one by one. The questions were asked in loud voices. Those outside could follow portions of the dialogue. These were slow, repetitive interrogations: personal information mixed with political considerations and occasional queries regarding other people and foreign affairs. The first one questioned was the driver, followed by the technicians and then the engineer. It was growing dark by the time Cañas came out. Señora d'Harcourt realized with some surprise that she had been standing for ten hours with nothing to eat or drink. But she did not feel hunger, or thirst, or fatigue. She thought about her husband, grieving more for him than for herself. She watched Cañas walk out. His expression had changed, as if he had lost the certainty that had animated him during the day, when he had tried to speak with them.

"They hear, but they don't listen, and they don't want to understand what you

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

TRAVEL
Page 22: "Night Moves": **Carnaval** from Mena Tours & Travel, 800-937-6362. "Road Stuff": **Credit card companion** by *Tool Logic, Inc.*, 800-483-8422. **Umbrella** by *Totes Inc.*, at major retailers. **Clock** by *Swiss Army*, 800-442-2706.

WIRED
Pages 24–25: "It's All Rock and Roll": *Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum*, 800-349-7625. "Sega Turns PC": **Computer software** by *Sega*, 800-733-7288. **3-D accelerator** from *Diamond Multimedia*, 800-468-5846. "Wild Things": **Cellular phone** by *Audiovox*, 800-229-1235. **Computer fonts** by *P22 Type Foundry*, 800-722-5080. **Cordless massager** by *Ultratherm*, 516-277-1358. **PC peripherals** by *Datasonix Corp.*, 800-328-2779. "Multimedia Reviews and News": **Software:** By *Anomaly*, 800-448-6170. By *Spectrum Holobyte*, 800-696-4263. By *Cyberflix from GTE*, 800-483-8632. By *Frontier Technologies Corp.*, 800-929-3054. By *Seventh Level*, 800-979-8466.

STYLE
Page 26: "On the Cuff": **Cuff links:** By *Dunhill*, 800-541-0738. By *Elizabeth Locke*, NYC, 212-744-7878, or Aspen, CO, 970-925-4900. By *Cartier*, 800-CARTIER. By *Mignon Faget*, 800-375-7557. By *Emily Brooke Designs*, at B/Hock Gallery's, Miami, 305-661-1433. By *Tino Cosma*, 800-83-COSMA. "Corduroy Is Hot": **Peacoat and jeans** by *Lucky Brand Dungarees*, at Nordstrom's. **Jacket** by *Diesel*, at Bloomingdale's. **Jeans** by *Mossimo*, at Nordstrom's. **Jeans and baseball jacket** by *Marithé & François Girbaud*, 800-336-2555. **Jacket** by *L'Energia*, at Detour, NYC, 212-219-2692. "Hot Shopping": *Area 51*, 305-534-5555. *Magazine*, 305-538-2702. *Il Libra*, 305-531-1884. *Post*, 305-673-2124. *Delano Hotel*, 305-672-2000. *Blue Door*, 305-674-6400. "Eau d'Amour": **Fragrances** by *Armani, Origins, Borghese, Lagerfeld* and *Elizabeth Arden*, at fine department stores.

CYBER FASHION
Page 67: **Shirt** by *Katharine Hamnett Denim*, at select Neiman Marcus. **Jeans** by *DKNY*, at Macy's. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, 800-KENCOLE. Page 68: **Jacket** by *Searle*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shirt** by *MNW Wardrobe*, at select Barneys New York. **Pants** by *Istante*, at Istante, 248 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-205-3921. **Loafers** by *Patrick Cox*, at Patrick Cox, 702 Madison Ave., NYC, 212-759-3910. Page 69: **Jacket** by *DKNY*, at Neiman Marcus. **Crewneck** by *Moschino*, at Moda, 5401 Walnut St., Pittsburgh, 412-681-8640. **Pants** by *L'Energia*, at Antique Boutique, 212-460-8830. **Belt and jacket** by *Versus*, at Versus, 5015 Westheimer, Houston, 713-626-2107. **T-shirt** by *Girbaud*, at Girbaud, Los Angeles, 213-622-0607, and Chicago, 312-787-2022. **Jeans** by *Joop Jeans*, at Detour, NYC, 212-219-2692. **Belt** by *Iceberg Jeans*, at fine department stores. Page 70: **Overshirt** by *Joop Jeans*, at Allure, Philadelphia, 215-561-4242. **Jogging pants** by *L'Energia*, at Macy's, NYC, 212-695-4400. **Sneakers** by *Nike*, at major retailers. Page 71: **Sweater** by *L'Energia*, at Detour, NYC, 212-219-2692. **Jeans** by *Girbaud*, at Neiman Marcus. **Belt** by *Iceberg Jeans*, at fine department stores.

RAPID TRANSIT
Pages 98–103: *Callaway Cars*, 800-231-1121. *Dinan Performance Engineering*, 415-962-9417. *Guldstrand Engineering, Inc.*, 310-391-7108. *Peter Farrell Supercars*, 703-368-6947. *Saleen Performance*, 714-457-9200. *RENN Tech*, 407-276-7646. *Lingenfelter Performance Engineering*, 219-724-2552. *Hennessey Motorsports*, 713-849-5081. *Fred Opert Racing*, 201-327-1111.

SIT ON THIS
Pages 108–109: **Writer's chair** from Marshall Field's, 312-781-5769. **Smoking chair** by *Michel Perrenoud International*, 201-778-1194.

ON THE SCENE
Page 153: **Glasses:** By *Main Street* and *Jean-Paul Gaultier*, from Glasses, Ltd., 900 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-751-0073. By *Oliver Peoples*, from Optica, 129 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-642-2550. By *Red Rose* and *Calvin Klein*, from Lenscrafters Optique, 900 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 312-944-2050. By *Indian Eyewear*, from Spex, 680 N. Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, 312-943-7739.

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say to them," she heard him murmur as he walked past her. "They're from another planet."

When she entered the shack, they had her sit on the ground in the same position the three men and one woman inside had assumed. Señora d'Harcourt addressed the one who wore a leather jacket and a scarf around his neck, a young man with a full beard and cold, gray, penetrating eyes. She told him about her life in some detail, from her birth almost 60 years ago in that remote Baltic country she did not remember and whose language she did not speak to her nomadic childhood in Europe and America, moving from school to school, language to language, country to country, until, not yet 20 and recently married to a young diplomat, she came to Peru. She told him of her love at first sight for the Peruvians and, above all, about her awe and wonder at the deserts, the jungles, the mountains, the trees, the animals, the snows in this country that was now her country, too. Not only because her passport said so—she had taken the nationality of Marcelo, her second husband—but because she had earned the right to call herself Peruvian after many years of traveling the length and breadth of this country, studying and fostering its beauty in her lectures, articles and books. She would go on doing this work until the end of her days because it had given meaning to her life. Did they understand that she was not their enemy?

Again they listened without interrupting, but their faces showed no interest in what she said. Only when she stopped speaking, after explaining how difficult it had been for her and that generous, self-sacrificing young man, the engineer Cañas, to begin the reforestation program in Huancavelica, did they begin to ask her questions. Without enmity or antipathy, with dry, mechanical phrases in neutral, routinized voices, as if, thought Señora d'Harcourt, all the questions were a useless formality because they already knew the answers. They asked how long she had been an informer for the police, the army, the Intelligence Agency; they asked about her trips, her inspection tours. She gave them all the details. The Military Institute of Geography had asked her to serve as a consultant to the Permanent Commission, which was redrawing and improving the atlas, and this had been her only connection to the armed forces except for an occasional lecture at the Military Academy, the Naval Academy or the Center for Advanced Military Studies. They wanted to know about her contacts with foreign governments, the ones she worked for, the ones that had sent her instructions. She explained that it wasn't a question of governments but of scientific institutions—the Smithsonian in Washington, the Museum of Man in Paris, the British Museum in London and a few foundations or ecological centers from which she occasionally obtained funds for small projects ("It was never very much"). But while she talked, corrected and specified, and though her responses stressed the fact that none of her contacts was political, that all these connections and relationships were scientific, purely scientific, the expressions and glances of her interrogators filled her with the overwhelming certainty of an insuperable incomprehension, a lack of communication more profound than if she had been speaking Chinese and they spoke only Spanish.

When it seemed to be over—her mouth was dry and her throat burned—Señora d'Harcourt felt very tired.

"Are you going to kill me?" she asked, hearing her voice break for the first time. The one in the leather jacket looked into her eyes without blinking.

"This is a war, and you are a lackey of our class enemy," he explained, staring at her with blank eyes, delivering his monolog in an expressionless voice. "You don't even realize that you are a tool of imperialism and the bourgeois state. Even worse, you permit yourself the luxury of a clear conscience, seeing yourself as Peru's Good Samaritan. Your case is typical."

"Can you explain that to me?" she said. "In all sincerity, I don't understand. What is my case typical of?"

"The intellectual who betrays the people," he said with the same serene, icy confidence. "The intellectual who serves bourgeois power and the ruling class. What you do here has nothing to do with the environment. It has to do with your class and with your power. You come here with bureaucrats, the newspapers provide publicity and the government wins a battle. Who said that this was liberated territory? That a part of the New Democracy had been established in this zone? A lie. There's the proof. Look at the photographs. A bourgeois peace reigns in the Andes. You don't know this either, but a new nation is being born here, with a good deal of blood and suffering. We can show no mercy to such powerful enemies."

"May I at least intercede on behalf of Cañas?" Señora d'Harcourt stammered. "He's young, almost the same age as you. I've never known a more idealistic Peruvian, one who works with so much——"

"The session is over," said the young man in the jacket as he rose to his feet.

When they walked outside, the sun was setting behind the hills and the nursery of seedlings was disappearing in a great fire whose flames heated the air and made their cheeks burn. Señora d'Harcourt saw the driver climbing into the Jeep. A short while later, he drove off in the direction of Huancavelica.

"At least they let him go," said the engineer, who stood beside her. "I'm glad, he's a decent guy."

"I'm so sorry, Señor Cañas," she murmured. "I feel so guilty about you. I don't know how to beg your——"

"Señora, it is a great honor for me," he said in a firm voice. "I mean, being with you at the end. They've taken the two technicians over there, and because they hold a lower rank, they'll shoot them in the head. You and I, however, are people of privilege. They just explained it to me. A question of symbols, apparently. You're a believer, aren't you? I'm not, so please pray for me. Can we stand together? I'll bear up better if I can hold your hand. Let's try, all right? Move closer, señora."

—Translated from the Spanish by Edith Grossman

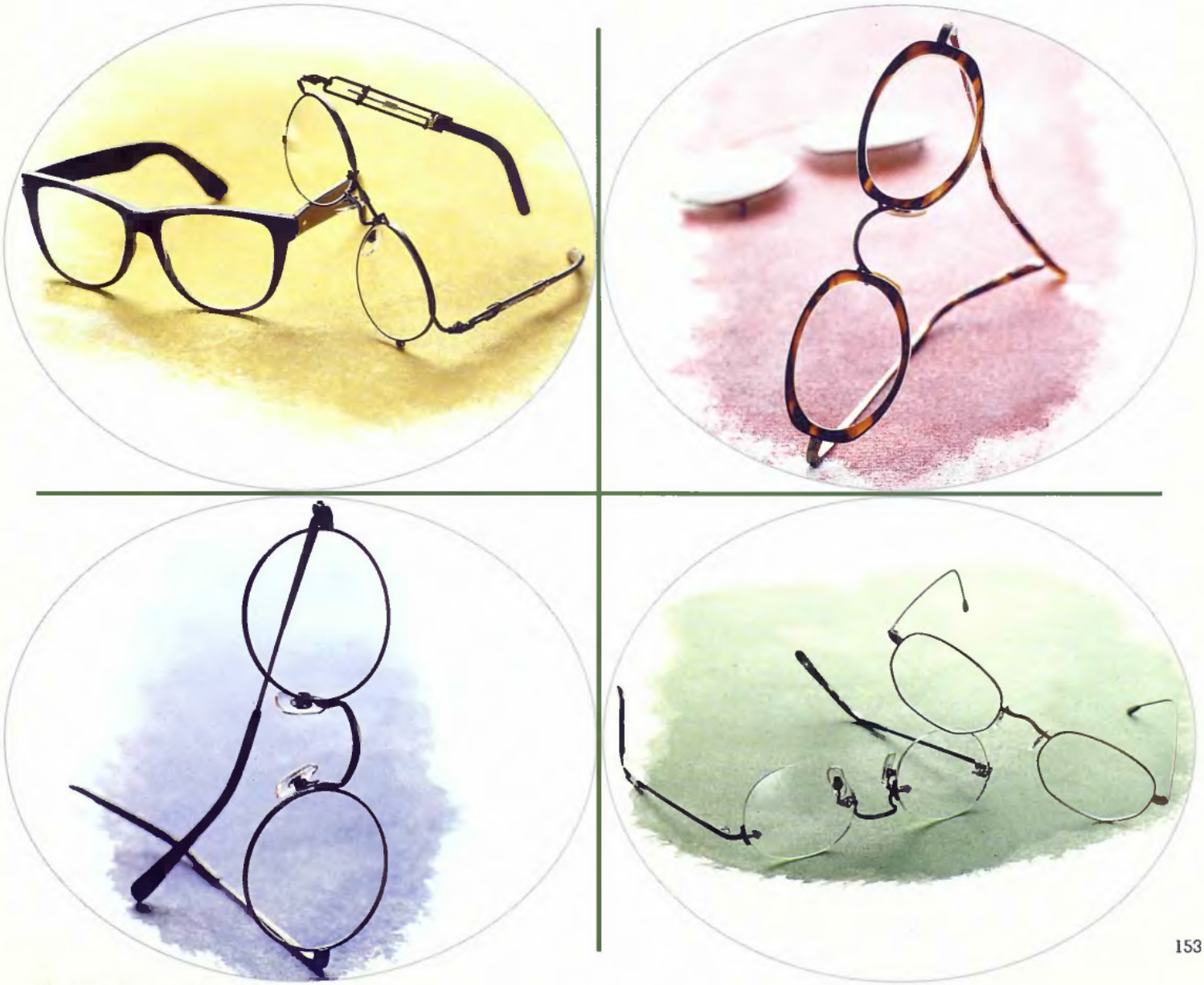
"Whoa! This stuff is slick!"

GETTING FRAMED

These days, guys are wearing glasses to be seen as well as to see. Just as a sharp tie, vest or cuff links can jazz up an outfit, so can a cool pair of specs. Retro is the right look in eyewear for winter. Antiqued metal frames in matte gold, pewter and black are perfect complements to the new sophisticated menswear styles. Rimless glasses such as the Calvin Klein pair pictured below are a subtle alternative, but if you prefer to go bold, try a pair of horn-rimmed Buddy Holly–type glasses. When choosing frames, select a style that flatters the shape of your face. Anything goes if you're an oval but, as a rule, round faces look best in rectangular-shaped frames, squares in curvy styles and triangles in glasses that angle outward at the eyes to balance a wider jawline.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Clockwise below, from top left: Black horn-rimmed glasses by Main Street ($129). Black metal frames with temple detailing, by Jean-Paul Gaultier ($295). Oval tortoiseshell frames with optional clip-on sunglasses, from the Elton John Collection by Oliver Peoples ($395). Squared-off oval glasses made of titanium, by Red Rose ($180). Rimless glasses by Calvin Klein ($270). Pewter frames by Indian Eyewear (about $300).



Where & How to Buy on page 151.

WILLIAM HAWKES

A January Shower

Be sure to look for Playmate KATHY SHOWER as well as other beautiful female athletes on Super Bowl Sunday's pay-per-view show *Real Men Don't Watch Pre-Game*. We certainly will.

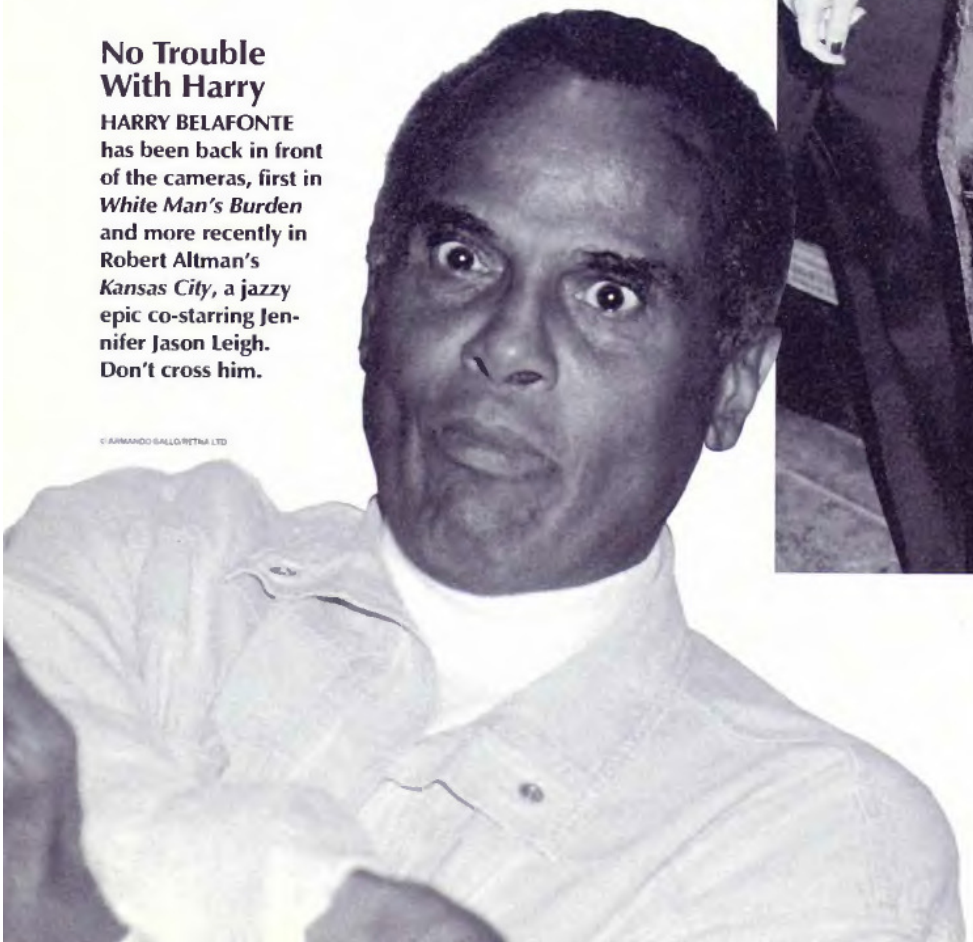
Strutting Her Stuff

You know actress NICOLE EGGERT. She was Jamie on *Charles in Charge*, Summer on *Baywatch*—and sexy in the movie *Blown Away*. Here she's at play at a benefit for California AIDS Ride 3.

MIRANDA SHEWELL/BIRTH PHOTO

No Trouble With Harry

HARRY BELAFONTE has been back in front of the cameras, first in *White Man's Burden* and more recently in Robert Altman's *Kansas City*, a jazzy epic co-starring Jennifer Jason Leigh. Don't cross him.



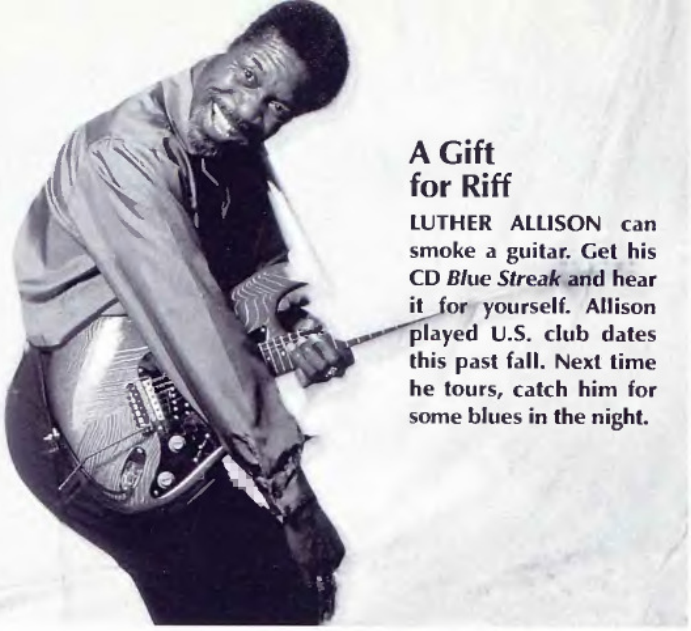
© ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA LTD

Bush Whacked

BUSH's debut release, *Sixteen Stone*, has gone platinum. Before they played their first London gig at an outdoor car park, they worked as housepainters and as delivery boys for a kosher sushi restaurant. Grunge from Britain makes its mark.

Chanteuse Chanté

A Love Supreme, Chanté Moore's latest CD, warms the airwaves just as her tour with Barry White heats up the concert stage. Moore's soulful sound began with singing in the bedroom. Get cozy and listen up.

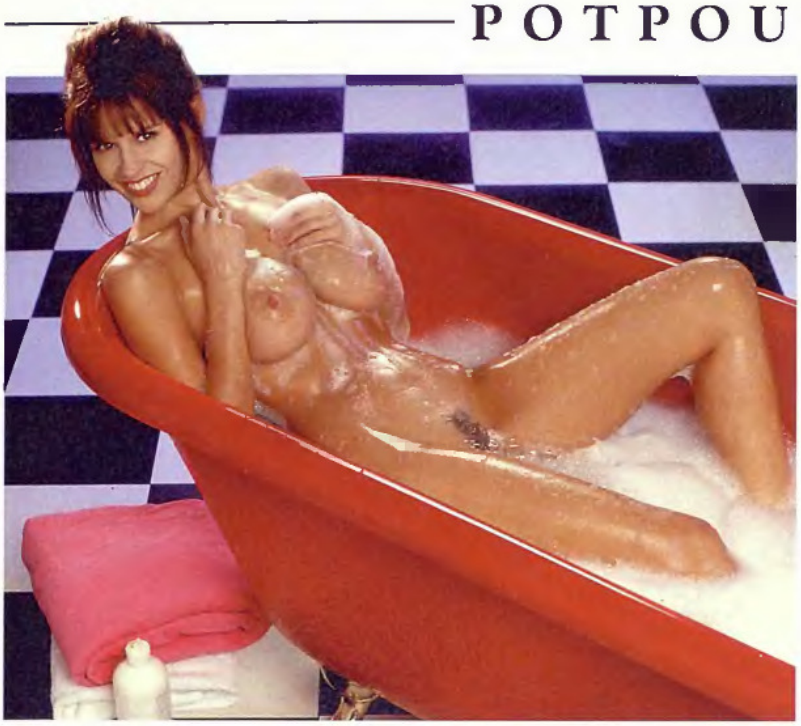


A Gift for Riff

LUTHER ALLISON can smoke a guitar. Get his CD *Blue Streak* and hear it for yourself. Allison played U.S. club dates this past fall. Next time he tours, catch him for some blues in the night.

Shayna Drops Trou

SHAYNA KAPLAN was featured in a bikini contest on Showtime's sitcom *Sherman Oaks*. No problem playing that role. She's also appeared on *Tales From the Crypt*. Shayna makes us yearn for an afterlife.



A WATERY GROOVE

Do you and your girlfriend want to spend February bathing in Dead Sea salts with mint, and March soaking in a mixture of milk and macadamia nuts? Then join the Bath of the Month Club, a new mail-order service that ships some of the world's most exotic spa products, including silk clay masks and ginseng spritzers, to sybarites every 30 days. Club membership is $35. Two monthly products cost about $11, postpaid (a newsletter is part of the deal). Call 800-406-BATH for info.

BIBBER'S BAEDEKER

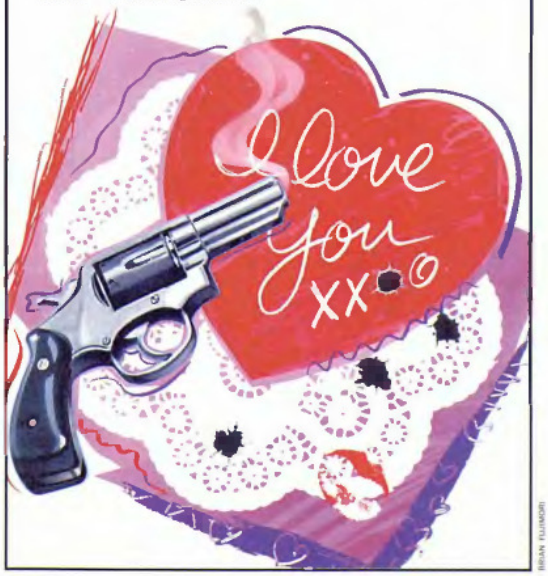
A number of excellent books on alcoholic beverages have just been published. Here's a rundown: *Scotland: The Land and the Whisky*, by Roddy Martine, is an extravagantly illustrated look at the liquor and the Highlands. *The Book of Bourbon and Other Fine American Whiskeys*, by Gary Regan and Mardee Haidin, explores the lore and lure of "the king of American whiskeys." Charles Schumann's *American Bar* celebrates "the artistry of mixing drinks," while Joseph Lanza's *The Cocktail* reflects on "the influence of spirits on the American psyche." Finally, *The Ultimate Little Shooter Book*, by Ray Foley, and *Shooters*, by Jim Booker, provide recipes for shots ranging from the A-bomb to the zipperhead.

GREAT CAESAR'S GHOSTS

Only at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas could fine dining be combined with grand illusions, all hosted by a sorcerer. In fact, Caesars' new Magical Empire has ten underground dining chambers, two theaters and bars all laced together in a subterranean maze. There's even a luminary show that's a combination of sound, light, fire and a visit by none other than Caesar himself. Prix fixe dinner is $55.

THE KISS OF DEATH

For Valentine's Day, pick up a copy of *Murder for Love*, which contains 16 new short stories that explore the subject of love gone wrong. Authors include Ed McBain, Elmore Leonard and PLAYBOY's own Shel Silverstein. "Can you imagine how much one person has to love another person to want to kill?" says Otto Penzler, the book's editor, in the introduction. "Feeling the urge—no, the need—to kill someone is proof of truly deep emotion." Price: $19.95.



QUITE A STRETCH

More Balls Than Most, the Manhattan company that markets juggling balls and clubs, has expanded its line with Gas, Gastronomy and the Modern Art of Balloon Modeling. This $15.95 kit includes about 50 balloons, an air pump and a booklet with instructions on how to create everything from a pregnant dachshund to a blow-up dinner party with hats and table decorations (serve that to your friends on a diet). Call More Balls at 212-691-9660 for the name of a retailer.

EVERYTHING'S COMING UP GOLDEN ROSES

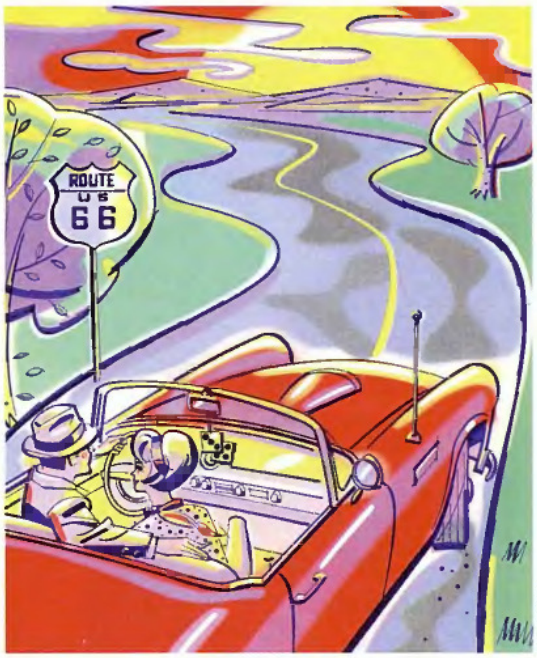
Anyone can give the one they love an ordinary red rose on Valentine's Day—or any other day of the year, for that matter. But if you want to come off like King Midas instead of just a romantic mensch, send your check to Sorrell Enterprises at P.O. Box 630187, Miami, Florida 33163. It sells real long-stemmed American roses that have been lovingly hand-dipped in 24-kt. gold, then carefully wrapped in cellophane and elegantly boxed. Price: $50 each, postpaid. Be a sport and order a dozen. They won't wilt.

THE NOBLE GAME

With 512 pages, 760 illustrations (520 in color) and a weight of nine pounds, *The Billiard Encyclopedia* ("An Illustrated History of the Sport") is almost as big as a coffee table. It took six years to complete the tome, which is the most comprehensive documentation of the sport ever published. It features more than 100 pages on cue making, plus photos of rare pool memorabilia and much more. Price: $130. A limited edition that's quarter-bound in leather and boxed is $400. Call 718-796-5445 to order.

AMERICA'S MAIN STREET

In *The Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck calls Route 66 "the mother road." If you would like to take a video ride that begins in Illinois and ends an hour later in California, order a copy of *Route 66: An American Odyssey*. On the way you'll meet people who live along Route 66, learn the history of the road, view clips from the *Route 66* TV show and probably get one powerful urge to drive it yourself. Price: $28.95. Call Pacific Communications, 800-368-3748.



UP IN SMOKE

To commemorate the 150th anniversary of Partagas cigars, the General Cigar Corp. has released the Partagas 150 Signature Series. These cigars are available for a limited time and feature a rare 18-year-old Cameroon wrapper. Prices range from $5.50 to $28, depending on size. Pictured here is a book-shaped humidor holding ten individually boxed Don Ramons that sells for $280. Call 800-551-0507 for tobacco retailer information.

NEXT MONTH

THE JURY IS OUT

DESERT CURSE

ROCKING HISTORY

STRIPPERS

THE CURSE OF DESERT STORM—THE GULF WAR HAS BEEN OVER FOR FIVE YEARS, BUT THE MOST GHASTLY U.S. CASUALTIES ARE JUST APPEARING—A SPECIAL REPORT ON THE MEDICAL MYSTERY BY **KATE MCKENNA**

JOHN TRAVOLTA—EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE COMEBACK KID TELLS HOW A FEW BAD MOVIE CHOICES LANDED HIM IN CAREER EXILE AND HOW *PULP FICTION* AND *GET SHORTY* CHANGED HIS LIFE. DON'T MISS THIS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

I, THE JURY—FOR A YEAR WE NEVER SAW THEIR FACES. NOW TRACY HAMPTON, AN O.J. JUROR FOR FOUR MONTHS, REVEALS A WHOLE LOT MORE—A NOT-SO-INNOCENT PICTORIAL

OPERATION CHICKEN HAWK—YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE WHERE WE FOUND OUR FAVORITE, LOUDMOUTHED, RIGHT-WING ZEALOTS—GINGRICH, GRAMM, BUCHANAN AND LIMBAUGH: IN OLLIE NORTH'S COMBAT PLATOON IN VIETNAM—HUMOR BY **AL FRANKEN**

BOXES—AN EX-CON TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT UNDERGOES POWERFUL PRESSURE FROM HIS EX-DEALER AND FRIENDS TO STEAL AGAIN—A TINGLING TALE OF TEMPTATION BY **PAUL GRINER**

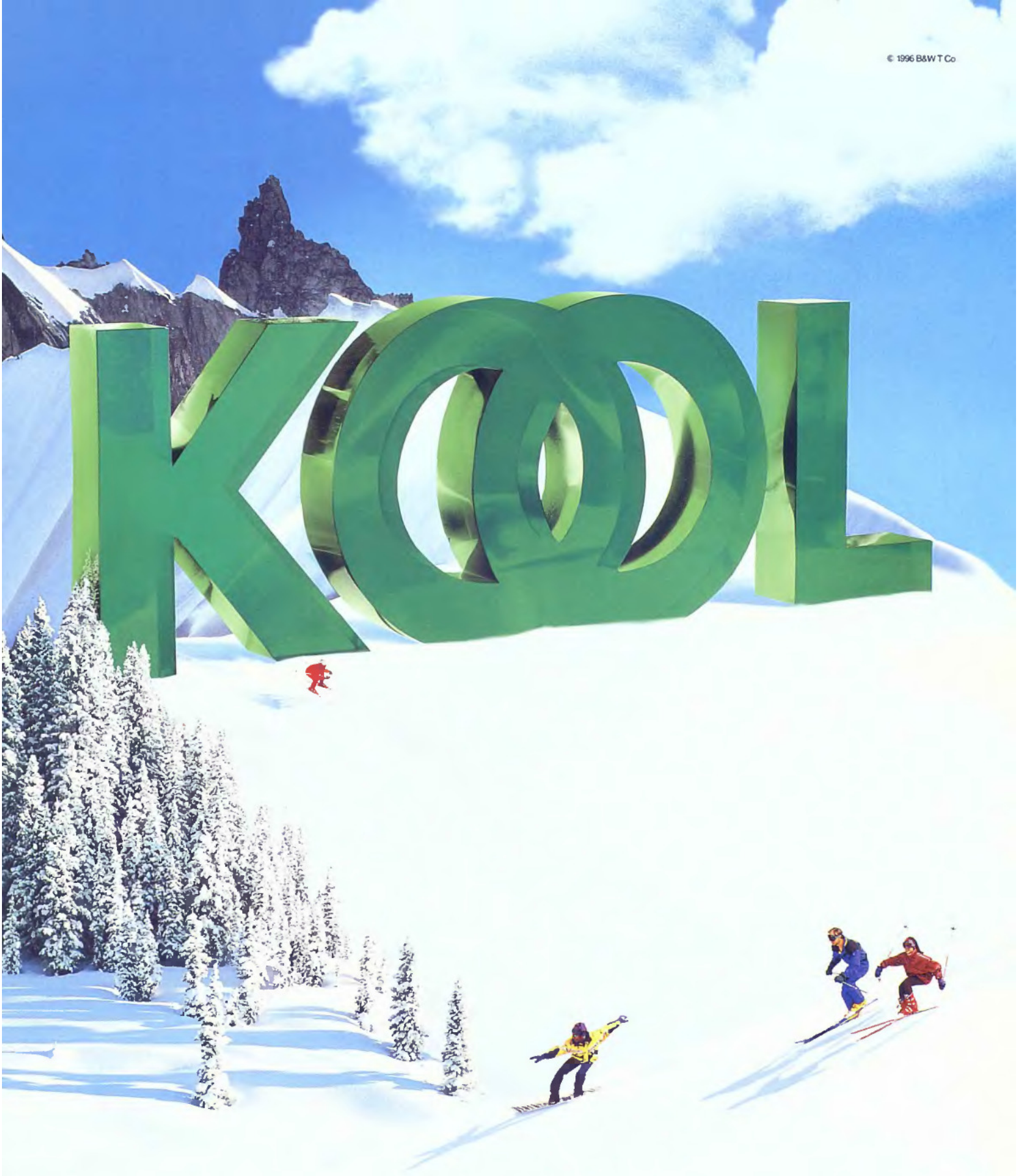
THE STRIPPER NEXT DOOR—TEN THOUSAND WOMEN MOONLIGHT AT STRIP CLUBS WHILE THEY GO TO SCHOOL, WORK AT CAREERS OR BRING UP THEIR KIDS. DON'T LOOK TOO CLOSE—YOU MIGHT RECOGNIZE ONE

DICK VITALE—IN AN ERA OF MILLION-DOLLAR DEALS AND PRIMA DONNA JOCKS, THE KING OF COMMENTARY IN COLLEGE BASKETBALL REMINDS US WHAT THE GAME IS ALL ABOUT. A PRIME-TIME 20 QUESTIONS BY **RICHARD LALICH**

DEATH STALKS THE BIG EASY—DEAD PROSTITUTES, CORRUPT COPS AND A SERIAL KILLER FURTHER THE WICKED DECAY OF NEW ORLEANS—A REAL-LIFE THRILLER BY **ANDREI CODRESCU**

TOP DESIGNERS DO TV—WE ASKED CALVIN KLEIN, RALPH LAUREN AND DONNA KARAN TO DRESS UP NEW YORK'S HOT NEW SHOWS—*LAW AND ORDER*, *NEW YORK UNDERCOVER* AND *CENTRAL PARK WEST*—THE FORECAST OF URBAN FASHION

PLUS: PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ AND ROCK: THE SEVENTIES, TIPS TO KEEP YOUR HAIR LOOKING GREAT AND, FOR VALENTINE'S DAY, THE START OF A NEW FEATURE, *PLAYMATE REVISITED*



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

100's, 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Grand Marnier, *slightly* less mysterious than love.